GRUBLER

1941–1942

THE GRUMBLER

THE KITCHENER-WATERLOO COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

KITCHENER CANADA

We take pride
in dedicating this issue of
"The Grumbler"
to
the Democracies of the World
and to
the students of K.-W. C. & V. S.
serving the Empire
on the Land, on the Seas, and in the Air
for the Cause of Freedom

In Memoriam

DEAD:

Sgt. Pilot Earl Ruppel

Sgt. Pilot Gordon Anderson

Pilot Officer Donald Brubacher

MISSING:

Flight Lieut. Ross Gillespie

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

On Active Service

Aldworth, Louis
Anderson, Robert
Baker, Thomas
Baer, Lorne R.
Bailey, Donald
Barkmann, Walter
Bartleman, Kenneth
Bartscher, Harold A.
Beaupre, Harold
Becker, Robert
Blake, Douglas
Boehmer, George A.
Bolduc, Karl
Bond, Thomas
Bornhold, Robert
Boyer, Keith
Brown, James
Brubaker, Donald
Brubaker, Leonard
Bruton, Robert
Buddell, William
Calcutta, James
Carroll, John
Chivers, Alfred
Clayfield, John
Connor, Samuel
Coop, William
Cossey, Lyle
Cressman, Carl F.
Cressman, Laverne
Croth, Leonard
Cullen, Gilbert
Dandeno, Gordon
Dengis, Gordon
Denny, Harold
Donaman, Christopher
Dotzenroth, Hugo
Duench, Garvin
Easson, W. Ray
Ernst, Robert
Filsinger, Vernon
Foster, Kenneth
Fraser, Robert
Fraser, William
Fromm, James
Fulford, Kenneth
Ganci, Philip
Garttung, Edgar
Giovinozzo, Charles
Goetz, Henry
Goetz, Peter
Gordanier, Robert
Guse, John
Hagen, Douglas
Hainsworth, William
Hallman, Howard E.
Halwig, Lloyd
Hannenberg, Arnott
Harvey, William
Haus, Harry
Hayes, Allan
Heard, Donald
Heer, Kenneth
Henry, John
Hergott, Wilbert
Hill, Cameron
Hill, Leonard
Hill, Louis
Hinton, Jack
Hoffman, Keith
Hogg, Douglas
Hohmeier, John
Huehn, Harry
Jackson, Kenneth
Jacob, Robert
James, Roy
Jamieson, Dawson
Janke, Douglas
Jardine, Walter
Jones, Allan
Jones, Mc. Donald G.
Kilborn, Gordon
Kirby, Thomas
Kleinschmidt, William
Kline, Hursell
Koehler, Robert E.
Lafferty, Gordon
Leonard, Lawrence
Limebeer, Robert
Lippert, Robert
Lishman, Ross
Livingstone, Robert
Long, Lloyd
Lorentz, John
Marshall, Jack W.
Marshall, Leonard
Martin, John
Mason, Lloyd
McAvoy, William
McGrath, William
McKay, Donald
McLean, Douglas
McMillan, Joseph
McTaggart, Allan
Menzies, Robert
Meyer, Lorne
Mills, Robert
Mitchell, John
Ogden, George
Parsons, David E.
Pequegnat, John
Pipher, Arnold
Playford, Jack D.
Pollock, F. H. "Ted"
Pollock, Thomas A.
Quinn, George
Rehkopf, Walter
Reinhardt, William J.
Rivers, Russell
Robertson, James
Rooke, Robert
Rowsell, Leslie
Ruppel, Earl
Rush, George
Rush, Robert
Ryan, Edward
Saunders, James
Schaefer, Kenneth
Schlee, John
Schmidt, Kenneth
Schmitter, Walter
Schweitzer, Lloyd
Seigel, Boyd
Sharpe, James
Sherk, Raymond
Shoemaker, James
Siderson, Israel
Simpson, John H.
Small, James
Snider, Harry
Spaetzel, John
Stecho, Harold A.
Stevens, Kenneth
Stroh, Russell
Swartz, Raymond
Suil, Eugene
Targosh, George
Thiel, Robert
Thomson, Jack R.
Thurlow, William
Treusch, Wilfred
Uffelman, Sheldon
Underwood, Bruce
Voege, Fred
Voll, Louis
Walters, Morris
Washburn, Robert
Weber, Howard
Weber, Ross
Wells, Harry
Wilkinson, William
Williams, Daniel
Wing, Donald
Wismer, Jack
Wormleighton, Ralph
Wright, John
Wuest, Carl
Yanke, Robert
Young, Charles A.

The committee on the compilation of the names will welcome information as to omissions and errors.

H. E. CLASS, Chairman of Committee.

Principal

R. N. MERRITT, B.A.

Foreword

It is becoming a tradition for the school magazine to attract to its various boards some of the best minds and spirits of the Faculty and Student Body. In continued conformity with this tradition, you may see almost any day in 204 and associated rooms, groups of lively students conferring eagerly with those responsible for the preparation, production and distribution of the "Grumbler".

Inevitably the issue will feature some phases of the terribly devastating conflict that is embroiling the whole world. While the uppermost concern is the prosecution of the war, the plight of the vanquished does not go unnoticed. One phase of this plight might be considered in the "Foreword".

One of the departments of the school that is keenly alive is that of Science. Meetings of the Science Club, Camera, and Aircraft are attended enthusiastically by large numbers. To those who have a reverence for things scientific, the realization is tragic, that the wonderful discoveries and the type of mind associated with the development of Science have been turned towards devising instruments of destruction. But, equally tragic, although less spectacular, is the employment of Science with the aim of lowering and ultimately exterminating individual and national spirit. Nutrition chemists have taught us that necessary constituents in foods to maintain vigor of body and spirit are the magic vitamins. We are forced to believe that this scientific fact is being methodically used in dealing with the vanquished. These helpless people are being denied these vitamins with the cruel intention of scientific destruction of hope and spirit.

Graduates and near-graduates of the school have rallied nobly to resist what is being attempted. They have enlisted in large numbers; the Air Force and Navy alone claiming hundreds. The shops have been operating on a twenty-four hour basis in an attempt to furnish needed mechanics and technicians. Women in munition classes and also in machine shops have shown eagerness. The war savings, salvage, and other campaigns are receiving support. Altogether, when the final tabulations are made, the school will be seen as having done a magnificent job in the time of crisis.

Royal Visit

Kitchener, June, 1939

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee,
God save the King.

THE WAR

This issue of the Grumbler goes to press during a crucial period of the world's history. In this era of rapid transition, our immediate aim is, of course, to preserve our mighty Empire and the fine ideals for which it stands, by hurling back the barbaric forces that are striving for world domination and the subjugation of enlightened democratic peoples. Although we cannot comprehend the full import of the tremendous social upheavals now in progress, we do realize that it will be the lot of our generation to remould and revitalize what is left of civilization.

To-day we must prepare ourselves not only to resist aggression, but to acquire the knowledge and sound judgment necessary to guide our nation in the victorious peace which shall regard our efforts. Ours will be the gigantic task of rebuilding man's social structure on the solid foundations of established truths, so that the labour of every few decades shall not be criminally discarded, as so tragically illustrated in the past. When countries learn to live together in harmony, and our ideals of liberty, equality, and the right of security have been adopted throughout the world, then, and then only, will our final war aim be achieved—the fulfilment of our progress in "Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Men."

It is therefore everyone's task to rise above the trivialities of life, and to direct all talents and energy towards solving the vast and complex problems which confront mankind in this grave hour.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Already a great many boys of the school have made a considerable contribution to Canada's war effort. At the time of writing over 175 have responded to the call, and are now serving in the forces of the Empire. Some have already won praise for deeds of heroism, while others are patiently waiting to serve their king and country. We find them in the Air Force, the Army, and the Navy. Quite a number of the boys at the school are waiting for the call. Hardly a week passes in which we do not find that another K.C.I. boy has enlisted.

With sorrow we report the death of Earl Ruppel, killed in action in England. He was a rugby player, and won many awards in athletics during his attendance at the school. "Chubby" was a real fellow. We also report that Don Brubacker is missing. He was an all round student, but his chief interests were literary and musical. He was one of the most popular fellows in his classes. When we think of these boys, we catch a glimpse of the meaning of McRae's message when he said: "To you from failing hands we throw the torch, Be yours to hold it high."

DEDICATION

We wish to thank those consuls of the democracies who have sent the Grumbler personal letters for publication. To the Democracies and to the boys of K.C.I. in uniform, we have dedicated this issue of the Grumbler because we are unable to pay them higher tribute than to say, by this way, we are proud of them.

IN REVIEW

In spite of the war, and the many demands that are made upon us, the school has every reason to look back on the passing year with satisfaction. Academically, our results are among the highest in the province which indicates our industry under the guidance of a most efficient principal and staff. In athletics, we maintain our usual good reputation for good sportsmanship. Keen interest is also manifest in the cultural groups—the orchestra, the dramatic club, the language club, science, and the camera clubs. We are proud of our Thermal Snatchers, and the effort our students are aking in War Savings and Salvage. We are pleased to be hosts to a number of young British war guests, of whom we have learned to become quite fond. We are very pleased to see those ex-students whom we notice in our corridors from time to time conversing with the principal and teachers. It shows us that our school is not merely an academic ball, but has a place in the lives of our graduates.

MR. H. W. BROWN

Every opening day in September we anticipated the appearance of Mr. Brown at the introductory ceremonies. This year we were disappointed to learn of his illness, and his consequent absence from school. Later we learned with regret, that he had resigned from the staff. Mr. Brown taught school for over 50 years and was one of the pioneers of education in this district. We shall always remember his industry, his humour, his pleasantness, his wit, and his apt phrase. We sincerely hope that he will regain health in order to enjoy his retirement.

TEACHERS

Nor do we forget our teachers in this review. We are glad to welcome to our staff, Miss Saari, Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Denis-Nathan. Mr. Dunford got married at Christmas and hasn't changed a bit. We were sorry to lose Miss Smith at Christmas, but when cupid calls, one must answer. We are proud of Mr. Smith, who joined the Air Force, obtained a commission and is now overseas.

IN APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Editorial Board, I wish to thank Mr. Merritt for his inspiring foreword and his interest in the production of the magazine. To Mr. MacMillan, we express our deepest gratitude for his untiring inspiration and effort in helping us to make this issue a success. We also wish to thank Mr. Montgomery, and Bob Bowman who have given their best efforts to the photography. To Mr. Hodd, the business manager, and to Miss Coumans, the new sponsor for Sports and Form News, we express our sincere thanks.

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of
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HARRY B. KELLER

Editor-in-Chief

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Assistant Editor

WHAT PRICE DEMOCRACY: DUNKIRK

by HARRY KELLER

THE full story of the withdrawal of 335,490 British and French soldiers from Dunkirk and its surrounding beaches between May 26th and June 4th, 1940, by an improvised armada of 885 ships, most of them small boats manned by volunteers, cannot be told until the end of the war, if ever. Such was the haste and confusion that probably not even the British government ever may hope to collect all the details.

As the Prime Minister told the House of Commons on June 4th:

"The Belgian, British and French armies were almost surrounded, their sole line of retreat was to a single port and its neighboring beaches. They were pressed on every side by heavy attacks, and far out-numbered in the air. When a week ago to-day, I asked the House to fix this afternoon for a statement, I feared that it would be my hard lot to announce the greatest military disaster in our long history. I thought, and some good judges agreed—that perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 men might be re-embarked. The whole root and core and brain of the British army, on which, and about which we were to build, and are to build, the great British armies of later years of the war, seemed about to perish or to be led into ignominious and starving captivity.

Suddenly the scene has cleared. . . A miracle of deliverance, achieved by valor, by perseverance, by perfect discipline, by dauntless service, by resource, by skill, by unconquerable fidelity, is manifest to us all. The enemy was hauled back by the retreating British and French troops. He was so roughly handled that he did not harry their departure seriously. The Royal Air Force engaged the main strength of the German Luftwaffe and inflicted upon them losses of at least four to one; and the navy, using nearly 1000 ships of all kinds, carried more than 335,000 men, French and British, out of the jaws of death to their native land, and to the task which lie immediately ahead".

The German invasion through Belgium swept like a scythe round the right and rear of the Allied armies in the north. It cut the communications between the B.E.F. and the main French army. It cut the communications of the B.E.F. for food and ammunition first to Amiens, then to Abbeville, and drove on up the coast to Boulogne and Calais and almost to Dunkirk.

There was desperate fighting at Boulogne, which was held by the Guards until they were ordered to withdraw. Calais was defended to the last. The British brigadier in command was given an hour to surrender, which he refused. There were four days of intense street fighting before the end came. Only thirty survivors were brought off by the navy from Calais.

But the desperate defense of Calais by 4,000 men was not in vain. At least two German armoured divisions which would otherwise have been used against the B.E.F. had to be sent to overcome Calais, while the delay allowed area at Gravelines to be flooded and protected by French troops. Thus it was that the port of Dunkirk was kept open.

The coast between Dunkirk and La Panne is a tangled maze of shoals and sand banks for ten miles seaward. The channels are narrow, and the tides swift and uncertain, and in wartime there are no lights, buoys, or beacons. Dunkirk Road itself is a channel about half a mile wide with depths 6 to 9 fathoms at low water. Ships of considerable draught can use the port at high water, or lie in the roads at any state of the tide. The anchorage toward La Panne broadens, here the depths do not exceed 4 fathoms at low water. The anchorage is hardly navigable by vessels larger than destroyers, mine sweepers, cross channel steamers and small coasting craft, including paddle steamers. But even so the sandy beaches extend to ¼ mile and more from the dunes which form the coast. One can wade for hundreds of yards with the water no higher than one's waist. Even light draught ships must lie a half to three-quarters of a mile from shore. Hense the urgent need for boats and still more boats to embark the troops assembling on the beaches.

Apart from the two days of evil weather, with a northwesterly wind raising a surf, the boats worked on under an incessant rain of bombs and machine-gun bullets from air-craft, and a heavy and increasing concentration of artillery fire.

The larger vessels were manned by their own

merchant naval crews. Most of the smaller ones were manned by volunteers—fisherman, yachtmen, yachtbuilders, members of yacht clubs, river boatmen, and innumerable civilians. Only the very smallest craft could go direct from Dover to Dunkirk. Ships of heavier draught had to circumvent the shoals and previously laid mine fields which made the distance for the round voyage, there and back, about 76 miles. The navigational difficulties alone were daunting. Enemy gunfire, with the bombing and machine gun attacks of air-craft, and the presence of enemy U-boats and motor torpedo boats, made them infinitely worse. These hundreds of volunteers in that small armada worked until they dropped from sheer fatigue. To provide relief for those exhausted men a pool of seamen was arranged, while an appeal was made for deck and engineer officers. The replies were magnificent.

A factory at Ramsgate was appealed to for volunteers. "You're going to hell," the men were told. "You'll be bombed and machine-gunned. Will you bring back the lads?"

Tools were dropped and the engineers went straight down to ships they had never seen before. Within twenty minutes they were on their way to Dunkirk.

Dunkirk was burning, and under continual air attack and shell fire. Over the town drifted a thick pall of black smoke from the blazing oil depots. The smoke hampered the enemy aircraft, but for days his dive-bombers had concentrated upon the headquarters of Vice-Admiral Abrial, of the French navy, in command at Dunkirk, and upon the ships loading troops alongside the jetty, and the miscellaneous collection of craft embarking men from the beaches.

They also attacked all ships passing to and from Dover. Not even the white-painted hospital ships, flying their distinctive flags, and with their hulls clearly marked with their broad green bands and red crosses were spared. They were assailed both in harbor and at sea.

Many boats were lost on the way across the channel, but by May 13th, troops were being evacuated in better numbers than had been thought possible. From 13,000 on the first night, the numbers rose to 20,000 on the second, and 45,000 on the third. On the peak day, 66,000 men were taken off, though at the expense of casualties to the ships.

The last night came, that of June 3rd-4th, when Vice-Admiral Abrial, of the French navy, and the last troops were evacuated in good order after the port had been made unusable.

The impossible had been accomplished, a miracle of deliverance achieved, as the Prime Minister said, by valor, by perseverance, by perfect discipline, by dauntless service, by resource, by skill, and by unconquerable fidelity.

* * * *

The story of Dunkirk shows, I think, better than anything else could, the price we must pay for complacency and neglect on our part. Too many of us are too complacent, yet!

We live in a Democracy, of that we are proud. We must be ready, however, to protect our blood-bought democratic way of life. Too many of us are obsessed with the illusion that Britain's prestige makes her unbeatable. It is time that we realize the gravity of the situation and examine, more closely, this intangible thing for which we are fighting.

Democracy has an uncensored voice, a fickle opinion, and an exceptionally well-developed knack for criticising. It sings to you from juke-boxes and blares at you from radios. It talks about you on the party line and criticizes you from the newspaper. It gives you parking tickets and sells you white elephants, as well as makes you get up early. It elects politicians, and prints street-car tickets, neither of which are important.

It permits those of all faiths and beliefs to organize churches and to worship as they see fit; it also passes the collection plate. It stands up for the rights of its workers, pays their salaries, and also collects their union dues.

It supplies its people with food and shelter, at a slight service charge, and makes them laugh and live happily. Lastly, it grants two great privileges: firstly, to be free; secondly, to pay taxes.

This is Democracy with all its intricacies of which chewing-gum, lipstick, movie-shows, baseball games, salted peanuts, automobiles, and constitutions, are no mean part. Let us now, therefore, buy, lend, build, and serve, for final and overwhelming Victory!

LITERARY

FREEDOM

by Marjorie Wildfang

THE pounding rain and chilly light of the morning drove Carol on quickly towards her timely destination. The cold of the grey dawn shook her tired, frail body as if wracked with pain. She trudged on, with short, jerky steps, as if nothing would ever stop her until she reached her determined end.

Suddenly, as a huge mountain of water spilled over a high precipice into a bed of jutting rocks before her, her steps grew lax. She walked slower and slower until she reached the cold,

black railing where she could clearly see that mighty waterfall. She stopped then and leaned heavily on it. As she touched it, she seemed to put her frail hand into the hard hand of Death. At first the sight of the water caught her imagination as she remembered how she loved the feel of the cool mist on her face, as this cataract dropped breath-takingly over the cliff into the yawning cavern below. Later it repelled her, when she realized what it meant in her life to come.

In passing, one might have seen an extraordinarily beautiful girl, with blonde hair that fell loosely about her shoulders gazing admiringly at a small peaceful river which dropped suddenly into a deep gully below and then became a twisting, glassy whirlpool. But it was not so.

Carol, leaning on the heavy railing, looking down into the whirlpool, stood transfixed at what she saw. She saw clearly in those churning waters, freedom. Freedom from an aching heart and a guilty conscience. The pool seemed to form a moving picture of her past life, her achievements, her happy years of marriage and one selfish mistake, and the result.

Her eyes filled with tears, when she saw Gil's smiling face flashed on that screen. The cleft in his chin that she loved so well and the way his hair grew above his serious brow all brought back happy memories. Then as if he saw something that he despised, his grin was replaced by a look of hatred. She saw then, Sandy's boyish face laughing up at her. He was so small, so fragile and she had loved him so. She had been envied by many women. "Beautiful Carol Tracy has everything, money, servants, a charming husband and a baby son who worship her, a perfect picture those three." She had basked in this envy which had led her to destruction.

She had lost all this now because of one foolish and selfish mistake in which Sandy had been snatched from her never to return. She then saw Gil's face in that last demanding, distorted with pain and misery and hatred. Hatred for her selfishness, and because Sandy had been taken so ruthlessly from them. Then her Gil had left her; gone to the only thing he had left that he loved . . . his plane. Sobs shook her body and then she looked up into the cold, grey sky, with the rain beating down on her face, and cried, "O God! I know I'm doing the right thing."

A radiance covered her face, she stood transfixed for a moment and then lowered her eyes again to the swirling waters below. She gripped the iron railing with her hands, one plunge—oblivion—freedom.

COVENTRY INCIDENT

by Keith Baird

IT HAPPENED in Coventry. It was on that fateful November night, when that beautiful cathedral town was left in smoking ruins, by the waves of Nazi bombers, that rolled over in a relentless tide. It was the ultimate in destruction. No city had ever met such utter devastation in such a short time.

The Coventry cathedral is gone now. All that remains is four smoke-blackened walls, searching the sky like mute hands raised in a silent prayer. It was a beautiful building . . . known and loved by all the people of Coventry. To them, it was a symbol of all that was good and lasting, in the world they had once known. The stately walls and stained-glass windows of this ancient edifice had watched time flow by in its ceaseless stream; kings had been crowned, men had lived and died, wars had been won and lost, and now this building had watched the ultimate . . . its own destruction.

* * * * *

It was a fugitive figure. In the black shadows of the building it lurked. Slowly it was moving forward—a shadow among shadows. Coventry was deserted tonight. It as like a city of the dead. But below, like their savage antediluvian ancestors, people were sleeping in tubes and shelters. Above, on the roofs of the buildings, the fire-watchers were waiting—waiting for the vultures of the Luftwaffe. The air-raid warning had sounded some minutes previously. A tension seemed to grip the whole town. It was an awful moment . . . waiting, always waiting.

The figure was rounding the corner below, with a wary uneasiness. For a moment, the moonlight struck his face; it was a gnarled and weather-beaten countenance, pitiful in its dejectedness, with a look of haunting fear. He was a thief and a fugitive. He had been pursued without end. He moved only at night, when the black-out enclosed him in her friendly shrouds.

The night was clear and moonlit; one of the brightest nights Coventry had ever seen. It was perfect bombing weather. Suddenly, the figure paused in the doorway of the building across the street. Yes, he was a thief . . . a denizen of the night. He was a creature of darkness and shadows . . . a rat in the cellars of society. Blackness was his element . . . blackness was his character. He had lived a life of constant pursuit, escape, pursuit. It was a dreaded circle. Over him hung the fear of capture and imprisonment. Fear clutched at him as he walked. A footfall behind him, a flickering shadow, would make him start and tremble. He was an animal . . . with the body of a man. He was tired . . . tired of the eternal pursuit, tired of the haunting dread of capture. All of his life had been the same routine . . . unending pursuit. Now he was in flight, escaping from the pursuit that lay behind him.

Suddenly there was an earth-rending blast, and then the whine of powerful motors singing their song of death, re-echoed among the empty buildings. Then the sharp blasts of the ack-ack guns, mushroomed into the sky above, searching for the winged meteors of death. Then the bombs started dropping again. It was the worst raid any town had ever seen.

He was in danger. Pursuit, again, this time by a greater force than he had ever known. Quickly, he broke into a run. Down the street he sprinted, searching for a place of shelter.

Just ahead, he saw a black hulk of stone, forbidding in its massiveness. It was the cathedral. Here, he would at least have some shelter, if only in his own mind. Swiftly, he entered. Outside the bombs were falling with greater and greater frequency. The sky was lit with an "aurora borealis" of fire. He was in the cathedral now. His eyes roved around, unaccustomed to such surroundings. The light filtered by the stain-glass windows flowed in a constant stream over the mellow woodwork. It was beautiful.

Then, a bomb struck the west end of the church and shattered the brick wall. It was a light blast. Through the hole left in the wall, the cool night air swept across the room.

It was horrible. The building shook and quivered with each blast. Time passed. The inside of the building was illuminated by the glow of the fires outside. He watched the shadows wavering on the wall. It was a long time since he had been in a church. Grim irony, perhaps, that he should enter under such conditions!

Now the raid was getting heavier. The shocks were more intense. The fires burned

higher in the autumn sky. The fire hoses were useless, the water mains were shattered in the first onslaught. It could only be a matter of time, until the cathedral would be hit, and then . . . then. He was afraid again. This time, man-made destruction was seeking him with unrelenting impassiveness. It was just a matter of time. Time alone was the consideration. It might be a second. It might be an hour. Only time could tell. Over him he felt the spectre of Death.

He felt the eerie presence of something more than human around him. Here in a church, he was waiting for Death. All through life, he had wondered what he would do when this moment finally came. He was going to die. What should he do now? Somehow, he must come to a decision.

This fear had nearly overcome him. Fear had haunted him all through his life. Now in those last few minutes, he met a greater fear than he ever knew before. It was maddening, massive, and overpowering.

The bombs were dropping nearer again. The grim hand of retribution was singling him out.

Suddenly, as if surprised at his own action, he stumbled forward. Down before the altar, he knelt, hands clutched in a frantic prayer. At first he said nothing, but then, slowly his lips formed the familiar words he had learned in childhood and soon they flowed like a torrent from his thin lips. The words re-echoed against the aged walls, and came back to him in a strange, muffled tone, like a voice from the Beyond.

"OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE . . . .

* * * * *

And they said, that when the rescue workers found his body the next morning, his face bore a look of infinite bliss. On his lips was a vestige of a smile. The war had brought him peace.

"Today, We Pray for England"

by Keith Baird

Dear Lord, we do not ask for our own land,
Those foolish things which men command,
We do not ask for gold or wealth;
That we may keep ourselves in health,
Today, we pray for England.

Our God, we do not pray that, we
Unharmed, untouched, unhampered be,
But for our friends across the sea,
Please, keep, each one, in safety,
Today, we pray for England.

Dear God, we do not feel the bombs at night,
We do not see the searing light,
Or see the buildings: standing white,
We are far, far from the fight,
But still we pray for England.

Father, we have left Thy way,
Have spurned Thee often, but today,
We have wandered back from far away,
To kneel again and fondly pray,
Once more, we pray for England.

Our God, we place our trust in Thee,
To give at length, the Victory;
Though we deserve it not a day
Until we've learned again to pray,
To pray for peace for England.

She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not . . .

by Judy Henderson

"Well all I can say, Daisy Graham, is that you're a fool to take Sheila home with you. I wouldn't trust my own father with that she-wolf."

"Yes, pet, but Sandy is not your father," and Daisy, yawning, sank a little deeper into the disreputable old armchair. "Besides, he's safe as a church, and hooked completely."

"Now you're bragging."

"Maybe I am, but gee whiz, Fran, why shouldn't I? Sandy hasn't looked at another woman since I lost my first tooth."

"Then why tempt him with Sheila of all people? It's just like dangling catnip in front of a cat. An endurance record like his is bound to snap sometime, and opportunity like Sheila only knocks once."

"Somebody talking about me?" With these words, a Titian-haired green-eyed goddess glided into the room.

"Hi Sheil. I was just telling Fran about our plans for the week-end," commented Daisy, winking at her room-mate. Fran said nothing, maintaining a frigid silence remarkable for its eloquence.

Sheila slid languidly into the one article of furniture in the room, truly worthy of being called a chair, and lighting a cigarette, dramatically blew a wreath of smoke.

"Sounds like run, eh Fran?" she said. "By the way, I picked up a stunning dress for the dance. Really, it's too . . . too . . . Paris creation that just came in . . . green satin, and," exhaling slowly, "it's a perfect dream with my eyes and hair."

Fran gave her room-mate a look literally loaded with an "I told you so," picked up her books, and left the room.

"What's eating her, Daisy? Bill being difficult these days?" and Sheila meowed a wise little laugh.

* * * *

"Listen to reason, Sandy, won't yuh? Have yuh ever known a gal to resist Deke? If you take him home you might just as well kiss your woman good-bye . . . if you get the chance."

"Ah, stop worrying, Mac. As far as Da's concerned, I'm Superman, Tarzan and Buck Rogers all rolled into one. She's got a pretty hot date for Deke, anyway."

"Okay, smart guy, have it your way, but don't say I didn't warn yuh." And with this parting shot, Mac blew his room-mate a kiss and swaggered out.

* * * *

Back at Cloverfield College, Daisy was rummaging through her clothes, slamming things helter skelter into a bag. She paused a moment from her mad packing, sat back on her heels, and ran her fingers distractedly through her rumpled mop.

"O Lord, Fran, my evening slippers . . . the heel's off one, and they're the only shoes that go with that gold lamé. Too bad, I'll have to wear my old white."

"Playing right into Sheila's hands, eh, or should we say 'claws'? Ve-ry nice, Daisy. Cinderella goes to the ball in rags, while la belle Sheila turns on the heat looking like a million."

Laughing good-naturedly, Daisy tossed a book at Fran, and said, "But remember, my pessimistic room-mut, Cinderella got the prince in the long run." Fondly, "Not that Sandy's any prince." Well? she snapped the bag shut, "good-bye Dorothy Dix, wish you could have come instead of Sheil, darling."

A few hours later, two girls stepped off the train at Brookton station. One was fair, curly-haired, petite, and vivacious. Her companion was a tall, willowy, fur-coated red-head, who simply dripped glamour.

"Yoo-hoo, Sandy," screamed Daisy, as she sighted the broad-shouldered apple of her eye. Said apple strode up, swung Daisy off the ground with a grin, and, "Hello, light of my life."

Quite suddenly Daisy was dropped with a bang as Sandy reached out a big paw to grasp Sheila's hand, which it seemed to Daisy he held rather lingeringly, breathing, "Sooo . . . this is Gorgeous. Where'd you find her, Da?"

"She's just a typical Cloverfield girl. Brainy and beautiful."

"Yeah, I can see that," said Sandy with the same rapt expression. "Does she talk or isn't she real?"

"Nice line there, mister," laughed the girl glaring with praise while Daisy quietly shuddered. "You a typical Haddon boy? Maybe we ought to get together."

Feeling definitely third-legish, Daisy inquired flatly, "Where's the other dream boy?"

"Ohhhh Deke, he couldn't make it; but don't worry, I'll get Beefy."

"Beefy," groaned Daisy. Then sarcastically, "He'll be just ducky for Sheila. Ought to come to her shoulder, anyway."

"So your name's Sheila, eh?" said Sandy maddeningly, still gazing at her with the same "Praise Allah" eyes.

"That settles it. I simply can't go with Beefy. I literally loathe short men."

This remark was just Sandy's meat. He snapped it up like a starved dog, and with the cat that swallowed the canary look, ejaculated, "I've got it. We'll switch for tonight. Beefy would be sort of tough on Sheil."

"Marvellous," oozed Glamorous, slipping her arm through Sandy's. "Sandy, you're a genius." And with a sly glance at squelched Daisy, "I know you won't mind lending me your Beau Brummel just for one night."

Daisy squared her seemingly overburdened shoulders, wiped the deflated expression off her face, and forced a gay, "Certainly I wouldn't mind lending Sandy. Beefy's a peach, and I always say—'Men and cigarettes are just the same, every so often they need a change of brand."

Just at that instant a shiny black roadster whirled up, and out jumped . . . to Sandy's dismay, the Deadly Deke.

"Hi Sand, got here after all. Hope you haven't made other arrangements and here's where I muscle in, brother. Which one of the little ladies is mine?"

Daisy, glancing maliciously at Sandy, put up a small gloved hand, "Will I do, Professor?"

"Listen baby, are you asking me or telling me? Hop into the Rolls, kids, we've only got an hour before the brawl."

It was eleven that night before Sandy finally manoeuvered a dance with Daisy.

"Having fun, little girl?" he asked.

"What do you think?" laughed Daisy, cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling. "Deke's dancing . . . oh mister, what a man."

"You like him, eh?"

"Certainly, I like all your friends, even in large doses."

"Yeah, especially the six foot and over variety."

"And now, what do you think of Cloverfield's Glamour Gal?"

"Mmm . . . I like all your friends, but some in small doses."

Luckily Sandy didn't see the little smile of satisfaction that tugged at the corners of Daisy's lips.

Just then the Deadly Deke loomed up with Sheila and cut in.

Sheila, turning the full effect of her slow eyes on Sandy, drawled, "Hello, Sandy man. Nice to see you again."

His reply was a preoccupied "Yeah?" As he stared hard over the red head of a certain whirling couple.

"Say, Sheila, . . . I . . . uh . . . I don't suppose you'd mind swapping the last dance." He grinned sheepishly. "I have an account that oughta be settled pronto."

Sheila's smile became a trifle brittle, but she managed an ungracious, "Okay by me, mister."

To the soft strains of a waltz, Sandy blissfully piloted Daisy around the floor for almost a minute before he spoke, "Well, curly top, what's the verdict—happy ending or—?" And pulling a flower from her corsage, he began, "She loves me, she loves me not."

His partner laughed softly, "You really need a Daisy to work that one."

"Well?"

Came the muffled reply, "You've got one."

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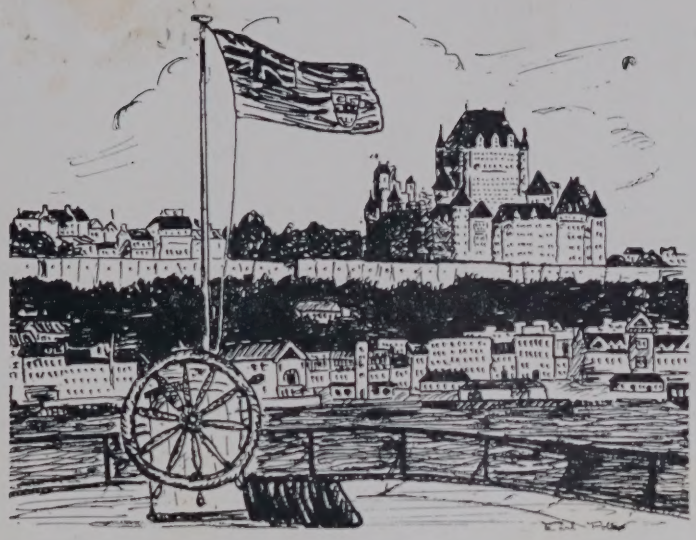


Dear Canada:---

I really didn't see you until my third day of arrival. Indeed, you didn't put yourself out to welcome strangers from across the Atlantic. Instead, you enshrouded yourself in a fog so thick that we almost thought that by some strange mistake we had arrived back in our own country—England. However, our doubts soon disappeared when the fog lifted and you revealed yourself to us.

Over a year has passed since that day, and in that time you and your people have given me many great and lasting impressions.

My most vivid impression of you will always be your people. I'm not flattering you or them when I say that they are really top-hole. In your language that means anything from swell to nifty. They are so friendly and make one really feel at home when they say in that fascinating accent, "Make yourself at home, my dear." But, talking of accents, there is one thing I have learned, never to refer to that accent as being American. I once had the misfortune to make that mistake! I was informed so quickly and indignantly that Canadians have an accent of their own, that I have never dared say it since.

I must admit, though, that at first I thought, "They have some jolly queer tastes in food." Not any more! Now I realize that they know what they are talking about when discussing the delights of pumpkin-pie, strawberry-shortcake and corn-on-the-cob. I'm afraid I'll never get used to their hot-dogs and hamburgers. I at least know by now that they are not eaten with a knife and fork!

But now for yourself, Canada. You must be very proud of your great immensity. There are few countries in the world, my own in particular, whose people could say that they were going on a short six-hundred mile trip in the same tone of voice that they would discuss going for a short walk. I, unlike your people, will never be able to take your vastness for granted.

One evening last summer, Canada, you more than impressed me, you gave me a thrill. It was my first glimpse of Niagara Falls. They were illuminated. To me, who had never realized that such sights were possible, it was like a glimpse of fairy land. I think I must have gazed speechlessly for several seconds, then somebody said, "Well, what do you think of them?" As I came back to earth I realized that this scene in front of me was just one more thing of which you, Canada, must be so utterly proud.

As I write this I think of more and more things that have impressed me, such as the Muskoka region, the Great Lakes, and your climate with its wonderful opportunities, both in winter and summer. But here I must end.

To you, "land of the Maple Leaf", my sincerest respect and admiration!

Affectionately yours,

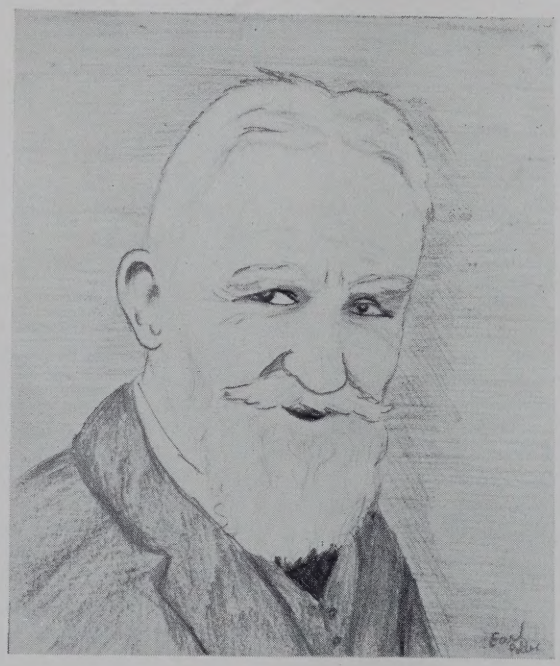
An English War Guest,

LILIAN SIMS

G. B. S.

by Frances C. Zwick

It is rather extraordinary to begin an article by making its subject's initials the title, as though in that manner perfect clarity were to be achieved. Nevertheless, in this case such initials are likely, in briefest form, to summon to mind the most complete store of recollections upon the topic of this article. . . . Those recollections are doubtless of many varieties and degrees of intensity. Some (the most sensible) will say, "Ah! I was wondering in what especially pleasant pastime I might indulge myself tonight," and promptly leave this page for a favourite play or absorbing Preface by the gentleman in question. Others will utter a mildly disquieted "Oh!" and, most probably, turn to another page, or else, will continue out of curiosity—(which is a good sign). Many, soon or later, will think of Mr. Shaw's peculiar attribute commonly called "conceit", an enigma which is seemingly one of the most persistent obstacles, although a relatively unimportant one, to confront those newly endeavouring to comprehend the author and his works.



For Shaw's own apology in this matter, let us examine two passages from the Preface to "Three Plays for Puritans" (1897). Answering those who object to his use of prefaces to complete and to explain the basic message of his plays, and who thereby accuse him of charlatanry, Mr. Shaw replies: "I first caught the ear of the British public on a cart in Hyde Park, to the blaring of brass trumpets, and this not at all as a reluctant sacrifice of my instinct of privacy to political necessity, but because, like all dramatists and mimes of genuine vocation, I am a natural-born mountebank. I am well aware that the ordinary British citizen requires a profession of shame from all mountebanks by way of homage to the sanctity of the ignoble private life, to which he is condemned by his incapacity for public life. . . . When an actress writes her memoirs, she impresses on you in every chapter how cruelly it tried her feelings to exhibit her person to the public gaze; but she does not forget to decorate the book with a dozen portraits of herself. I really cannot respond to this demand for mock-modesty. I am ashamed neither of my work nor of the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness, and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because *I can*; and I would give half a dozen of Shakespeare's plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written."

The chief word to be kept in mind here is "mock-modesty"; for one of the keys to Shavian philosophy is to realise that the philosopher is the staunch enemy of humbug in all its forms. Therefore, it merely follows that this thinker recognizes in himself superior powers of divining Truth from amid the maze of Falsehood, as do and have done many prominent writers—some with much less justification—and so, openly, as the others have not, proceeds to advertise that fact, for, as Shaw continues in this same Preface: "In England, as elsewhere, the spontaneous recognition of really original work begins with a mere handful of people and propagates itself so lowly that it has become commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone until after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertisement. Accordingly, I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, still in middle life, almost as legendary as the Flying Dutchman."

Perhaps to some the strongest impression conveyed by performances of Mr. Shaw's plays and the fragmentary perusal of them is that the famous Irishman is merely a satirist, his

chief aim being to ridicule established institutions for the mere pleasure of audacity. To a certain extent, with the omission of the "merely", that is true: for such an one as he, to whom are so clearly apparent the ridiculous foibles of an unhappy civilization, and yet who has unbounded faith in the potentialities of man, must, out of that very combination of good-humoured anger and cheerful optimism, derive a certain humourous enjoyment from the exposition of the tragic ludicrousness of those defects. The plays are subtly camouflaged with a delightful coating of wit, which wittiness is often mistaken for lack of earnestness. "No doubt I must recognize, as even the Ancient Mariner did, that I must hold the wedding-guest spellbound in spite of the siren sounds of the loud bassoon. For 'for art's sake' alone I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence." "Art for Art's sake is not enough." Shaw himself has also stated that it was his wit which has many a time saved him from the modern equivalent of the stake, to which danger a more long-faced presentation of his sermons might have delivered him. However, despite the bright flashes of wit in the Preface to "Three Plays for Puritans", there can be no mistaking the deep seriousness of the later Prefaces—of that to "Major Barbara", in which the author sets forth the three requisites for the achievement of the better world. Even in some of the dramas the underlying earnest theme is painfully apparent—all the more so, because the author is endeavouring to mask the poignant tragedy with a veil of smiles. Of this the most outstanding example is "Heartbreak House", written 1913-1916 to portray the inhabitants of "cultured, leisured Europe before the War".

Also in connection with this play, an interesting light is cast by the author himself upon the subject of the so-called Shavian "mysticism" in the following incident, recounted by Mr. Maurice Colbourne in his booklet, "*The* Real Bernard Shaw". At the conclusion of the first performance of "Heartbreak House", the dramatist, upon being asked to explain the significance of a certain passage, replied, "How Should I know? I'm only the author." There is more to that remark than whimsical wit. The implication is, perhaps, that the writer, trusting to the sureness of his inspiration, need only record faithfully the promptings of his Inner Voice.

Concerning the individual plays, it might possibly be most convenient for the would-be reader first to consult a list of summaries in which the theme, characters, and the critics' general opinions of each of the dramas are given. Thus the possibility of commencing with a subject of little interest to the particular reader is avoided, as well as the disastrous distaste for all the works of the author which one might develop with the first ill-advised plunge. Such summaries are found in the back of Mr. Edward Wagenknecht's excellent little book, "A Guide to Bernard Shaw". To one who is immediately aroused by the magic names of brilliant historical personages, "St. Joan" (1924) is unanimously recommended; indeed, many critics make it head the list in their personal evaluation of Shaw's plays. By others, "Heartbreak House" is held to be the masterwork—a piece to be digested leisurely, with much patience, determination, and perseverance. "Androcles and the Lion", "Back to Methuselah", "Man and Superman", and "Caesar and Cleopatra", are some of the many others most highly esteemed. "John Bull's Other Island" is especially noted for its hero, Peter Keegan, who by some is thought most closely to represent the character of the playwright. The gentle "madman" who is so curiously disturbed at the cruelties and the thoughtlessness which pass for "convention" and "the thing to be done", might well indeed illustrate the essential elements of the great Irishman's philosophy.

BIOGRAPHICAL

George Bernard Shaw was born the 26th July, 1856, the only son of a financially unsuccessful father and an extremely musical mother —the George Carr Shaws of Dublin. From the latter, and from the National Gallery of Ireland, Mr. Shaw maintains he received his only juvenile education. Before he was fifteen, "he knew at least one important work of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and Gounod from cover to cover." At that age also, "he knew enough of a considerable number of painters to recognize their work at sight." After some private instruction in Latin grammar by his uncle, the young Shaw was sent to the Wesleyan Connectional School of Dublin, where he stood usually "near or at the bottom of his classes", and of which a general description may be found in various sections of the author's very excellent "Treatise on Parents and Children". At the age of fifteen, when it was apparent that an university education was impossible, Shaw entered upon five years of clerical work, an employment in which the youth well acquitted himself, but which

(Continued on page 88)

The Moonbeam

by Judy Henderson

I saw a moon beam dancing,
Dancing on the green,
And of all the beauty of the world
That moonbeam was the queen.
It traced with silver finger
A pattern on the trees,
And floated along, to the lilting song,
Of the breath of a summer breeze.

It coaxed from the velvet shadows,
A timid, fairy sprite,
Who, bathed in silver splendour,
Then, on the moonbeam drifted,
Stooping to kiss a rose,
And, caught in the lovely fragrance,
It lingered on twinkling toes.

All night the moonbeam revelled,
Cavorting in high delight,
And touched with liquid beauty
All that which saw its light.
But, at length came dawn,
With her heralds red,
And wearied by dancing
The moonbeam slowly fled.

Incident No. 76513

by Charles Hagen

"Lena, pack some food, wake Gretchen and your father. Tonight you leave."

"But Franz, I thought . . . ."

"Hurry, the Guard has been called out. I must go too."

"But Franz, where shall we go?"

"To the west, away from Luxembourg. The French border is still open, but not for long. The palace and main parts of our capitol must be protected."

"Franz, I can't leave you here to fight those thieves."

"You must for Gretchen's sake. Your father can help you. He is too old for military service. We'll have beaten off the enemy soon. If Luxembourg falls, there is always France."

"But Franz . . . ."

"Now I must go! I'll take a loaf of bread and a jug of wine. Now, don't cry, it is our duty to be brave. Take the little cart and the horse, all the money and valuables but, above all, plenty of food. You have a long road ahead."

"Franz, I need you, I am afraid!"

"Of what? We are strong, we will not fail. In a few days or perhaps a fortnight I will see you again. Kiss me goodbye, dear wife, I hear the Guard coming, I must march with them, and you, too, must leave."

* * * *

At last the sun rose again on the stream of carts rolling westward. Tired, harness-sore horses, pulled mud-splashed and creaking wagons. Weary women, with their crying children, sat on top of hastily packed household effects, food, and clothing, repeating soothing words to their stumbling nags. Here and there elderly men and women slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Even the dogs kept their peace.

Between the carts of friendly neighbours plodded the mare that had been the pride of Franz Kronstadt and his wife Lena. Tugging at the overloaded vehicle, the beast sweated and foamed, but doggedly followed the preceding cart as if she knew the necessity of her part in the escape to freedom. Her once sleek chestnut coat was now bedraggled and full of sores where the mended traces bit her sides with each lurch forward of her rocking two-wheeled burden.

Sitting astride the precious bale of hay for the horse, was Lena's aged father, holding the reins and gazing ahead. On his knee slumbered Gretchen, a flaxen-haired little girl of about six years, clad in a dress of dark blue homespun. At the back of the cart, with her grey-stockinged legs hanging over the frame, sat Lena, her mother, preparing a meagre lunch of stale bread and cheese, given them by friendly farmers who were also refugeeing. Her face had become more hardened since she had left her happy home, her mouth more sad, her hair even slightly greyed at the temples; still in her eyes burned the light of hope and faith that arose from her throbbing heart. The wagon travelled on her faith. Had not Franz said he would see them soon? What if almost a month had passed? He would come; Franz never broke his word. In her ears re-echoed his reassuring words, "We are strong, we will not fail!"

Those awful rumours from the front kept them moving on towards the west coast of France. At each village the caravan stopped for food and news, but both were scarce. Other refugees had bought most of the available food; the news which they eagerly sought was usually old and uncertain. The scrawny hand of Starvation was slowly beginning to tighten his clutch at their eager throats; the ogre of Uncertainty stifled their conversation concerning the outcome of the battle that had routed them from their hearths and loved ones. Some rumours had it that the foreign hordes had conquered the Low Countries and were marching into France through surrendered Belgian territory. Even Luxembourg had had to surrender or be pillaged! What ridicule to have the grey-clad monsters walking about the once-gay streets of their fatherland.

That night they came to the little town of Brouillières, near the Atlantic. There was food, but it was expensive. If it had been Lena alone or her father fleeing, the shortage of eatables could have been overlooked for a while longer, but little Gretchen was hungry, and cried for nourishment. All the money had been spent long ago, and the meals since the last centime were few and far between. People who owned food, sold it at regal prices so that with the money they could gain a foothold in a new haven. "Such foolishness," thought-Lena. "Who cares about the future if loved ones are gone?"

But Gretchen still cried, and food was still at a premium. There was nothing left that would be accepted in payment. No coins, no jewelry, no gold. "Why were some people so greedy at a time when all were suffering?" Her father's watch had been traded for two loaves of bread and a jug of milk at the last village; her own ear-rings had preceded it and gone the way of all gold. Suddenly, she looked down at her chafed hands, and beheld, as if for the first time, her wedding ring, a wide band of fine gold. Surely that would soften the heart of some capitalistic refugee!

Jerking the reins, she goaded on the weary mare. Ahead of them was a stand where someone was selling food at tremendous prices. Many refugees were camping all along the road where they intended to stay, relying on the strength of the French forces and the hope that glowed like an unquenchable fire in their almost-broken hearts. But Lena did not want to stop! True, she had faith, but she also feared the strength of the marauders, and in agreement with Franz's wishes, she was heading for Nantes.

When they arrived at the stand, Lena handed over the reigns to her father and jumped spryly to the earth, enthused with the hope of acquiring food. As she walked toward the enticing food, her pace slowed as she realized what she was about to do. She, Lena, was about to barter with the ring that Franz had reverently placed on her finger twelve years before in the little chapel near her home. Tears filled her eyes as she removed and then replaced the ring. She should sell it; Gretchen needed food and her father too. She shouldn't sell it: it was too dear to her. At last she decided in her innermost mind what Franz would prefer her to do. Someone shouted.

"A trainload of wounded from the front! Some are from Luxembourg!"

"Some are from Luxembourg" rang a bell in Lena's mind. Perhaps Franz would be with them. "Franz, dear Franz, I am coming." Quickly she turned, ran back past the cart, telling her father to follow with the vehicle. Her hopes gave her strength to outrun the swiftest. All were hurrying to the station to search for loved ones among the wounded. Soon she came in sight of the depot where a train stood, marked with a red cross.

Men were being carried from the cars in stretchers, but a few were able to walk out on crutches. She scanned the row of those walking, as they registered. None resembled Franz. Then she started to walk past the line of stretchers placed side by side along the tracks. Eagerly she searched the line of moaning men. When she neared the end of the line, her pace quickened, her eyes filled with great tears as she recognized the recumbent form of her dear husband, bandaged and bloodstained. As if he sensed her presence, he slowly opened his heavy eyelids to meet her loving eyes. He smiled and with pain opened his sad mouth.

"Lena, dear, we've found each other. Don't cry at my wounds; they are only scratches in comparison with the gash your absence has cut in my heart. We'll never part again. How are you, and Gretchen, and your father?"

"They're fine, but hungry. They're coming to the station too. What has happened?"

"Oh, Lena! France is doomed, we must leave, or be crushed like all those that maniac has conquered. We did not fight in our homeland; we fought in France. Though she be doomed, and Luxembourg with her, we shall rise again. Britain and America will overthrow the enemy."

"Yes, Franz, but are we going to stay here?"

"No, dear, we who are wounded, and our families are going to America, where freedom remains. There will we build our future and raise our children; from there we shall help our homeland to shift the tyrant's heel and overthrow him and his kind."

SOME LIGHT ON JAPAN

by Rudy P. Jansen
and Boris Mather

Before setting out to destroy Japan, we must grasp clearly and realistically the facts of Japan's power.

Economically Japan is in a strong position. However, the country can produce only one-quarter of its required iron ore, and one-fifth of the necessary oil. Even if it does seize important Far East sources of material, Japan has not the factories or technicians to process and use these raw materials for some time. On the other hand, one hundred percent of Japan's production is for war. For many years the country has been storing vast reserves of war materials. After one year, production will undoubtedly falter, but in that time they hope to hold all the Pacific military positions and to cut the sea lanes of the allies.

Because of Japan's small consumption and huge production of basic foods, the country cannot be starved. Their basic diet is rice, fish, and soybeans. All this, in spite of the fact that only five percent of the land can be cultivated.

Our newest enemy possesses an enormous advantage in having well equipped military forces with ten years experience of warfare. Their cruelty and ruthlessness is renowned. While describing the transportation of prisoners from Wake Island to Yokohama, a Jap broadcaster stated "prisoners displayed American individualism, but we trained them to be more co-operative." The soldiers' confidence and courage in action are boundless. The Jap ideal is a cunning and long-suffering hero, resorting to any trick to survive and kill his enemy first. He tends to boast of his atrocities.

The soldiers pride themselves on their bayonet-fighting ability. As shown by recent invasions, the Japs excel in landing operations which entail close co-operation between forces. This most difficult task in modern warfare is truly the Japanese masterpiece. As for the Air Force, their bombers have a twelve hundred mile range. The aeroplane-builders mostly use imitative designs. In naval warfare the successes of the Japs were made possible by the use of torpedo-using planes rather than dive-bombers used by the Nazis. Its navy, being the third largest in the world, has the advantage of being forced to function in only one ocean.

AN APPRECIATON

Of the Versatile Bill Unwin

Every day we press a switch, taking for granted the mysterious power that gives luminous quality to a mere piece of wire inside a vessel of glass, which we call a light bulb. But as soon as that power is shut off, the light bulb is useless; then we appreciate as never before the service rendered by electricity.

Every day we come to school, and have basketball, hockey and rugby games. Almost every year we have a Major Play, Gym. classes, a P.T. display, an operetta, assemblies, clubs and organizations, — all of which we take for granted. I would hesitate to try the experiment in the preceding paragraph, that of turning off the power to make people appreciate the driving force behind all these activities.

Without Mr. Unwin directing the activities of the school, our extra-curricular programme which has grown to be such a big part of the life of K.C.I., might easily be about as useful and beneficial as a light bulb without electricity.

Often it is the most obvious that is the least seen, and perhaps this is the case concerning our director of student activities. So, to echo the gratitude of the students, the Grumbler has printed this appreciation . . . an appreciation of the man we all have come to know as "the versatile Bill Unwin".

An Interview With an Ex-Student Who Saw the Fall of France

by Helen Volker

Bob Rooke, a student of K.C.I., joined up for active service in 1939, served actively for a year and a half, was injured and returned to Canada. The interview with Bob is briefly recorded as follows:

"Bob, what prompted you to enlist?"

"Well, I had been with the Scots Fusiliers for non active service, and, at the time of the crisis in Poland I had the urge to go into a permanent active force. At the outbreak of war I was accepted, and went overseas in the first platoon of the first signaler's corps of the first Canadian Division. We were heavily convoyed going over and didn't see a sign of the enemy."

"How does the training a Canadian soldier receives in Canada compare with what he receives in England?"

'Over there the training is much more extensive, technically, but basically the same. Overseas, each training unit has its own squadron of aircraft and tanks, and we work in co-ordination with them. We go through conditions almost identical with those we will meet under fire. Physical training, hard work, and constant training keep us in trim."

"You were in France at the time of its collapse. Could you give us an idea of what happened and what it was like?"

"The one word that describes it best, is "pitiful". I was in France for five days, and saw more homeless refugees than I ever want to see again. France was completely disorganized. We were thirty miles from Paris when we received orders to retire to Brest. Germans were occupying Paris. At the coast we destroyed all our equipment and boarded the ship waiting for us. All night we were in the harbour. One enemy plane flew over and if we had been attacked, the Germans really would have had something to write home about. Peace reigned over the boat that night as we were completely exhausted. As dawn crept over the horizon, we headed for England and arrived safely."

"How do you think Britain and the United States will win? Will it be by internal collapse of Germany and Italy or by expeditionary forces?"

"As far as I can see, it will have to be by expeditionary forces. The younger generation of Germans is used to living under hard conditions. When Germany takes a country, it provides her people with luxuries they did not have, so why revolt? At the time of Dunkirk the Germans took over all stores and had enough English cigarettes to keep them going for some time. Germany is looking after her people; the poor conquered country suffers. When the time comes for Britain to invade, the army will be of prime importance, instead of the air force and navy, as it is now. But of course, the three are very dependent, one on the other."

"How is the morale and spirit of the British?"

"It is absolutely unbeatable. The British are a brave people. The air raids do not frighten, but infuriate them, and their main thought is to give it to the Jerrys ever so much harder. The English speak of the bombings, but soon forget them. It is truly amazing how the British keep faith in democracy when they have gone through so much, and know more is coming. They are optimists in the truest sense of the word. In past history they have lost many big battles but have won in the major issue. The British have seen Hong Kong fall, then Singapore, but are determined to win."

"Bob, you were in Manchester when it had its heaviest raids. What can you tell us about them?"

"Manchester really took a hammering. At the time, I was in military hospital with the harbour on one side and the city on the other. Both were military objectives. Every night at about eleven the planes came over. The air raids are terrifying because a person is so helpless. You can hear the heavy bombers but can not see them; guns are firing constantly and you can hear the bombs dropping. After the big raids, the burning was so intense, that during blackouts I could read a paper in the dull hall."

Bob told us many other interesting things. It is indeed a tribute to K.C.I. to have a graduate attain the distinction of being one of those who returned from France at the time of Dunkirk. In the annals of this menacing conflict through which we are passing, there will be numerous records of valiant sacrifice and heroism in which will be the name of many a K.C.I. graduate. We are extremely proud of you Bob, and those of our school whose vision has taken them beyond the present.

THE TREE AND THE CHEMIST

by Doug. Prueter

BRUSSELS lay sleeping in the summer sun. Its white-washed street, the pocket size gardens, the quaint houses of a past age, all nodded and yawned—awake to a new day. In the distance the raucous laughter of a barnyard mocked the lazy mortals, still in bed. Soon, feathery wisps of smoke trailed straight into the clear blue sky from the queer chimney-pots of queerer houses—and Brussels stretched itself, breathed deeply the summer air and settled down to work.

The French section of Brussels awoke much the same as the city itself. Soon the gaily-dressed madames invaded the market and the daily heckling for centimes began. Crowds surged through the stalls; noise—of shrill-voiced servants, of irritated grocers, of neighing horses, rent the once quiet summer's air. But this was the Market and Jules Van Helmont was completely at home in all this din. Before him, piled symmetrically, lay the profits of his farm—lettuce, peas and radishes. For weren't Van Helmont's radishes the most famous of all Brussels, and wasn't Val Helmont becoming rich through his radishes.

Throughout the market-day, Van Helmont was oblivious of the din that surrounded him. He was conscious of only two things, his love for his wife and his love for his hobby—chemistry. For years he had experimented nightly in the little cellar of his farm, each week spending his meagre allowance on new chemicals and books that dealt with his favourite pastime. Why, even to-night he was going to buy a new textbook for his collection—a weird sounding title — "Meteorologics by Aristotle." Jules was sure that between these covers he would find the answer to many of his problems

"Bon soir, Jules" cried his wife, as the tired farmer entered the appetizing kitchen. "Supper is ready, and I suppose you are too. Ah, I see you have bought your book. Not too expensive, I hope. Well, and how was market?" Marthe Patteredon, she was the type of paysanne that fitted in with the homey little kitchen and the sizzling oven.

As Jules bent over the rich onion soup, he thought how lucky he was to have a mate so agreeable as Marthe. As he stood by the sink, absently drying the chinaware, after supper, he congratulated himself on his great fortune in marriage and in his hobby.

"Meteorologics by Aristotle." With great emphasis on this imposing sentence, Van Helmont started to read. Marthe on the other side of the oven, rocked back and forth, busily knitting socks for her husband, attentively listening to his every word. Page after page was read aloud; the hands of the clock, twice passed the usual hour of going to bed. But still Van Helmont read, and Marthe listened.

"Nature is the mother of the world," read Van Helmont. "Everything that grows upon this earth derives every fibre of its substance from the earth." Jules Van Helmont abruptly stopped reading, "That is strange," he said. "It seems to me that the green things upon the earth grow through their own power and not that of the earth."

This was Van Helmont's great discovery. Next morning, he planted a frail willow wand of six ounces weight in a tub of rich loam weighing one hundred pounds. Van Helmont was prepared to prove that Aristotle was wrong!

In the town, the people of Brussels heard about the audacity of the little farmer who dared to doubt the authenticity of the great Aristotle. The city mayor visited the humble home of the Van Helmont's and asked Jules to cease his idiotic experimenting.

"No!" exclaimed Van Helmont. "If Aristotle made a mistake, this error must be corrected."

Each day a new leaf sprouted on the willow wand, and each day the sapling edged its way nearer the sun. But each day the friends of the Van Helmonts forsook the farmer and his wife. Now the little bunch of radishes stayed in their symmetrical piles and instead of words of praise for his vegetables, "Witch" and "Devil" were the exclamations of the people.

Jules Van Helmont was an outcast.

* * * *

Ten years have passed . . . and what a decade! Jules Van Helmont now walks like a prematurely aged man of fifty. Marthe has become old by the side of her husband. How lucky he was to have such a devoted wife.

Ten years ago Jules had planted the willow

wand and now it is a beautiful young tree. Through hard work the "Society for the Perpetration of Sciences"—the élite science club of Brussels, had been persuaded to see the outcome of Van Helmont's experiment.

Now the crowd had gathered—all prepared to laugh at the discomfiture of Van Helmont when proved to be wrong. But they were wrong! The tree and pot were weighed and were found to be five hundred and six pounds. The tree itself weighed four hundred and five pounds. A wave of excitement passed through the crowd. This tree had been growing for ten years and only one pound of the original one hundred had been used up. Maybe Aristotle was wrong!

Imagine the shame of the mayor as he publicly congratulated Van Helmont. Imagine Van Helmont's pride as he stood in the market selling radishes "the most famous of Brussels", and imagine the great emotion of the wife Marthe as she takes letters from the postman addressed to—Monsieur Jules Van Helmont, Chemist.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

A Reverie on a Summer Day

by Marg. Armstrong

It is sizzling hot! The sun beats down in all its god-like glory, now and then it disappears in a fleecy cloud, only to spring out again upon the world with stored up vengeance. The ladder totters; the cherries are sticky, my head spins; but, looking up I see a cool, casual cloud which calls to mind the lake.

* * * *

The lake is only a few miles away. The mournful moan of a tired steamer drags in the air; the gulls call to each other as they swoop down on their prey, sand pipers hop along the shoreline, and the little ripples of the restless water bathe their feathered vests. I can see it all so clearly. The big willow drooping in the sand, with its long branches made such a pleasant shade for me, lying at their feet. I am almost asleep in my arbour, when the Scotch burr of the foreman arouses me, and I stumble, dazed, to the ground.

Once more I am on my ladder. Apollo is more merciless than before. The cherries are smaller, and there are fewer of them. There is one branch way up there, "Mr. Thompson, that I simply cannot reach. Of course I've tried!" . .

Funny how much it reminds me of the rolly-coaster at Crystal Beach, entwined the way it is . . . . I can feel myself in the little car as we slowly move out of the miniature station and start on our tedious, toilsome trip, up to the sky. Nearer and nearer we draw to the peak of the mountain. I can feel the cool lake breeze sweeping in my face; and then, we reach the top! For a moment we poise there, and we are two small, humble individuals looking down on the bright lights, the happiness, the sadness of other people. And now, with a crash, we are rushed perpendicularly downward. The lake looms up in front. I know we will go in! I hold my breath, and close my eyes and . . . . Mr. Thompson says calmly from his perch on the foot of my ladder "It's aboot time that ye've finish that branch." I am literally dashed to the ground!

* * * *

I gave up with the ladder. I have wrapped myself around the branches of this eternally unfinished tree. It is harder than ever to reach the cherries. Oh, will this day never end! . . . . . I can see the steaming plates loaded with goodness, I can smell the delicious aroma of roast-beef; the laughter and chatter of my fellow sufferers, dins in my ears. The cool air of the welcome evening swallows us as we leave for St. Kitts. And then the ultimate climax! My hard, narrow, uncomfortable, unmade bed, ready for me to fall into. I pull up the covers, and pray that the others will remain comparatively quiet. Some one seems to be calling to me. "I wish he'd be quiet . . . ."

"What did you say, Mr. Thompson? Quitting time?" . . . .

"Hey, wait for me!!!!!!!!"

THE END.

Air Marshal William A. Bishop

by Bill Pernfuss

DURING World War No. 1, Billy Bishop was in more than 170 air battles and shot down 72 enemy planes. He set a record when he destroyed 25 German Aircraft in 12 days. Despite his reckless daring, he wasn't even wounded. How Billy Bishop became Canada's greatest War Ace follows.

When World War No. 1 broke out, 20-year-old Billy Bishop was a student at Military School. He hastened to enlist. He was made a Lieutenant in the Canadian Mounted Rifles. For months his regiment trained in Canada. Finlly being shipped to England, their regiment was assigned to the muddiest field in England. He later applied for a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps and was accepted as an observer. After training school he was sent to France. Four months in France and he became an outstanding sharpshooter. He also studied the enemy's tactics in the air. He was then ordered back to England where he asked to be given a chance to be a pilot. His training took one year. Lieutenant Bishop was ordered to report for advanced combat training. He was trained in the handling of the speedy Nieuport Scout; then —off to France. From here on, Billy Bishop set a remarkable record. Within a few months he was made a captain.

Early one morning he thought he would like to try to destroy a German airdrome. He found one, but there were no planes there so he flew on. Soon he found another German airdrome with 7 enemy planes on the ground.

One German plane started down the runway. Bishop came at him and shot the pilot. Another almost in the air was shot down also. Two managed to get into the air; Bishop emptied his gun firing at one. Putting in another drum of bullets, Bishop went after the last plane. With one final burst from Bishop's gun the enemy plane went down in flames.

In his last twelve days in France, Bishop bagged 25 enemy planes, an even greater record than the German Ace Richtofen or any other flyer ever made. No odds were too great for Bishop. Frequently, low on fuel, and without any ammunition, Bishop had to almost hedge-hop the trenches getting home.

On receiving orders to return to England after being made Major General, he wanted a last crack at the Germans. He shot five German planes down that day to raise his grand total to seventy-two.

The late King George V honored him personally by awarding the "Victoria Cross," the "Distinguished Service Order" and the "Military Cross" at the same time. This was the first time for this to happen in the history of the British Empire. Shortly thereafter he received the "Distinguished Flying Cross". The French too honoured him by awarding the "Croix De Guerre" with two palms. He was then made a Major and was relieved from Active Service.

When World War No. 2 broke out he was called back into service. His Majesty appointed Lieutenant Colonel William Bishop Inspector of Recruiting, with the honorary rank of Air Marshal, the only one in Canada. His job was to build up the Air Force. He visited thousands of camp sites and personally supervised the selection of recruits.

In September, 1940, he flew across the Atlantic to England. He inspected his "boys" over there and held long interviews with the King and Churchill. He addressed his "boys" by saying "Our ability to preserve England depends upon the kind of training we give her wings. We will not fail her. She cannot lose!"

Now, back in Canada, Air Marshal Bishop, Canadian War Ace and father of thousands of new "Wings", bends every effort to make good his boast that every man who goes to England has the finest training possible.

Persephone

by Evelyn Power

In the meadows of Enna so far away,
In the brightest hour of golden day,
Persephoné left her maiden friend
To reverently watch the daffodils bend.

Suddenly arose from the earth so green,
The finest black horses ever seen;
And holding their heads with reins of pearl
Was Pluto, god of the underworld.

He bade her gently not to fear.
But then, her mother drawing near,
Apprehensive at the sight
Cried in pain, "It is not right!"

Before her eyes they disappeared;
Left her wondering that he dared—
And as she mourned her life away
The earth grew barer, day by day.

To Demeter, Pluto his word had given,
That at the end of six months from that happy heaven
He would send Persephoné back to men,
And spring would come to the earth again.

Persephoné visits Elysian Hills,
But still she thinks of the winding rills
Where the maidens of Enna are happy and gay,
And the daffodils in the young breezes play.

She knows that soon the time will come,
When she may pluck once more some
Of the flowers which her heart desires
And kindle within her, loving fires.

At last she sees her coal-black steed,
And he takes her toward the pleasant mead,
Where Demeter waits to adore
And fold her in loving arms once more.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

by Byron Bingeman

WHEN the name "Churchill" is mentioned, the more superficially-minded of us immediately think of a huge cigar, a rotund figure, and a genial personality. Those inclined to more serious thinking, however, visualize an unswerving resolve and a traditional bull-dog tenacity. We visualize the man of whom Rene Kraus says, "He has always seized his adversaries by the throat, wherever he has found them."

Greatly though he is devoted to the common cause, one must not consider Winston Churchill a blood-thirsty fanatic. Of him, a widely circulated Canadian weekly submits the following in an editorial: "Courage, simplicity, and clean common sense are the elements of the Churchill fire." Beneath the awesome exterior he is not uninterested in the finer things of life. He is a painter of maturity and his ingenuous and forceful writing is appreciated in every country that has an English-speaking citizen. "One of the born organists of nature," says J. L. Garvin. Churchill's singular phrase-making facility has won him the enviable distinction of being the most referred-to man in the world. Such speeches as: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job", and, "Never before in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few", are immortal. The amazing frankness in, "I have nothing to offer you but blood, toil, tears, and sweat", is expected of the cool, efficient mind that is now ratifying his nation's demand. During the time of appeasement, Churchill was honoured by the special abuse heaped upon him by the Germans. He was doubly honoured when Chamberlain, after totally ignoring him, requested him to accept the position of First Lord of the Admiralty. After the Norwegian debacle, he became co-ordinator of all land, sea and air forces, and still later, His Majesty asked him to form a cabinet. Winston Churchill was, and is, the man of the hour. Beside him, Hitler appears in the role of a marauding Don Quixote, and Mussolini as, "the jackal trailing at his heels."

One in the heavily responsible position of Britain's war-time Prime Minister must realize that his loss would be irreparable to all democracy. But Prime Minister Churchill does not know fear. He served as a soldier in Cuba, in the Sudan, and in India. And in the first Great War, although a colonel, he insisted on sharing the front-line dangers with his men. He is no introvert or mental weakling who has twice defied the hungry waters struggling for a strangle-hold in Britain. The daring initiative he displayed in meeting President Roosevelt in mid-ocean to draft an outline of the allied aims, and again in Washington, to lay the basis for complete co-operation, must have struck a corner off the foundation of the artificial Nazi structure in Europe. Churchill must have revelled in the rude shock he knew Hitler and his puppets would receive. We democracies have been accused of doing too little too late, but one of our number has acted adequately and promptly in placing an outstanding and courageous men in the only position worthy of him and at the opportune moment.

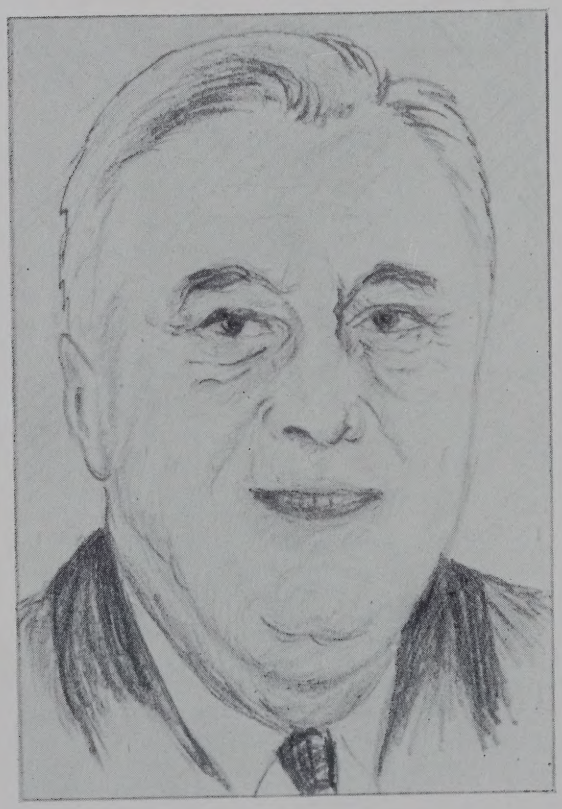
It took courage to accept full responsibility

for the British defeat at Crete; it took courage to fully ally Britain with Soviet Russia, and, in literally the same breath, to deny his withdrawal of any former charges against Communism. It took still more courage to continue to cry, "England, awake!" when the only echo was, "Warmonger!" "Cassandra!" He was the only man in Britain who saw, in present and in future, the gradual clarifying of the monster on Europe's screen. He was the only man who dared to risk ostracism from parliament and public favour by continually drumming out his diagnosis of the malignant growth in Europe.

He who has been called, "the voice of England", "the genius of a nation", " the torch-bearer of Freedom", is surely a great man. He will appear in the future pages of history as the one whose shoulders were stooped by a great burden in the first Great War, but who could lightly bear a still greater in the second. We know Winston Churchill now as the man who will have carried us through.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

by Margaret Strahl



Fresh appraisals of Franklin Delano Roosevelt are needed. He has ceased to be a mere partisan or even a national figure. He has become one of the few on whom the future of the world now seems to depend.

The light hearted man, who so defiantly lifted himself, from the seemingly hopeless ranks of paralytic invalids to the highest position in his country, is now, with that same fighting spirit backing the cause and ideals of democracy. He is on our side, striving with us to crush Hitler's ambition and foul intrigue. The threat to decency, inherent in a Nazi survival, is as detestable in his eyes as in ours, and those of our statesmen. He, like us, is attempting to build a safer place and a better world.

To have this hearty, impulsive, impetuous and cocksure democrat walking in the same path, gives us strength. To be able to count on his support gives us firmness and ease of mind. To hear such words as "We shall give every possible assistance to Britain, and to all who, with Britain, are resisting Hitlerism . . ." instills a grateful attitude in the heart of every true Britisher.

Mr. Roosevelt is, beyond a doubt, a man of action. His duties as president are much more onerous in times like these than ever before. Any business on hand tends to be business of the moment, of the next ten minutes, of tomorrow, of next week at the latest. Besides being responsible for international affairs, he has genuine concern for the welfare of the common man, which ties him with a keen interest to problems within his country. He must continue to carry out the democratic principle established by his administration — that the government is responsible for all the people in the nation.

His strategic plans of attack at home and abroad will firmly establish him in the records of history, as an admirable and courageous character.

Evening Stroll

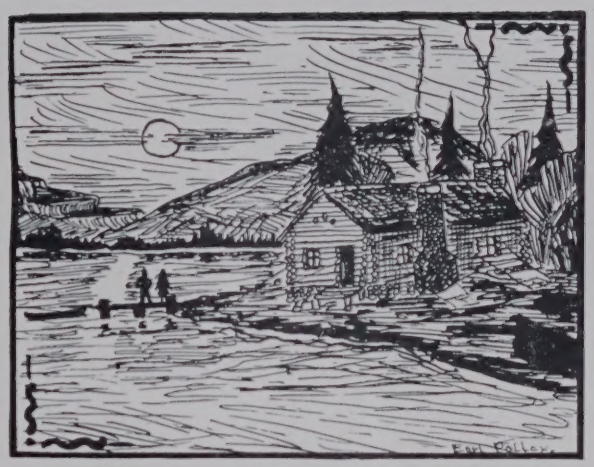
by Audrey Brock

The slowly, swishing waters,
The slumbering, silent shore,
Set forth a swaying rhythm,
To be remembered ever more.

The distant hum of music,
Comes mingled with the breeze
And little paths of moon-beams,
Slip softly, through the leaves.

Around the rolling bend,
The sleepy lights are hazy,
The pale, yellow, streams surmounting
The rippling waters lazy.

Before us in the shadows
A little to the right
The "Bungalow" is waiting
A haven in the night.



A Soldier's Soliloquoy

by Ted Hagmeier

A moment alone in a quiet place,
Before I go back to hell,
And a man like me can follow his search
For death, and follow it well.

To muddy boots, to stinking filth,
To life, and fear, and death,
I'll go marching off with a martial lilt
To fight to my dying breath.

It does not seem that I may die,
May never return again
From a terrible fight that's not my fight
But a fight for my fellow men.

And the right for men like me to live,
As free men have before,
So gladly I go from peace to strife
To death on a foreign shore.

«HUSBAND ON SHARES»

by Barbara Riedlinger

'Twas the evening of the fifth day of December, the twelfth month of the year 1941. The auditorium of K.W.C.V.S. buzzed with anticipation as a crowd of eager faces turned to the swaying curtains of the platform. The house lights dimmed. The voices hushed as the curtains parted on Act I of "Husband on Shares".

This sparkling comedy romance was under the able direction of Mr. A. J. O'Connell. The play which took place in the interior of a country club was a success from beginning to end.

Walt Woodward, the young engineer around whom the play revolves, was portrayed by Richard Steenberg. Richard gave his audience some fine acting and he fully deserved the credit given him.

Jen Eddington, his wife-to-be, was played by Phyllis Smith. Phyllis has shown well her acting ability in former commencement plays. However, she surpassed her former successes in this role. Martin Younge, Jr., and Mazie Kendal, provided a large portion of the romantic interest. Jean Thompson, in the role of Mazie, shows a capable understanding of comedy acting. Jack Conner took the part of a playboy dabbling in stocks.

Jack Conner when teamed with Francis Heron, in the role of Old Martin Younge, gave the audience many laughs they will not soon forget. Francis Heron is renowned throughout the school for his imitations. His talent along this line enabled him to make of old Martin Younge a truly lovable, maltreated character.

Carl Hirschman played the part of Judge Evans, a sensible level-headed, but nevertheless kindly gentleman. This role took careful study and fine acting to convey the true character of the judge to the audience.

Marilyn Rozell carried off very well the role of a flighty widow who seems to know everything about nothing.

Jim Kendal, a brusque and rather shady business man, and his associate, Senator Dowling, turn out to be a pair of polished villains.

James Wahrer, as Senator Dowling, quite

convulsed the audience with his smooth excuses and officious pomp. Jack George, as Jim Kendal, convinced his audience so well that they fairly gave three cheers when his foul conspiracy was discovered and foiled.

Marjorie Bryden, as Blanche Kendal, showed clear understanding of her role and proved her ability to play the part of a young modern.

Doris Jones kept the audience in a humorous state of mind with her clever portrayal of Mayme Mullrenen, a stenographer from Chicago, with a broad American accent.

And last, but not least, we have Jean Mackenzie, who played Ellen, the maid. Maids seem to be an indispensable quantity in any play and Jean's performance gave this one the finishing touch it needed.

Everyone who helped in any way is to be sincerely thanked for their contribution to the success of this production.

BEHIND THE SCENES

by GLENYS PACKER

I was requested by one of the Literary Staff of this magazine to let the students of the school take a peek at something of what occurred behind the scenes of "Husband on Shares". It is just a peek. Behind the scenes is a sacred and hallowed spot, although you wouldn't think so if you heard the girls of the cast gossiping and the boys arguing about anything but drama.

Now don't let me mislead you. The play practices we had were by no means in the serious mood. They were decidedly the opposite. But it all seems like a dream that is forgotten when we awake. Did I hear Judge "Herky" Evans hoarsely whisper "dream". You mean a nightmare. But that is enough about Jen and the Judge.

Let's pretend we are at a practice. Mr. O'Connell is pacing back and forth on the stage getting into the mood of the scene to be rehearsed. But where is the cast? We hear a growl beside the piano. That is Dick Steenberg. He is deep in Algebra. A chuckle behind the scenery reveals Judge "Herky" Evans. Old "Lefty" Martin, and his right hand man, Young "John, please" Conner Martin swapping a few choice ones. Ah, what moods we have! We spring, at least, I think we spring, or do we crawl! Well, we are in Act II. We proceed with gusto, until Judge Evans is supposed to make a dramatic entrance. Where is he? Wildly we look around. Then, swishhhhh, up the aisle comes the culprit. He makes the stage in one leap, comes through the door that isn't there, (just like the little man) and with tongue hanging out and hair in wild disarray pants out his lines, while Mr. O'Connell grunts in disgust.

It is another practice. The end of Act III is approaching. Poor Dick! He can't get into the mood. Mr. O'Connell calls a halt. He storms, "Is that the best you can do, Dick? When I was younger, the fellows didn't have to be coached in the art of love-making."

Then the whole cast began to show Dick the correct technique. It was bedlam, but, after it calmed down, I don't think Dick was much wiser. Apparently this art cannot be taught.

Then there was Jack George and his troubles. His voice didn't want to be business-like. It was sweet and sad. It was high and low. But at last it levelled down to the concise tone of a business man. It's wonderful what that fellow George can do!

The job of making Judge Evens look 50 was no easy nature. We smothered him in powder to bring the grey hair in evidence, but every time he shook his head, we were smothered. Mr. O'Connell was the hero of the hour when Judge Evans came dashing up to him in the wings during the matinee performance. Judge was on in a few minutes. He gasped out the sentence, "My flashlight! I-I-I haven't got it." With a leap and a bound Mr. O'Connell disappeared, leaving Judge Evans, it seemed, in the lurch. But our conquering hero came back, flashlight in hand, and saved the day.

At the same performance, poor old Martin, or Lefty to you, went hungry. There was no cake for him to eat in the Third Act. But he seemed to enjoy it, even if he had to use a telescope to see it.

Can you remember that look in Mrs. Radcliffe's eye when she sidled up to the Judge in that Third Act, and said, "Well, Judge!" Poor Herky, he was gypped. He never did get rewarded for that scene.

Then our Young "John, please" Martin had to jump back every time Mazie Kendal (Jean Thompson) turned around. If he didn't, she would walk right over him. By the end of the play he was quite down-trodden. He made sure that he got his reward! Poor fellow, he didn't get a cigar.

Majorie Bryden is still trying to puzzle out what Mazie Kendal really meant when she said "Don't forget, you are not to tell him, that I told you to tell him to tell me, he told her that." Involved, isn't it?

The poor Senator. Someone asked Mr. O'Connell if that hair the Senator had on in the play was his own. Horrors! He still begins to bow when he talks to anyone.

Phyllis had a sore ankle, but like a veteran actress said the show must go on, although she hobbled a little at the dress rehearsal. Well, she was pretty, wasn't she?

You should have seen the look on Doris Jones' face when she took the plate of cake from Ellen. No cake! That was when Mr. O'Connell punched me so hard that I thought I'd join the cast in an undignified entrance.

Aside from these little incidents, the play was a huge success. This success is owed in no small part to you, the students. You sold the tickets, you boosted the play. The cast thanks you warmly. I will always remember the good times I had while we were producing the play. I think the whole cast will not forget. As far as Mr. O'Connell goes, he pales if he hears anything that hints about a play. Oh, well, he'll get over it, give him time.

Who Gets The Car Tonight?

by Iris Dennison

"Who Gets the Car Tonight?" was the title of the hilarious one-act comedy viewed by the audience on Commencement night. The play was ably directed by Miss Saari.

The characterization was splendidly done; the cast included Dick Pearce as Mr. Jones, a middle-aged business man who desired nothing but "a little peace and quiet" after a hard day's work; Miss Saari played Mrs. Jones, a society loving woman who considered her husband selfish for refusing to take her out. (Incidentally, Miss Saari is the only staff member who has ever acted in a school play). Margaret Armstrong portrayed Mary Jones, a romantic adolescent who wanted her own way around home. Douglas Prueter played Paul Jones, a self-important lad of about eighteen. Harry Yanke played Mary's love-sick boy friend.

Frances Zwick and Robert Riepert, who were to have played Mrs. Jones and Paul Jones, were unable to take part owing to unfortunate circumstances.

The play tells the story of an average Canadian home on any evening when Mother and Dad, Mary, and Paul all want the car the same night. The matter is settled when the garage man phones, saying there is a leak in the gas tank and the car won't be fixed before the next day.

We congratulate the cast and director of "Who Gets the Car Tonight?" for providing us with such fine entertainment on Commencement night.

MAJOR PLAY DRAMATICS

Back row, left to right: Jack George, Glenys Packer, Marjorie Bryden, Jean Thompson, Jack Conner, Doris Jones, Jean MacKenzie, Jim Wahrer.

Front row, left to right: Dick Steenberg, Phyllis Smith, Lefty Heron, Mr. O'Connell, Marilyn Rozell, Carl Hirschman.

FEBRUARY 12, 1942

Mary Jacobi.

On Thursday, February 12, 1942, the Junior Assembly was entertained by an all-feminine cast from the Dramatic Club under the direction of Mr. Philp. The play was entitled "Under the Skull and Bones". The girls were all tenth grade students from the Vocational School. The stage director was Mr. Dunford and he was assisted by his committee and the Poster Club. Mr. King and committee attended to the lighting and Mr. Dickson and his committee had charge of the make-up.

The first scene takes place by the sea. Two Scouts are wandering along the shore discussing pirates. The sleepy Scouts fall asleep by a barrel. A pirate leader comes out of the barrel and calls to his crew. After singing and discussing the matter of gold the surprised Scouts are brought forth. They are found guilty of their unbelief in pirates and as the pirate captain is about to pronounce the sentence Burt asks for a chance to fight it out. His choice is the captain, and the captain, being confident of himself,

finds this very amusing. However, the captain is under the influence of liquor and is soon exhausted and killed by Burt. Burt is captain of the vessel now and is not liked by the other men because he will not let them lead their pirate life. With the intention of killing him they advance with their knives and Burt threatens them that if they come another step forward he will fire into the powder keg. The powder-keg is in reality the barrel against which the Scouts are sleeping. A policeman comes in and, finding the sleeping Scouts, rouses them up. The Scouts, thinking he is a pirate, threaten him but when they are really awake they apologize, tell him of their strange adventure and go home.

The cast was as follows:

Pirate Captain	Doris Wuertile
Tom, a Scout	Dolores Ziegler
Burt, a Scout	Madline Green
Slit Gizzard Bill	Mary Jacobi
Snooks	Betty Lou Bast
Blue Nose	Hilda Harlock
Crew	Mary Isabel Sutherland Ruth Merkley, Hilda Harlock Betty Lou Bast, Mary Jacobi
Policeman	Ruth Merkley
Prompter	Frieda Keber

A STAR IS BORN

by Elaine Schmidt

September, 1941, brought four newcomers to K.C.I. In the vocational school we were very fortunate to get the young blonde from Varsity, Miss Helen Saari, B.A. Everyone will remember Miss Saari's fine interpretation of the role of Mrs. Jones in the Commencement play "Who Gets the Car Tonight". This is the first time in the history of K.C.I. that a teacher has taken part in a school play as well as directing it. A few days before Commencement, two of the cast were forced to drop out. Then Miss Saari became the abused Mrs. Jones, as well as director.

Miss Saari's acting ability is hereditary. Her parents were both active in numerous community plays. Her first experience with the stage was very sad, though amusing. She was taken by her mother to see her father perform in a gay rustic comedy. All went well until her father kissed the leading lady. Little Helen wept bitterly about this.

During her High School days Miss Saari was president of the Literary Society, but still had time to sing in the school operetta and act in plays. She did everything from portraying a happily drunk King Cole to singing Danny Boy in an Irish Comedy.

Having attained her life-long dream of becoming an English teacher, Miss Saari still has new fields to conquer. She wants to write a grammar text and a new Canadian History, and wants to invent an English text book that boys cannot mislay. We wish Miss Saari luck, and hope that she will have time to please us with more dramatic performances.

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THE PARTIES

On December 12th, 1941, once again K.C.I. demonstrated its wellknown ability to keep in step with the times. Our pre-Christmas Blitz Ball was not only appropriate but also set an all-time high in the annals of school-sponsored entertainment. The dance committee succeeded in establishing a precedent which will be hard to surpass. They coped with the very difficult problem of creating a "different" decorating scheme for the collegiate gym with what bordered on professional skill. With the aid of a legion of sand-bags, crepe paper and tin, the gym was transformed into a haven from Messerschmidts. At the gym door, a corrugated tin tunnel, flanked by piles of sand bags, realistically depicted an air-raid shelter, and, within, model aeroplanes suspended beneath fleecy clouds further carried on the air-raid motif. There was scarcely a recognizable feature in the gym left when the energetic decorating committee had completed their mystic rites.

Representatives of the camera club were again present and did an enormous photographic business. This particular attraction has proved itself a most popular idea.

The music was supplied by Wilis Tipping and his orchestra.

The Blitz Ball in view of the stress of warwork and the general tendency to forego elaborate affairs, was the last big formal dance which the collegiate will give for the duration of the war. For this reason it will be a most memorable occasion and through it, K.C.I. students have shown that they are capable of taking their place in this emergency when they are called.

Our compliments to all those who participated in the preparations in any way and to the committee composed of: Phyllis Smith, Ruth Rueffer, Mary-Jane Smith, Ross Morrison, (in charge of decorations), Ross Harding and Wally Ewald.

Our especial thanks to Mr. Duncan who sponsors this social activity.

BLISSKRIEG BALL, CHRISTMAS, 1941

LE COIN FRANÇAIS

LA FRANCE FIBRE

by Rorert Dobbin

QUI EST le général de Gaulle? Qu'est-ce que c'est que le mouvement qu'il a fait naître? En bref, qu'est-ce c'est que la France libre?

Le général de Gaulle est connu à la publique générale en qualité d'un grand commandant militaire. Il était un des officiers supérieurs de l'armée française qui avait une vraie idée de la guerre moderne. Il a pourvu en détail, les possibilités fraîches des développements techniques et l'avance immense fait par les avions et les tanks. Il était le seul individu qui a pressé la France à fabriquer, à temps, les armes nécessaires pour sa défense et à acquérir les matériaux de guerre pour résister à l'avalanche d'acier qui étendrait au-dessus du pays. Il est le seul commandant militaire, qui, dans l'heure critique s'est montré égal à l'adversaire. Il est un des hommes qui s'est montré plus fort que la catastrophe. Le général de Gaulle savait ce qu'il faillait faire mais des Français ne lui ont fait pas attention. Mais son désappointement n'a ni diminué son hardiesse ni corrigé sa résolution à continuer la lutte jusqu'à la victoire finale. De Gaulle est commandant des Français Libres. Il est l'âme du patriotisme français.

Une poignée de patriotes, de héros, groupés autour du général de Gaulle qui a spontanément apparu comme le chef en cette heure de crise, ont vendu sauver l'honneur de la patrie, au prix de leur sang au péril de leur vie. Ces hommes ont choisi le plus beau des noms formés de deux mots qui devraient toujours être des synonymes: ils se sont appelés les Français Libres. Ils avaient voulu sauver l'honneur de la France et ils ont sauvé sa vie même-la vie qu'elle a dans les coeurs et les esprits.

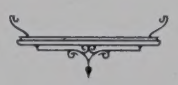
Les Français Libres étaient au début une poignée. Ils one aujourd'hui cent mille hommes sous les armes, et ils ont formé une division blindée complète. Ils possèdent quarante navires de guerre et quatre-vingts navires marchands. Ils ont sous leur autorité de vastes parties de l'empire colonial français, ils détiennent des postes stratégiques. Et des écrivains de coeur et de talent se sont faits leurs interprètes. Partout oû ils ont pu le faire, les Français Libres ont combattu aux côtés de leurs frères d'armes britanniques contre l'ennemi commun.

Quant à la responsabilité dans cette guerre, la France n'en avait aucune ombre dans son débordement. C'est un fait établi que Allemagne a fait la guerre inévitable. Elle ne consentirait pas la paix même après des concessions nombreuses faites.

Voici les buts des Français Libres: rester fidèle aux grandes traditions françaises de l'honneur, de la valeur, et de la liberté; faire honneur à la signature de la France sur son traité d'alliance avec La Grande-Bretagne; se ranger à côté de tous les pays victimés; soutenir l'honneur des armes françaises; conserver intacte la gloire gagnée par leurs aïeux français; maintenir le lien entre la France victorieuse d'hier et la France libre de demain et soutenir la morale de leurs compatriotes.

Entre les quarante million de Français, plus de trente-neuf million haïssent les Allemands. Les Français Libres restent fidèles au principe fondamental de la démocratie. Ils ont l'intention de maintenir leur patrimoine spirituel, le Christianisme.

Les Français Libres prétendent être la voix de toute la France et ils ont l'intention de fusionner la France Libre à la France libérée.



ON RIT

Le mot pantalon est-il singulier ou pluriel?

Ça dépend: il est singulier en haut et pluriel en bas.

* * *

Lui: Je me demande pourquoi les hommes laids réussissent toujours à épouser de jolies filles.

Elle: Oh! Chéri, tu n'es pas si laid que ça!

* * *

Quel est le pluriel de cheval?

Chevaux.

Et le pluriel d'enfant?

Jumeaux.

* * *

Vos poules pondent-elles bien?

Oh! madame, nous, nous sommes assez riches pour ne pas faire travailler nos poules.

* * *

Vera: Je croyais que ton premier fiancé était parfait.

Marion: En effet, il était parfait, mais mon nouveau est plusqueparfait.

Tout Est Bien Qui Finit Bien

by Ernest Nickel

Il y avait un homme qui avait une femme
D'une taille très, très, large,
Mais il l'aimait bien de toute son âme
Même s'il était petit personnage.

Un jour la bonne femme lui dit
Marchons à la ville
Oui, le pauvre homme répondit
Dans mon automobile.

L'auto bondit dans la rue
Comme une très sauvage bête;
L'auto frappa un très grand trou
Et madame frappa la tête.

Hélas! cria madame à haute voix
En tenant sa pauvre tête.
Si tu ne prends garde je prendai une boîte
Et t'y mettrai, c'est fait.

L'auto bondit de plus en plus
En blessant la pauvre femelle.
L'auto marcha de trou en trou.
Elle pensait à l'hôpital.

Enfin, arrivée à la ville,
Madame sauta de sa place.
Puis elle prit sa parapluie
Et commença une longue chasse.

Soudain les pieds de la bonne mère
Ont glissé sur une pelure,
Mais avant qu'elle tombât à terre
Son mari la saisit. Quel bon tour!

Elle se tourna et l'embrassa
Mon excellent, bon ami,
Si tu ne m'avais pas redressée
J'aurais vite évanouie.

Après cela, elle l'aimait sans cesse
Et l'a toujours bien servi.
Elle l'aida en toute détresse
Et restait contente de sa vie.

Le Morceau De Papier

by Dorothy Shantz

Un soir un jeune garçon marchait dans le parc. Il avait l'air bien abattu et ne regardait pas où il allait.

Enfin il s'assit sur un banc et tire de sa poche un morceau de papier. Pendant longtemps le pauvre petit l'étudia fixement. Puis il se leva et s'en alla d'un pas lent.

Qu'est-ce qu'il avait? Lui avait-on donné son congé? S'était-il battu avec sa petite amie? Ah, non, cher lecteur. Quand il arriverait chez lui il faudrait montrer à ses parents le morceau fatal de papier. C'était son bulletin d'école!

Journalisme

Kipling eut un jour, en ouvrant un des journaux auxquels il était abonné, la surprise d'y lire l'annonce de son décès.

Il prit fort galamment la chose et se contenta d'addresser au directeur du journal une lettre ainsi conçue.

. . . Votre organe annonce ma mort. Comme vous êtes généralement bien informé, cette nouvelle doit être exacte. C'est pourquoi je vous prie d'annuler mon abonnement qui ne me serait plus d'aucune utilité.

Le General De Gaulle

by Charlotte Warkentin

Charles André Joseph de Gaulle est commandant de tous les Français Libres.

Il est né le 22 novembre 1890 à Lille, ville industrielle du nord de la France. Son père était professeur à une université catholique. En 1911 Charles a gradué de l'école militaire de Saint-Cyr et est devenu immédiatement lieutenant sous Pétain.

De Gaulle est un homme grand, beau et musculeux. Sa mine sévère, impersonnelle et sa voix brusque et impérieuse sont celles d'un directeur naturel. Il est souvent mélancolique, mais il est aussi un officier brillant, un cavalier merveilleux et un bon joueur au tennis.

Les livres qu'il a écrit sont: *Vers l'Armée de Métier, Le Fil, de l'Epée* et *La France et son Armée.*

Compliments of . . .

KAUFMAN
FURS

SOCIETAS LATINAS

by Marie Post *and* Gladys Leffler

A XI A, K.C.I.'s all-girls form, has done it again! Do you find Latin boresome, trying, and at times a dead language? If you glance down A XI A's median marks, you will find Latin highest with 70%. I think we may truthfully attribute this phenomenon to our "Societas Latina", under the direction of our teacher and leader, Miss Purkis. To those who may have been puzzled by the decorative posters, motto crests and black board captions in Room 205 let me say just this. Each illustration and its arrangement is the work of A X A and A XI A. We are proud of our Latin room and through our clubs, we delegate to one another the various duties connected with making Room 205 really live.

The crest in the club colours blue and white was the result of a contest last year won by our budding artist, Margaret Dickson. However we did not have a visible crest until this year, produced by our Crest Group, again under the convenorship of Muriel and consisting of Margaret Dickson, Jean Kaufman, Betty Grabb and Marie Post. Our club song, though still in its early stages, was written by our bright light, Jean Mackenzie.

The organization of this unique club consists of four groups, all of them active, namely: Motto, Book, Blackboard Information and Song groups, each with its own convener. Each functions as a group, its convener giving a report at every meeting. For example the convener of the Motto group gives Latin mottoes with their english meanings, of organizations, public buildings, etc.; the convener of the book group the name and author and brief outline of books found relating to Roman life; the convener of the Blackboard information group, an explanation of the "Do You Know?" caption on the side board regarding questions relating to Roman army, life, and religions; the convener of the song group, gives English songs translated into Latin and teaches them to the club. We have had many interesting talks, given by our members, on Roman life, the exploits of Julius Caesar and English words derived from Latin.

Perhaps you would enjoy observing one of our meetings. We have just time to enter the room before it begins. As we enter we observe an artistically arranged display of crests, posters and emblems, posted on the rear wall, the date, books of reference, and the proverbial "Do You Know?" placed on the side board, along with the crest and motto of St. Mary's Hospital and of U.T.S. These all tend to convince us of the activity and interest of the club. The President, Marie Post, is in the chair and the club is brought to order. "O DEUS FAC REGEM"—God Save The King, is sung in Latin, and the minutes of the previous meeting read and adopted. Then come the reports of the different groups. First, let us have the report of the book group, last term under the leadership of Dorothy Pryor, and now under that of the dependable Ruth Weber; "The Glorious Adventure," by Haliburton, is recommended to all, and several book reports, written by the class are shown. The greek god, Hermes, messenger of the gods, is explained by the convener of the blackboard information group, last term Miriam Shantz and this Muriel Cox, as being also the god Mercury in Roman religion. "Per ardua ad astra," motto of the Air Force, is among the mottoes given to us by the convener of that group, last term Betty Pleon, and this, Betty Robinson. Last, but not least, "The British Grenadiers" is taught to us, translated into Latin. (At Christmas many carols in Latin were also enjoyed). The main feature of this meeting is a Roman Wedding. We now await this skit which has been produced by the executive. Furima Murima (Miriam Shantz) our narrator, has now begun. Let us listen:

Today we are going to take a glimpse into the private lives of Julia and Gaius, two early Roman citizens. Gaius is a handsome, honourable, young man, and Julia a maiden of approximately fifteen years. The latter has been well educated in the art of home making. The time in which we are interested is the date of destiny, their wedding day. Julia is the catch of the year, daughter of a wealthy land-owner, provided with a rich dowry of furnishings and land. First let us go back to the day of engagement, when the two prospective fathers-in-law (Muriel Cox and Marie Post) make a solemn vow—

"Dost thou promise Julia, thy, daughter, to my son in marriage?"

"The blessing of the gods rest upon it, I promise."

"The blessing of the gods rest upon it."

After this Gaius (Margaret Dickson) places a ring on Julia's third finger of the left hand, and Julia (Wilma Lough), places in his hand a cherished present as token.

We proceed onward. The time is now the day before the wedding. Julia, after dedicating to the Lares her bulla and the bordered toga of her childhood, is now decked in her wedding dress, a one-piece tunic. On the morning of her wedding day she has her hair arranged in the traditional wedding fashion. This operation is performed by the bride's mother (Irene Brown) attended by all the women of the household. It is divided into six strands by means of a spear-point. The mother also fastens a band around the tunic, in a manner called the "Knot of Hercules", guardian of marriage and patron of good fortune, after which the final touch to milady's ensemble is added, the veil called the Flammeum, so called after its flame colour. (Kay Shiry's kerchief). Thus costumed and adorned, with ribbons, jewellery and a crown of flowers, Julia ventures forth to meet Gaius. Gaius is at the door, dressed in toga and chaplet, escorted by relatives and friends. The omens of the sacrificial sheep having been reported favourable, she enters with him into the atrium where the ceremonial clasping of hands takes place before ten witnesses and the wedding company. Cloelia, Julias's mother, stands between and somewhat behind them to join their hands. The bride then makes her promise.

"Ubi tu Gaius, ego Gaia."

This is translated, "Wheresoever thou Gaius, I Gaia." The married couple now take seats at the left of the altar on the skin of the sacrificial sheep where Pontifex Maximus and the Priest of Jupiter, with an attendant make an offering to Jupiter and a prayer to Juno. The new man and wife are now being greeted with best wishes for happiness, "feliciter".

The wedding feast is over; everyone has eaten and is now happy. The bride is being escorted to her new home. She is separated from Gaius by Cloelia, her mother, with pretended force. As we approach the house, we hear the strains of the hymneal song and see the rest of the procession. The order of procession is such: the boy with the whitethorn torch, Gaia with a small boy at each side, an attendant bearing the distaff and spindle and then the acolyte, carrying the holy emblems, followed by the whole wedding party. They are greeted by the cry, "Talassio", a word of obscure meaning.

When they arrive at their new home, Gaia winds its post with symbolic wool, touches the door with oil and fat and is lifted across the threshold. Gaius meets her in the atrium and presents her with fire and water. (This symbolizes the home and their life together). The bride lights the hearth, then throws the white thorn torch amongst the guests. This gesture, symbolizing good luck, is still practised by the throwing of the bride's bouquet. After offering her prayer, the bride is led to the lectus genialis, the couch symbolizing union.

We have been witnessing the aristocratic wedding called the confarriatio, so named after "far", the flour of which the sacrificial cake is made.

With a start, we realize this is the 20th Century. Miss Purkis is coming towards us, thanking the actors for their performance. We hope that you, our visitors, enjoyed it as much as we did. Do come again, won't you? Next meeting we are eagerly waiting for the presentation of a skit entitled "A Roman Funeral"—corpse, cremation, and all!

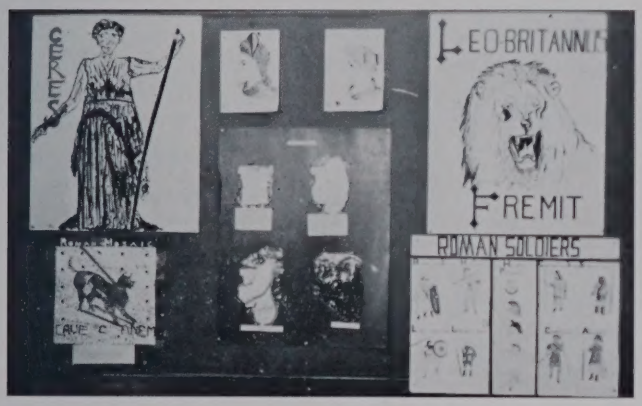
* * * *

Societas Latina Secunda was founded in September, 1941, by A X A. Our first officers were: President, Jean Woolner; vice-president, Peggy Schreiter; secretary, Diana Lowe. Red, white and dark blue were taken as their club colours. Our club motto is "Dum laboramus ludimus" which means "We play while we work". As our club is now more thoroughly organized, our meetings are increasing in interest and the students are gaining more and more knowledge from them. Each week we have a talk on archaeology, and on mythology. Some one puts mottoes on the board and some one else the days of the week. Our new officers were elected at half term. The folowing are now in office: President, Cora Hawthorne; vice-president, Patsy Henderson; secretary, Marjorie Wallace.

THE GREEK CLUB OF K. C. I.

by JEAN MACKENZIE

Victory and Strength is the motto of the K.C.I. Sigma Omega Greek Club. If you have not, as yet, heard of us, drop around to Room 205 at 8.30 some morning and we will explain to you the mysteries of the Greek alphabet. We were organized a year ago and, since then, have met three mornings a week. One period of this is devoted to reading in English the tales of the ancient Greeks. If you are interested in languages and feel the urge to know more, Sigma Omega welcomes you.



LATIN IN THE MODERN MANNER

DURING THIS PERIOD OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY it is our earnest desire to co-operate with the Government in the conservation of materials.

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SCHOOL FASHIONS

by Colleen Maines *and* Reta Stark

Mr. Duart Stadelman, graduate of Fashion Academy, Radio City, New York, and now living in Kitchener, has given us a preview of the fashion trend for Spring, 1942. He says bright colours and prints will be generally favoured. Skirts will be slightly longer, and the uneven hemline will come into its own again. Evening dresses—and this is really news—will be in Ballerina style, with very full skirts reaching half-way between knee and floor.

Mr. Stadelman has designed many dresses, and he is of the opinion that inspiration for designs can be obtained from anything at which you happen to look. One of his most effective gowns was borrowed from the butterfly. It is of yellow organdy, with bodice in the shape of a butterfly, and small butterflies appliqued along the hem. Another idea was obtained from the leaves of an open book. For this he uses blue-orchid crepe, the bodice of which is accordion-pleated to resemble the leaves of the book. Mr. Stadelman often visited the Metropolitan Museum in New York to obtain ideas for designs. For a striking dinner gown, he uses black velvet with bolero and deep hemline of gold stitched metallic cloth. The inspiration for this was a suit of armour in the Museum.

Mr. Stadelman thinks to-day's college clothes —low-heeled shoes, woollen socks, jackets, and sweaters, are extremely sensible, because they are smart-looking and at the same time suitable for this climate. This, he says, is one of the most important things to remember while designing—both the colour and the material must be in keeping with the climate and district.

PITMAN SHORTHAND

SIMPLEST

SWIFTEST

SUREST

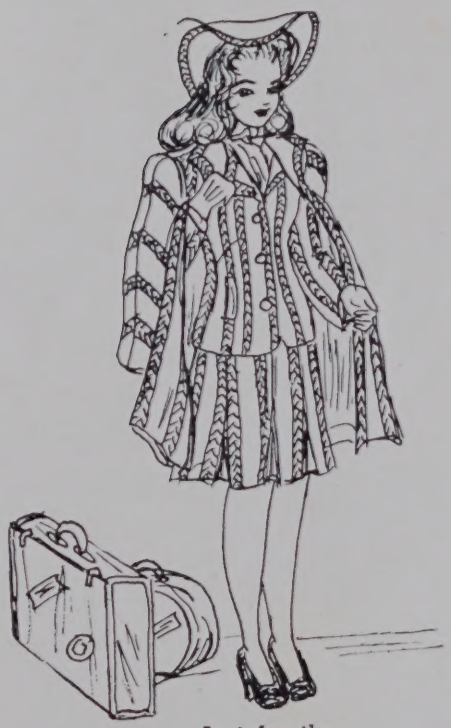
Fashions - 1942

Practical School Outfit

of a blue wool jerkin and skirt, with a tailored white jersey blouse, is the password to tailored smartness.

Tea Dance Special

Striking contrast of a silk print blouse and a wide sweeping black skirt is pleasing to the eye.



Just for the week-end

This three - piece suit is popular because of its triple duty, as a tailored suit, a top coat, and all worn together.

Exchange . . .

by Carol M. Good

The Grumble Staff has read with interest the publications of other schools received this year. The exchange of school magazines provides us with many helpful ideas for improving our own magazine. Many of the school "mags" which were sent to us have shown exceptionally fine work; the Grumbler greets you all. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who have exchanged magazines with us. Listed below are the school publications we have received with brief comments on each.

"THE TWIG" (University of Toronto Schools)—Congratulations on another fine publication! A particularly fine editorial. You pay a fitting tribute to the great leaders of to-day in your opening poems, and a fine spirit of patriotism pervades your mazazine.

"THE ORACLE" (Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto)—Fine work, Oakwood! Photography of school activities is particularly outstanding, and the entire magazine displays an abundance of school spirit. May it continue to do so.

"TECH TATTLER" (Danforth Technical School, Toronto)—Colossal! The Tech Tattler is very well compiled and most interesting. The school activities are noticeably well written.

"THE COLLEGE CORD" (Waterloo College, Waterloo)—It's "Quality Not Quantity" as the old slogan goes. "Semidemisemiquavers" is a clever column with a clever heading, and indeed shows your music activities are in full "swing up there. Your president's timely message is particularly noteworthy.

"LE RACONTEUR" (Westdale Secondary School, Hamilton)—Enjoyed the humorous articles and poems in your magazine. "Hitler's Dream" is indeed clever.

"THE YEAR BOOK" (Paris High School)—Letters from the various P. H. S. graduates on active service are indeed very interesting, giving us their various impressions, and most of all displaying to us their determination and undying spirit which makes them fight on for democracy, and country.

"TIMES" (Kingston Collegiate)—A complete and well-organized publication. We admire your ability to garner Form News. Howlers are really very clever and humorous.

"VOX LYCEI" (Lisgar Collegiate)—Your articles on your clubs and various organizations show that school spirit is the predominating feature of your school. Keep up the good work!

"MAGNET" (Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto)—Congratulations! A truly well composed magazine under that bright, patriotic cover. Your department headings are also very striking. The editorial staff of the "Magnet" are certainly on their toes.

"ROBUR" (Lawrence Park Collegiate, Toronto)—We are indeed glad to have added you to our exchange list. The splendid quality, and well-arranged material certainly live up to the challenge "Robur".

"VOX LYCEI" (Central Collegiate, Hamilton)—A fine magazine from a fine school. Your short stories are outstanding. Illustrations give added style to your already attractive magazine.

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1941 IN RETROSPECT

By Jack George, Harry Weaver, Reuben Halpern *and* Ken Kutschke

January 5—School Opening—Great rejoicing fills the "halls" and "portals" of K.C.I. as Mr. "Nick" Bettke flung open the entrances and exits of our noble institution.

January 9—Strange odours of queer concoctions grace our corridors to the delight of the pupils who stay for dinner. A great surprise to find that the menu was not "hog dogs!"

January 14—School Rink opens: Mr. Brown dropped the puck between "Honest Joe" Meinzinger and "Pete" Brill, who lost many hats to "Joe" on hockey disagreements, faced off in the first game at K.C.I.'s new rink. "Dick" Bryden, our rink getter, was on hand to see the fruits of his labour.

January 17—K.C.I.'s (capable?) cagers lost to Brantford 13-10 in the Junior tilt, while the Seniors further lowered K.C.I.'s dignity by falling before Brantford's bombarding basketeers 42-2.

January 25—After your reporter had prepared over three hundred ballots, they made Bill Roberts president by acclamation. Wasted efforts! Other officers: Vice-President, Dick Bryden; Secretary, Elaine Smith; Treasurer, Eleanor Arnold.

January 31—The "Senior Public Speaking Contest" finished today with Doug. Prueter warbling his way to victory with expressive eye-brows over Dick Pearce, our red-haired, four-eyed monster. In the Girls' division, Phyllis Smith came out on top in the verbal battle. Jean Thompson ran a close second.

January 31—Benefit Concert—To the tune of the modern songs, "Gypsy Rose Lee", Prueter the star of the concert waddled across the stage for encore upon encore. On the classical side, Stan Schreiter awed the audience with his skilful work upon the ivory key-board.

February 8—K.-(W?) C. I.'s cagers bowed to Brantford in a twin bill at Kitchener. The Seniors showed an improvement by only losing 43-8, while the Juniors showed wonderful style losing by only two baskets.

February 14—The Camera Club out-worked itself at the Valentine Dance. The rhythmic pulsations of Ozzie King's Orchestra provided the accompaniment to the dancers.

Anonymous date—The male population of the gym gallery suddenly increased as the first girls' W.O.S.S.A. basketball game was played. They lost to Brantford 16-11. Eleanor Knechtel hit the jack-pot and got all the points for the losers.

February 22—The girls travelled to Woodstock and went down to defeat 13-12. Eleanor Knechtel must have slipped—she only got 3 points.

February 22—St. Jerome's cagers posted a double victory over K.C.I. The Juniors lost 27-19 and the Seniors lost 15-10.

February 22—Our Poster Club president, Jean Schaefer, was beaten by Lewis Miller and Ernie Hachborn in the War Savings Poster contest. These genius (plural) (we don't know the correct plural) plastered artistically with Savings Posters.

March 1—Flash—K.C.I.'s male students have at last gotten up before breakfast. Just imagine playing hockey before school starts. We've tried it and found out that we catch up on lost sleep during Ancient History period.

March 1—Those W.O.S.S.A. girls have done it again! This time the Brantford sextet defeated K.C.I. 30-18. The sharp-shooter got eleven points again . . . . hum, hum, becoming a habit.

March 4—The inimitable "Nick" again hits the spot-light by conducting the Science Club through the air conditioning system. Must have been fun—"muckin" around in the innards.

March 8—The Students got back at the staff today by administereing a decisive(?) 18-16 defeat. They could do, and did, just what they wanted with the old pill.

March 11—Mr. Unwin's Mighty Men of Muscle put on a gym display for the Assembly today. Personal — Boys, do you want your muscles to stagger the female? It's so-o-o-o simple. Join the Gym Team!

March 20—Junior Debating Winners were declared today. TM X A argued its way to verbal victory. (P.S.—They had girls on their team.)

April 1—We fooled all the teachers today . . . . WE WORKED . . . .

April 2—"Indoor Field and Track Meet". The prize athletes of all the school joined today in a contest against each other. Surprise—only two records broken.

April 15—Do you want to know where your fee money goes? For three days 22 orchestra and glee club members were supported at Toronto at the Ontario Educational Association Convention. . . . . Don't we have fun? . . . . No doubt.

Anonymous date—Exams—Boy did we study!

May 17—The Relays were run off today on lower campus. Cheering (and puffing) was audible for miles away. Reason — P. A. System.

May 22—Mr. Zeller struggled and sweated for 20 minutes over an engine trying to get it going. We also saw many examples of the Thermal Snatchers work. Only got scared once—a plane was let loose and almost clipped off a girl's wig.

May 29—The Outdoor Field and Track meet was run off today on soggy wet ground. Athletes sweat and sw—. People watched and cheered.

June 5—Twenty-four farmerettes left today to assist in peach picking. We all agree they were of great asistance.

June 15—Two hundred happy students receive reward.

June 21—School closes today. Free at last!

July - August—The population was suddenly depleted by the cessasion of hostilities. The pupils went away to their various occupations.

September 3—School opens. This time pupils didn't rejoice. They were ecstatic.

September 13—Softball season opens. Mr. Duncan again looks after GIRLS' softball. WHY? This genial Scot seems to be in the thick of activities.

September 16—Most of us had the experience of seeing a "frightened flyer"—Bruce Underwood—who told us about the Air Force.

September 27—After a spirited campaign (with our own Geiger's P. A. System), Bob Lederman was elected President of the Students' Snooze Fest. The Vice-President was Bill Smith, Secretary Judy Henderson, Treasurer Glenys Packer.

October 6—Quackenbush, the worthy import of Brantford, showed us what a one-man "blitz" can be, when he stopped K.C.I. 24-1. Our Juniors avenged the loss by setting back the Brantford Juniors 28-0.

October 11—The Senior team won at last. Guelph Collegiate went down before Hal Wallace's Giants of the Grid-Iron.

October 15—Our Scrap-Happy Solicitor said that all old examination papers, (should be destroyed before using) old books and newspapers could at last be put to a good purpose.

October 16—The musical side of the school received a substantial boosting today with the arrival of Mr. B. Hirons as director of music. We expect that he will be able to control that blaring brass section.

October 20—Ralph Hodd's boys posted a five to goose-egg defeat over the Galt Junior W.O.S.S.A. Rugby squad. Hal "Bow Tie" Wallace's boys staged another win, this time over Galt to the tune of 4-0.

November 1—The students of K.C.I. responded nobly to the call for fees. 90% shelled out $460.00. What happened to the other 10%?

November 3—The boys of K.C.I. lost their first game to the *second* team of U.T.S. (Oh the HUMILIATION of it all). We won't even think of what the score would have been with their first team.

November 21—The champion students of K.C.I. were at last rewarded for their efforts(?) last night. A play was presented and well received by the attentive audience. Love-sick Prueter, "Marg" Armstrong, and "Chicken swing-mad Janke" held the audience in suspenders.

December 5—Mr. O'Connell's presentation "Husband on Shares" was a big success. We hope next year's presentation will equal it.

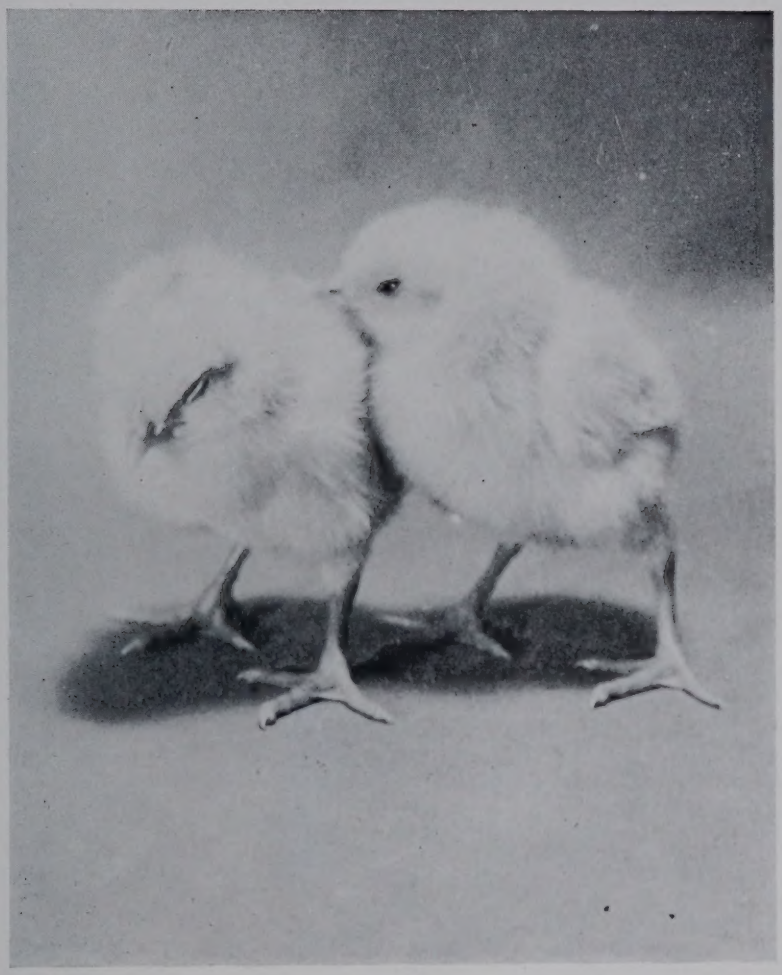
December 12—"Blisskrieg Ball". We all had fun!

December 19—Christmas Pageant under the joint directorship of Miss Smith. WHY? and WHO is Sam?

December 25—Tough day on the turkeys!

December 31—Gala celebration.

"THE SNOOZE HAWKS"
("Hawks because we like chickens")



FORM HATCHINGS

THE FACULTY

Reading from top to bottom: First row—William J. Downes, B.A., F. W. Roy Dickson, B.S.A., Frederick H. Pugh, M. Frederick Dickson; *Second row*—Mary M. Douglas, B.A., J. Ross Dunford, B.A., Greta R. MacDonald, B.A., Ada B. Eby, A.T.C.M., Julius N. Zeller, B.A.; *Third row*—Frederick H. Montgomery, B.A., R. N. Merritt, B.A., Charles T. Laing, Elizabeth Spohn, B.A., Alex. F. Duncan, B.A.; *Fourt row*—Mary O. B. Purkis, B.A., Roy Brown, Warnock MacMillan, B.A., William J. Unwin, M. Louise Brill; *Fifth row*—Andrew W. Thomson, B.A., Laurine C. Augustine, M.A., B.Sc., H. Alex. King, B.A.Sc., Austin J. O'Connell, B.A.

THE FACULTY

Reading from top to bottom: First row—Basil N. Thompson, B.A., E. Genevieve Logan, B.A., Clarence B. Price, B.A.; *Second row*—Helen M. Tangney, B.A., Harvey E. Class, B.A., Dorothy Denis-Nathan, B.A., R. Clare Harding, B.A.; *Third row*—Edward H. Devitt, B.A., Helen Saari, B.A., Florence C. Wright, Carol Snider, Della Binkley; *Fourth row*—Lillian Y. Snider, B.A., B.L.Sc., F. Joseph Hodge, B.A., Harold D. Wallace, B.A., Cyril R. Philp, B.A.; *Fifth row*—Ralph J. Hodd, B.A., Camilla C. Coumans, B.A., Mary M. Malleck.

Scholarship Winners

by Jean Thompson

RICHARD BRYDEN was last year's winner of the Principal's Prize, presented on scholastic merits and the popular vote. Dick also served a term as president of our Students' Council. He is now attending the School of Practical Science in Toronto and hopes to become a chemical engineer.

EMILY WADLEY was the outstanding winner of last year. She was presented with the University of Women's Club scholarship, $75 by the Provincial Chapter of the I.O.D.E., $60 by the K.-W. Chapter, and a second Dickson Scholarship for proficiency in French and German. This year Emily is at the University of Toronto, specializing in modern languages.

GORDON SAUNDERS was the winner of one-half interest in the McMaster Regional Award. He intended to avail himself of the benefit the scholarship entailed. However, Mr. J. G. Brown, at present an alderman, was looking for a young man of outstanding mathematical ability. The published results disclosed that Gordon was such a person and, as a result, he is now learning accountancy at Thorne, Mulholland, Howson and McPharson.

JEAN BLEICH received the Home Economics Award from the University Women's Club. Jean is now with the Woelfle Shoe Company.

FRANCES ZWICK was an Academic winner in the Middle School. She expects to enter the University of Toronto this fall, taking modern languages.

MARGARET STRAHL was also an Academic winner in the Middle School last year. Margaret's ambition is to take Commerce and Finance at Toronto University this fall.

ROBERT KIESSLING was the winner of the Technical proficiency prize. He is now with the Sutherland-Schultz Electric Company.

KATHERINE LITTLE was the Commercial winner of the Kiwanis proficiency prize. This year Katherine is with the Dominion Life Assurance Company.

NORA EAGAR won the scholarship award of $100 from the Queen Anne Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Nora hopes to graduate this year from Waterloo College in Honour Classics.

MARJORIE PIERCE won the Kitchener Collegiate Award for the University of Western Ontario, where she is this year.

HENRY JANZEN won the proficiency prize in the Technical Department and this year is attending K.C.I. on the Collegiate side.

JACK WRAY was the happy winner of $100 presented by the Provincial Chapter of the I.O.D.E. He is now attending Toronto University.

DONALD HILLER won the Kiwanis prize in the Technical Department and is now with the Sehl Engineering Company.

STELLA DMYTRYSHYN tied with ALICE SHANTZ for the Commercial proficiency prize.

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A Message from the Board of Education

Kitchener, Ont.,
April, 1942.

Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School,
Kitchener, Ont.

Students,—

The Great War of the Allied Nations against the brutal, treacherous members of the Axis, now in its third year, has deeply affected the K.-W. Collegiate Institute.

Many of the older boys and recent graduates of the school, and one member of the teaching staff, are now in the Army, Navy, and Air Force, doing "their bit" to save civilization. Many others have taken up Cadet work, and the student body generally is doing a grand job in the way of salvage, buying War Savings Stamps, and raising money for Red Cross and other war funds.

The War Emergency Classes are doing valuable work in quickly training men to take their places in industry so that they may help in the manufacture of munitions and war equipment.

In addition to this, many members of both the active and the reserve army stationed in Kitchener have been trained in motor repair work in Collegiate classes. Also there are many women inspectors who have graduated from the night classes who are now employed in various munitions plants throughout the province. K.C.I. is a busier place than ever, and operates 24 hours a day.

We are all proud of our school and of the work it is doing. We are proud to be Canadians, and determined to do what we can to assist in the preservation of the liberty and privileges we now enjoy.

T. H. KAY,
Chairman.

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DOUG. S. DOERR

A President Speaks

The time is close at hand when another year must close, and quietly assume its place within the annals of school history.

It has been for all of us, I am sure, a year of fond memory, one always to be looked back upon as a source of comforting thought. A farewell can not be without regret.

As I leave my alma mater, and enter another realm, I shall carry with me always a sense of deep pride for our school, and a spirit of deep appreciation for all she has done for me. To the faculty and the whole, magnificent student body, I say—thank you.

My hat's off to you, K.C.I.!

R. S. LEDERMAN

A President Speaks

Sharing the privilege of being Students' Council President with great students of the past, has given me a chance, not only to see with clear perspective, but also to work amongst the various activities of the school. I am proud of our school—proud of the two-fold job the students are doing: helping to win the war by Red Cross work, salvage, war savings, and by many other patriotic gestures; and preparing, through class-room work and study, to be capable leaders in the reconstruction period that must follow the present chaos. This very magazine is a fine example of the quality of achievement attained in many phases of school activity.

It seems that this year in all the various clubs and organizations of K.C.I., Democracy, as we visualize it, has been practised for the mutual benefit of all concerned. May we, the students of this generation, with God's help, carry our Democracy into the National governments of the future, when the war, and the peace to follow, has been won.

EXECUTIVE STUDENTS' COUNCIL
1941—42

Back row: Douglas Ruppel, Vice-President 2nd term; Wm. Smith, Vice-President 1st term.

Front row: Glenys Packer, Treasurer; Douglas S. Doerr, President 2nd term; Robert S. Lederman, President 1st term; Judy Henderson, Secretary.

TRIBUTE TO MR. HARRY W. BROWN

By an ex-student, Louis O. Breithaupt

It is with much regret that I hear that our good friend, Mr. Harry Brown, has resigned from his various activities at the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without adding a word of praise and appreciation for the many fine qualities that Mr. Brown has shown to those like myself who have, during our school years, and since, come under his influence and enjoyed his friendship.

His jovial disposition and ability as a teacher have been, and still are, an inspiration and example, I am sure, to the many students who have had the pleasure of receiving an important part of their education under his able supervision.

I well recall old Central School, here in Kitchener, which most of us thought of then as "Central Prison", and which is now known as Suddaby School. Many interesting and unique characteristics of Mr. Brown's work with his pupils were evident there. As a regular feature of his teaching, and depending entirely upon our behaviour as students, he would conduct weekly readings on Friday afternoons of such popular, interesting and amusing works as Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" and Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men In A Boat". These books, amongst others of similar interest, gave us much amusement and knowledge of human nature, and at the same time gave Mr. Brown himself an outlet for his own well known sense of humour and appreciation of the bright side of life.

He was at all times, in my school experience, a good disciplinarian, but his splendid way of putting it up to the students to play the game in a fair and straight-forward manner, always produced the desired results. There is no man in this community to-day who is more respected, not only by those who have recently come in contact with him academically, but by the many students who have passed through the "Brown Mill" in the years gone by.

The recalling of a personal experience will, I hope, be excused. When, after a period of four years in Kitchener City Council, it fell to my lot to assume the Mayor's chair, I approached the inaugural session with considerable trepidation. Being only thirty-two years of age at the time, I had the honour to be the youngest Mayor to occupy this position. Naturally, when it came to the time of the meeting I was very nervous. As I approached the dais, my fears were much allayed by the presence there of a bouquet of very beautiful flowers. Hurriedly reading the attached card before the opening of the meeting, I discovered that it had been sent with a very appropriate wish from none other than my good friend and former teacher, Mr. Harry Brown. Words could not adequately express my appreciation of this very thoughful gesture.

It is this sort of thing which he so thoughtfully and quietly does from time to time, which makes him a real pal to all the boys and, I am told, to a good many of the girls of his former classes.

Since my own school days and happy experiences with Mr. Brown, my four children have also had the privilege of coming under his influence at the Collegiate. They tell me that the years have not detracted in any way from the many fine qualities which were characteristic of him during my own Public School days.

Hats off to my good friend, Harry Brown!

BONNE CHANCE

On a September morning in 1936, Mr. Brown was delighting himself, and the Senior Assembly students with his characteristic introduction of the new teachers. As he announced the name of Mr. Maurice Smith, the Senior students of those days looked with considerable interest at the slight young man of medium height, who stood before them. Had they been close enough to notice, they would have seen that his eyes were regarding them with an interest and enthusiasm greater than theirs. This interest and enthusiasm those same students were soon to see exercised by this new teacher in the many ways that students and teachers meet.

As Mr. Brown went on, the Assembly learned that French and German were the subjects that Mr. Smith was to teach. He had studied at the University of Western Ontario, where his proficiency in these subjects had resulted in a scholarship, and the desire to teach them. This aim had led him through a teachers' course at Toronto to Kitchener Collegiate. Both at London and Toronto, while he was preparing himself for this work, he had spent time profitably taking part in, and directing plays.

With this background and this interest, it was not long before "plays by Smith" became a feature of the school year. Everyone liked to watch the plays he directed, because, in them there was evidence of both imagination and meticulous preparation—a rare combination. As well, the students liked to act in them. There was an understanding and a spirit of friendliness that covered the necessary labour of play rehearsals with an appealing sugar-coating.

His work and his interests were both improved and added to in the years he was at K.C.I. A summer spent in Europe made his lessons more interesting and authentic. A close study of plays in the K.-W. Little Theatre and at Toronto stage productions improved his leadership in this field. At the same time his students came to know him equally enthusiastic at coaching debating teams or mastering the Chicopee ski trails. His desk was the meeting place of many students, where advice, ski stories, jokes, books, and even symphonic recordings could be exchanged. It was from this group that the nickname "Snuffy" mysteriously evolved—final proof that he had been "accepted".

The same feeling that led him to share his abilities with students led him, after the outbreak of war, to feel that if he could serve in some way, he should do so. This feeling coincided with the call to students for the new Radio Mechanics course. His enlistment in the spring of last year stirred both staff and students, and the Assembly Hall where he had been introduced to the students became the scene of presentations to him by the students as they wished him good luck.

His path since leaving us has been a wandering one. After a month at Manning Depot in Toronto, he was sent back to Western for the intensive three month training course. We were all happy when he received his commission at the conclusion of this time, because we knew it had been earned by real application to a difficult course. Then in quick succession came shorter periods of training at Guelph, Trenton, St. Thomas and Clinton. At the time of writing, this last course is nearly over, and his next move is an official secret. Wherever he goes, we know that "Snuffy" will continue to bring honour to himself and to the school. We want him to feel that we at K.C.I. are still thinking of him and hoping the best for him.

The Collegiate Battlefield

At the present time, the world is a maze of battlefields — Europe, Asia, Africa — and one peaceful field of conflict, the Assembly Hall in K.C.I. Yes, we mean the inter-form debating. Here, the grumblers of our school meet and exchange views for the honour of beink K.C.I.'s champs.

This year our Senior school was well represented. Seventeen forms competed, with four students on each team. This means at least sixty-eight Seniors on the battle-scarred field of debate. The winners on the Vocational side represented Special Commercial A, the home room teacher is Miss Brill. Members of the team are: Ruth Rueffer, Barbara Riedlinger, Mary Hagedorn and Marian Hasen. Academic XIII A emerged victorious from its encounter with Academic XII B, and will now come to blows with Academic XII C. The subject decided upon is "Resolved that the spoken word is of more importance than the written word". Academic XII C upholds the affirmative, and Academic XIII A leads the offensive on the negative. The affirmative side somes from Mr. Class's home room, 306, and the members of the team are: Mary Eleanor Kaufman, Paul Schultz, Doug Prueter and Don Seebach. The negative side happens to be a neighbouring power, the country being 304, the rules, Mr. Wallace. Their army consists of Marg. Armstrong, Doug Doerr, Jack Conner and Harry Keller. This debate promises to be a fine one, and no doubt will carry an abundance of enthusiasm, for the victorious team will be declared the Senior Academic winner and will debate Special Commercial A for the Senior debating championship of K.C.I.

The Juniors were not to be left out of the limelight this year either. Fifteen Junior forms competed, with six students on each team. This amounts to ninety junior debaters. Watch out, Seniors! The Junior winner to date is Academic X D, representing the boys from Mr. Duncan's home form. Congratulations are due to Doug Frank, George Kerr, Leigh Bellinger, Vincent Bowman, Fred Janke and Izadore Migdal, members of the team. In the Vocational school the battle is still raging, a debate to take place between Commercial X A and Technical X A, the winner to contest Technical IX B for the Vocational honours. This form will then debate Academic X D for the Junior school championship.

The total number of students debating in our school this year amounts to one hundred and fifty-eight. This is fine, but not good enough. Let's have more of you Technical students expressing your views and challenging the Academic school. Last year the final debate for Senior honours was broadcast over CKCR. This plan will probably be followed this year as well. Listen in for further details.

Many interesting subjects have been debated and enlightening ideas expressed on such topics as "The proximity of the U.S.A. to Canada is beneficial", won by the negative side. "The emergence of women from the home is a regrettable feature of modern life"; this was won by the affirmative. If you have any subject that you would enjoy hearing debated, the debating committee would appreciate it if you would pass the subject on to your home room teacher.

Our sincere appreciation is extended to those very able members of our faculty, Miss M. Purkis and Miss L. Snider, sponsors of debating in K.C.I. this year. Without the deep interest shown by these teachers, debating would not have been a reality for our students. Thanks a million!

And so the battle clouds clear and pass away, leaving behind them a group of students happy in the thought that they have expressed their views and helped in some small measure to further debating in our school. K.C.I. is proud of her debaters!

P.S.—Special Commercial A and Technical XA were returned winners of senior and junior respectively.

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The Inter-School Christian Fellowship

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship is an organization of students in high schools throughout the Dominion. It is a branch of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, which is made up of similar student bodies meeting in universities and colleges throughout the country.

The purpose of this society is to promote Christian fellowship and associations among the students, and also to study the Bible.

Our group holds meetings each Thursday noon from twelve-thirty to one o'clock in Room 218. The meetings this year have been well attended with an average attendance of fifty. The school's Fellowship group is considered to be one of the best attended in the province, and is also one of the school's largest clubs.

The meetings are spent in singing, with discussions, talks, quiz programs, or Bible studies. The club has had several socials this year, recently enjoying a skating party in Guelph, at a joint meeting of the two societies. Then, too, twelve members of the Fellowship were guests at a supper meeting of the Kitchener-Waterloo Public School Teachers' Fellowship.

At intervals during this past season, helpful talks have been given by some prominent citizens and clergy. Other meetings have been conducted by the students themselves.

Our organization is inter-denominational, and a hearty welcome is extended to any wishing to attend our meetings.

The officers for the present school year are: President, Lloyd Wakefield; Vice-President, Ruth Kinzie; Secretary-Treasurer, Betty Boehmer; Pianist, Kathryn Yanke; Social Convener, Marian Keene.

The Senior Public Speaking Contest

by Wm. L. Shantz

On Thursday, February 19, the Senior Public Speaking Contest was held in the Assembly Hall. Most of the senior students were present, for part of the afternoon at least.

The judges were Miss Chapman, Mr. Schofield and Mr. Kay. They had a very difficult task, which was performed admirably.

Frederick Schneider won the Senior Boys' contest with a clever biography of Winston Churchill. He had a very interesting speech, with a humorous trick which pleased the audience greatly. The champion of the Girls' contest was Betty Boehmer, who gave a stirring call for faith in our government and in our God. This speech has received wide acclaim from teachers, judges and students.

The informative description of Rockefeller Centre won George Buckhaupt second prize for the boys. Gloria Gies described what total war means to Britain, and was awarded second prize among the girls.

All speeches were excellent this year and the participants must be congratulated. We also wish to thank Miss Logan and Mr. Thomson for their great help and sponsorship.

Mr. Bettke

There are few people so willing to help and co-operate around the school as our caretaker-in-chief, "Nick" Bettke. He can be seen anywhere, anytime, cheerfully performing his duties; whether it be helping some unfortunate absent-minded student to open his locker, or explaining to some visitor that he is not a chemistry teacher, unearthing some ancient relic for the properties of some play, or just balancing on a ladder replacing a light bulb. However, it is his friendly attitude towards the students for which he is most noted and some of his jokes have become veritable classics at K.C.I.

Yes sir, "the Chief" is this school's choice for "swell guy of K.C.I."

A general view of Kaunas, capital of Lithuania. In centre, University students' residence. Upper right, prominent Catholic church.

Canoeing on a river near Kaunas.

LITHUANIA

By The Non. G. L. P. Grant-Suttie
Consul General of Lithuania for the Dominion of Canada

The Republic of Lithuania is ranged with the United Nations against the Axis powers. In March, 1939, a portion of Lithuania was forcibly occupied by Germany; in June, 1940, the forces of the Soviet Union, with the connivance of Germany, seized the remainder of Lithuania; and in July, 1941, Germany, turning on its former accomplice, attacked the Russian Army of Occupation and seized the entire country. None of these acts was accomplished by the volition of Lithuania, which was and is the helpless victim of the superior might of the aggressors.

During the year of communist seizure many thousands of leading Lithuanians were executed or sent to Russian prisons. Since the Nazi occupation many more have suffered death or captivity by the invaders. The President of the Republic, Dr. Smetona, escaped and is now in exile in the United States. Only a few other leaders succeeded in getting to friendly lands; so few that it has been difficult to organize from abroad the Lithuanian fight for freedom. Yet by sabotage, by non-cooperation, by secret blows, the unrelenting struggle continues day by day.

The Lithuanian people are neither Germans nor Slavs, but it has been their heroic, although at times sad, fate to have lived for centuries sandwiched between those two mighty races. Lithuanians are part of the great family of Aryan peoples. They have dwelt on the shore of the Baltic from time immemorial. Their homeland in early days was isolated by impassable swamps and forests from the main route of invading hordes pressing from Asia into Europe. There was probably a primitive connection between Lithuanians and ancient Greeks. After the dispersion, about 3,000 years before Christ, of the Indo-European races from their cradle near the Caspian Sea, these two people pursued a common route westward, the Greeks then going south to the Mediterranean, the Liths north to the Baltic. Early Roman writers, such as Tacitus, speaks of them as being better agriculturists than their Germanic neighbours and as being people of peaceful habit, wherein they differed from the Germans. The earliest reference in English literature to Lithuania is by Chaucer.

From the eleventh to fifteenth centuries A.D., Lithuania fought off the Russians and Tartars from the east and southeast and the Germans from the west. In 1410 Lithuania inflicted a crushing defeat upon Germany, at Grunewald, one of the decisive battles of history; and for some centuries following Lithuania was free from German aggression. Having overcome the Russians and Tartars, Lithuania, then a great power, extended to the Black Sea. A dynastic alliance with Poland proved misfortunate, and when later Poland was seized by Russia, Lithuania, too, came under the latter for one hundred and fifty years. On February 16, 1918, Lithuania obtained again her independence and in the next two decades became one of the most progressive of the small countries of the world.

National Museum, Kaunas

Geographically, Lithuania lies on the south coast of the Baltic Sea, east of Germany, southwest of Latvia, northeast of Poland.

It is a fair land, rather flat, with rounded hills, none rising to more than fifteen hundred feet, a pleasant farming country. There are more than two thousand lakes, studded with islands. Pine and spruce woods cover about seventeen per cent. of the land. In these woodlands are found elk, fox, and that animal Canadians regard as their own, the beaver. The general picture of Lithuania is much like southern Ontario or New Brunswick. The climate is similar. In area, Lithuania is about twice the size of Belgium.

Population is three millions, about the same as Norway. There are one million Lithuanians in the United States, some six thousand in Canada. More than eighty per cent. of the people of Lithuania are Roman Catholics, nine per cent. are of the Baptist and Evangelical Protestant faiths.

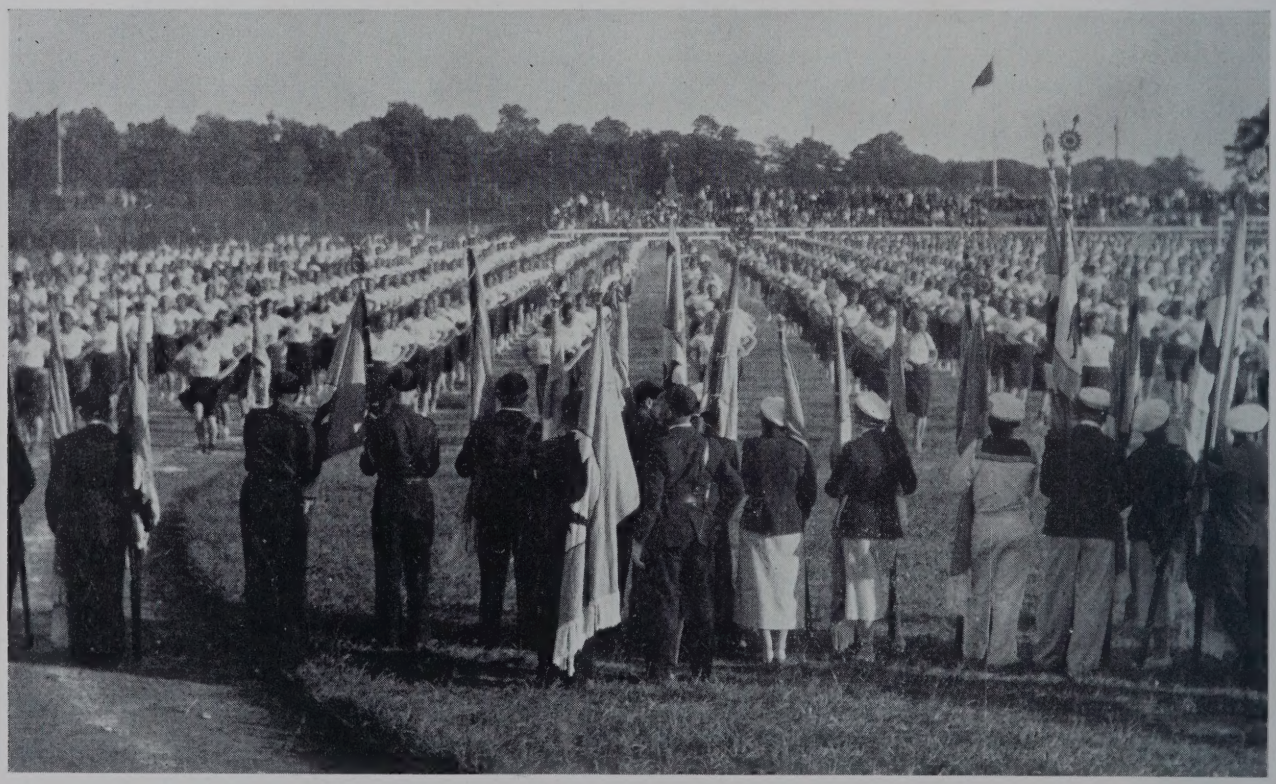
Four-fifths of the population are engaged directly in agriculture, stock and poultry raising, dairy farming and market gardening. It is the third largest flax-producing country in the world. Lithuania is the home of amber, an article highly prized from the most ancient times. One of the earliest trade routes of Europe was the Amber Trail, south from Lithuania to Greece, Egypt and, later, to Byzantium.

In recent pre-war years Lithuania export trade has been mainly of farm products: bacon, butter, poultry and eggs, of which the greatest part went to England. Immediately before this war, far more than half of the total trade of Lithuania was with Great Britain and the British Empire. Cultural links with England have been strong, the English language being a compulsory study for high school boys.

Many people describe Lithuanians as resembling the Scottish in their characteristics: thrifty, generally stable, hard-working, with a high regard for educational and cultural attainment. They have the sturdy democracy of farm folk, for whom Communism has no lure nor a Nazi dictator any delight.

Lithuania shares Canadian love of sports, soccer and basketball being especially popular, hockey growing so. In 1938 Lithuania won the European international championship in basketball. Lithuanian basketball, tennis and track teams have visited the United States several times in recent years. From 1935 one of the principal sport trophies in Lithuania has been

(Continued on page 124)



Students massed for physical training competition. In foreground, school cadet standard bearers.

NORWAY AND THE WAR

by Sven N. Oftedal

THE German assault upon Norway came like an avalanche. Without any warning, without any discussions at all and, as usual, without any declaration of war they launched their attack which must have been prepared weeks and months beforehand. Later experiences have shown what a ruthless aggressor can gain by daring well-planned surprise attacks. The happenings lately in the Pacific—the lightning blow at Pearl Harbour, the sinking of two of Great Britain's finest battle ships off Singapore, the Gibraltar of the East, give better indications as to understanding what happened to Norway than did the first news of the invasion of Norway, dispatched from different diffused sources to Canadian and American newspapers.

All over the world was spread the impression that the Norwegians were weaklings, lacking both courage and will to fight—a bunch of Quislings and Fifth Columnists. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As soon as the people had recovered from their dumbfoundedness caused by the treacherous attack, the Norwegians rallied to the defense of their beloved country and they put up a bitter fight lasting for sixty-two days in Norway proper against overwhelming odds. None of the overrun countries of Europe did better, France included. When France collapsed and the insufficient French-British expeditionary force, had to be withdrawn, the Norwegian Government decided to go to Great Britain and continue the fight from outside Norway.

The German losses in the fighting in Norway are estimated up to 75,000 killed and wounded. But they also lost a considerable amount of planes and material, and the German navy was, in fact crippled for the duration of the war, losing one-third of its fighting strength, thanks to daring and skillful fighting by the small Norwegian Navy and the coastal batteries. If the German invasion of Great Britain in the summer of 1940 was upset, it was partly due to the unaccounted strength of the Norwegian resistance.

However, Norway's fight for freedom was by no means ended when the Government moved to London. On the contrary, Norway's contributions to the Allied cause have been steadily growing.

First and foremost comes the services of the large, modern Norwegian merchant fleet. Norway faced September, 1939, with a fleet of 4,900,000 gross tons (7,500,000 tons deadweight)—exceeded only by Britain, the U.S. and Japan. This in a country of less than three million people. In quality her fleet outranked all others. Sixty-four per cent were modern motor vessels as against twenty-four percent for Great Britain. Her tankers, two-fifths of the entire fleet, were the world's finest. And forty-five percent of her ocean-going fleet was under ten years old.

When Germany invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, the bulk of Norway's merchant marine, about 1000 Norwegian ships, totalling nearly four million tons, were scattered all over the world, not counting those at Norwegian or Axis controlled ports. Without a single exception, the masters of these ships, individually and without consultation or hesitation, ignored orders wirelessed from Nazi-held Oslo which, if followed, would have placed the entire fleet in the hands of the Germans. Instead they obeyed the orders sent out only minutes later from London that all Norwegian ships should proceed to British or Allied ports.

That is how more than 80 per cent of the Norwegian merchant fleet joined the Allied cause. Later many Norwegian ships in Axis or Axis-blockaded harbours managed to slip away and join the free merchant fleet.

All of these ships have been requisitioned by the Royal Norwegian Government. To control them the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission has been established, "Nortraship" for short, and is now the largest "shipping concern" in the world.

Manning this vast fleet of merchant ships at the outset were about 30,000 seamen. To date about 2000 of them have 'died in action'—victims of bombs, mines and torpedoes. Since April, 1940, these seamen have been entirely cut off from their families in Norway.

What is the Norwegian merchant fleet doing?

Most of it has long been engaged in transporting food and war materials from Canadian or American ports to British ports—right in the thick of the Battle of the Atlantic. More than 50 per cent of the gasoline and oil needed in Great Britain is being brought there in Norwegian tankers. One-third of the foodstuffs and war materials for Great Britain arrives there in Norwegian bottoms. Other Norwegian ships have been engaged in carrying war materials from England and America to other theatres or war. Comparatively few have been permitted to remain in the "Sunshine Trade" of the Western Hemisphere. Today they have no "Sunshine Trade" at all.

During the progress of the war, Norwegian merchant ships have fulfilled many hazardous assignments. Because of the superior speed of the average Norwegian Motor ship, these vessels have frequently been ordered "to run it alone" in the North Atlantic rather than loaf along with slow-moving convoys. Quite aside from sailing in convoys or alone through danger zones, Norwegian merchant ships played an important role in the evacuation of Allied troops from Dunkirk, Greece and Crete. Quite recently a Norwegian master was decorated for saving thousands and thousands of British and French Soldiers at Dunkirk.

Many a Norwegian seaman sailing today, has been torpedoed two, three or even four times during the present war. But they always come back for more. Still at the service of the Allied cause are approximately 830 ships, totalling about 5,500,000 tons deadweight. Among the Allied countries, Norway's merchant marine is exceeded in size, only by Great Britain's and the United States'.

But it is not alone upon the basis of her merchant fleet's contribution, that Norway considers herself an active, determined belligerent on the Allied side. In the final, death-dealing blow to the Axis Powers, Norway is not going to stand by as a sheltered refugee giving only moral support. In preparation for that day, Norway has long been rebuilding her air force, navy and army.

The Air Force

In training at Camp Little Norway at Toronto, Canada, today are about 1000 young Norwegians almost all of whom have at the risk of their lives escaped from occupied Norway. They are learning how to fly and to maintain fast up-to-the-minute bombers and pursuit planes. Several hundreds have already completed their training there, and are now serving actively with the Royal Air Force in Great Britain. The Norwegian Air Force had a station in Iceland even before the Americans arrived there, and it still carries on its full share of the Atlantic duties.

Norway's New Navy

Despite heavy losses suffered during the invasion and conquest of Norway, the Norwegian Navy is today four times as large as that which fought the Germans in the early summer of 1940. In this new Norwegian Navy, speedy, hard-hitting motor boats play an important part. Several of the "Over-age" American destroyers sent to Britain were subsequently turned over to the Norwegian Navy.

Ever since the summer of 1940 Norway's fighting fleet has been carrying out wartime assignments in and about the North Sea, the English Channel, in the Atlantic and even in the Caribbean. These duties have regularly included the convoying of merchant ships across the Atlantic. Norwegian seamen have also been participating in the dirtiest work of the war —minesweeping on the sea lanes to Great Britain.

The Norwegian Navy is today the fourth largest serving on the Allied side, ranking next to those of the United States, Great Britain and Russia.

Norway's Army

Training camps for the regular Norwegian Army have been established in the British Isles. In common with the Air Force and Navy, it draws its recruits from the steady and swelling stream of young Norwegians escaping from Norway. The army is growing slowly but surely and its members are being painstakingly trained for special duties.

A considerable part of the Norwegian Army is already doing active duty. There is a fair-sized garrison at Iceland, and otherwise the Norwegian Army is co-operating with the British in maintaining a constant vigil along the coast of England and Scotland. Norwegian soldiers participated in the Allied raids on Spitzbergen, Lofoten and Oeksfjord.

The Home Front

Ninety-nine percent of the Norwegians in the German occupied Norway have refused to submit to the Nazis' New Order, and are continuously carrying on a grim, unarmed but courageous and unyielding opposition which has made it necessary for the Germans to maintain in Norway a larger army of occupation in proportion to the population, than in any other occupied country. The deaths of many Norwegians before German firing squads, the arrests of hundreds and hundreds of the Country's best citizens, have in no way succeeded in stemming the tide of resistance. Lined up solidly in their contempt of the German "overlords" and in their resistance to Nazification are the country's churches, labor unions, employers associations, farmers and fisherfolk, professional and scientific groups, sports organizations, youth associations and even school children. Frequently the opposition takes on the active form of sabotage, espionage and street fights. Resistance cannot remain forever passive where there is so much deep-seated hate among so many, and that is why prisons and concentration camps are jammed with the persons arrested by the Nazis, why executions continue to mount.

The system of espionage developed in Norway has been of constant and considerable aid to Great Britain. Information is regularly supplied London on the land activities of the German troops in Norway, such as the construction of airports and submarine bases, or the shifting of troops and the size of occupational forces. Information is also steadily sent to London on the movement of German ships along the Norwegian coast. It was in this way that the British first learned that the German battleship "Bismarck" was heading out to sea. Numerous other Germans ships have been sunk by the British along the Norwegian coast as the result of "tips" supplied by the espionage service in Norway, which has its own ways and means of communicating with London. It is an important phase of the battle which the Norwegians are carrying.

I have myself been through thirteen months of German rule in Norway. I have seen my best friends go to jail and even sentenced to death by German Martial Courts. I have seen how the German savages have looted our beautiful country. I know their cynical lies and the baseness of the Gestapo. I have spoken to Norwegians escaping from the terror of the German jails.

I know the New Order, and I can tell you that the Germans will never have their will with the Norwegian people. They are moulded into a striking force which will show no mercy when the day of liberation dawns. I have also met the boys training in England and Toronto, I have crossed the Atlantic with Norwegian seamen, I have talked to masters, chief and deckhands,—they are all of the same breed and blood, sons or Free Norway, which will rise again.

Geography of the Netherlands

The Netherlands occupy a flat and low region in the northwest corner of the continent of Europe, just across the North Sea from England, the nearest point of which is about eighty miles away. By building dykes the Netherlanders protect themselves against inundation, the level of the sea and the rivers being higher than that of many parts of the country. The Scheldt, the Meuse, the Rhine with its many branches (Waal, Yssel) are the principal streams of the Netherlands. The low areas, called "polders", enclosed by the dykes, have been reclaimed at the price of hard and long efforts, but they now furnish admirable grain fields and rich pastures.

Netherlands industry is based on the sea (ship building including dredgers), on agriculture (beet sugar, straw board, potato flour, yeast, industrial alcohol, Hollands gin, condensed milk, butter, cheese), or on the skill of certain groups of inhabitants (weaving, diamond cutting, electric lamps and radios, machinery).

A well-organized network of canals makes internal traffic easy and cheap. Besides the

railway system is highly developed and there are excellent motor roads.

The Netherlands are also an important country for fishing; harbour construction; engineers schooled at the famous Technical University of Delft; marketing of colonial products; sales and warehousing of tobacco, coffee, tea, spices, etc.; bulb growing.

The overseas territories of the Netherlands are formed by the islands of the East Indies; Curacao, a famous refining centre for South America oil, and other West Indian islands; and Suriname or Netherlands Guiana, on the mainland of South America.

Before the war the regular liners running from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to Batavia (capital of the East Indies) and from there to Australia and to China and Japan, and those running to the West Indies and other countries in the Caribbean and South America, to New York and to South Africa, were great favourites with the travelling public. Now they are all doing war work.

The Netherlands, a constitutional kingdom, having compulsory education, universal suffrage and a two chamber representation, has a surface of 13,700 square miles and a population of over 8½ million people. The Netherlands East Indies, with an area of 735,000 square miles, have a population of 62,000,000 and the Netherlands West Indies, including Netherlands Guiana, Curacao, etc., have a population of 270,000 and an area of 67,320 square miles.

The Netherlands are divided into eleven provinces, the richest being those of North and South Holland, where the three largest cities are situated: Amsterdam, the capital, Rotterdam and The Hague, the seat of the Government.

The areas which in the early part of this century were reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee might have been formed into a twelfth province, but it was preferred to add them on to the adjoining provinces. The main dyke which now shuts off the whole of the Zuyder Zee and which has allowed the inflowing river water to turn that inland sea into a fresh water lake, is of such dimensions that it is one of the very few works of man on earth big enough to be seen if we could look at it from the moon through one of our powerful telescopes.

«Today I Must Tell The School Children About Holland . . . . »

There is a time in everyone's' life, which is like no other time; a time for looking ahead towards manhood, and not back, for there is no past. Likewise, in the life of groups of men, there is a time when they become aware of the nationhood that awaits them.

The beginnings of the Netherlands nation were cast in the water-logged country between the mouths of the Western European rivers. Barbarians of the same type as those who later settled in Britain, Saxons and Frisians, come in from the East, and their cousins, the Franks, from the south.

Most of these Barbarians had lived for generations in the country that is now called Germany. But the Germans of today are largely from another stock that gradually replaced the old Barbarians as they moved out.

The Barbarians, who were fierce as masters, but not servile as underlings, spoke the languages they had brought with them from the country now called Germany. These languages were not German: German is based on them, but it was formed much later, in the second half of the Middle Ages, through a slow process of sound-shifting.

The language the Franks had brought with them became the language of the Netherlands, also of the Saxons and Frisians who lived there. Latin was the language of church and state officials, and the spoken language of the people was sometimes called "thiod" (popular). This happened to the language spoken in Germany, to which was given the name "deutsch", to that spoken by the Franks, which was known as "Diets" (hence: "Dutch") and it might easily have happened to the language of the Saxons. As a matter of fact, it *did* happen to Saxon where it goes by the name, "platt deutsch".

Settled amongst the western lakes and streams, our barbarians from the east and south became fishermen. Christianity was brought to them by British missionaries, amongst others Willebrord, and from the monks they learned how to build dykes, and drain marshes by digging canals. The fishermen, some of whom became boatmen and seamen, also began to cultivate lands that before were flooded.

The Franks had not only settled in Flanders and Holland (the western part of the Netherlands), but also in the country to the south, to which they gave the name of "France". On behalf of the King of France, a count held the land of Holland, and in 922 the French King, Charles the Simple, confirmed one, Dirk (or Derrick) in his holding, his heirs to be Counts of Holland after him.

These heirs gradually extended their power to the eastern and southern parts of the Netherlands. Members of foreign houses, German and French, succeeded through marriage to the Countship, and involved the Netherlands in international complications. It ended up by the grandson of Maximilian of Austria, who had married Mary of Burgundy, Countess of Holland, becoming so powerful that he was King of Spain and Emperor of Germany.

Compared with such titles, that of Count of Holland seemed less important, but Charles V, the King-Emperor, was at least a Netherlander by birth. Not so his son Philip, brought up as a Spaniard, who looked upon the Netherlands as a small foreign province of his mighty Empire.

When that province became more and more hostile to the Roman Catholic Church, which Philip cherished above all things, and reluctant to pay taxes, he sent soldiers to chastise his Netherlands subjects. The Reformation, in its Calvinistic form, similar to that of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, had spread through France and the Walloon country to the Netherlands, and became firmly established. But many who remained Roman Catholics were also against what they called "Spanish tyranny". Under the leadership of Willem (William), son of Count William of Nassau, born in Germany, (but who inherited from his cousin, René of Chalons, Prince of Orange, extensive estates in the Netherlands, and who had been brought up at Charles V's court in Brussels), the Netherlanders started open warfare against the

Spanish troops in 1568. Thus began a struggle which was to last eighty years. In the beginning, the armies which Prince William hired, mostly abroad, were not very successful, but the Netherland's knowledge of inland and coastal waters and navigation stood him in good stead, and the name of "Watergeus" (freebooter of the water, beggar of the sea) will live forever.

The unity of purpose, which had in the beginning inspired the Netherlands, was not proof against internal religious strife, and in 1579 the southern part of the country formed its own league, after which it followed a separate course until 1815, when it was temporarily reunited with the north. In the northern part of the Netherlands the old country of Holland became so predominant that its name often stood for that of the entire country, and even now Netherlanders are still often called Hollanders.

These simple fishermen and boatmen had become the carriers of the sea. Goods, produced and stored in the south of Europe, were distributed by them over France, The Netherlands, Britain, and the Baltic. But when Holland's enemies, the Spaniards, became masters of Portugal, they shut the Portuguese ports to Netherlands ships. Among the most precious wares the Portuguese had fetched from mysterious far-off lands, called the Indies, along routes which they alone knew, were spices—cloves, pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. A Hollander, Houtman, who had been a prisoner in Portugal, learned about the secret route, and decided to try and find the Indies for himself. He succeeded, and inaugurated Holland's relations with the Indies, which were at first chiefly commercial. No interference was attempted with religion, language, or customs, and there was only a minimum of interference with the local government of the population. On broad lines the same principles have been applied ever afterwards, combined, since the second half of the nineteenth century, with a policy of education.

During the struggle with Spain, the link between the Netherlands and the House of Orange became very close. On its colours, the national flag, red, white, and blue, was based. Prince Willem, shot in 1584 by a partisan of the Spaniards, was a national hero. The young Netherlands Republic was led on to victory by his sons, Maurits and Frederick Hendrik. In 1648, Spain recognized the independence of the Netherlands, and an era of great prosperity and international political activity began.

There was more freedom in the Netherlands than in many surrounding countries, and arts and science were given every encouragement. The subtle beauty of the spies of the Low Countries, the golden light through a greyish atmosphere, the soft yet firm contours, the shifting clouds, the reserved character of the inhabitants, shut up in an inner life that only finds utterance through the eyes: all this favoured the dumb eloquence of painting more than the art which expresses itself in words. We may mention a few great poets (Vondel, Hooft) but it is impossible to enumerate all the painters of the Netherlands School, each of them a master in some style which he had made his very own. Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Hals—it is hardly necessary to name them. Let us add: Paulus Potter, Gerard Dou, Adriaan van Ostade, Ferdinand Bol, Ruysdael, Willem van de Velde.

The Netherlands Republic, having concluded its war with Spain, and soon firmly established in Europe, in Asia (Indies), Africa (Cape of Good Hope) and America (Manhattan and the New Netherlands, Suriname and Curaçao) did not enjoy peace very long. Many wars were fought with the surrounding powers, the Netherlands always opposing *hegemony* of one particular country over the rest of Europe. Sometimes different countries combined against the Hollanders, as in 1672, when they found themselves at war with French, English and Germans (Munster and Cologne). Even after one of the greatest statesmen the House of Orange produced, had been King of England (1689-1702), through his marriage to the British Princess Mary, the period of Anglo-Netherlands wars was not finished.

Battles and territories were lost and won. Trompand De Ruyter maintained the sea-faring traditions of the nation. The organization of the Netherlands Indies was built up. Considerable personal fortunes were accumulated in the busy commercial centres of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. And all the time Europe was slowly drifting, unconscious of its destiny, towards the great upheaval of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era.

Politically the Netherlands almost disappeared, swallowed up in the French Empire, but after Napoleon's fall they emerged as a Kingdom and with an even larger European terri-

tory, when the Northern and Southern Netherlands were united to form a bulwark against France. This union, however, did not last. It was dissolved again in the thirties and after that the Southern Netherlands became a separate country under the name of Belgium.

Outside Europe the Netherlands after 1815 consisted of the Netherlands Indies, Suriname or Netherlands Guiana, Curacao, and a small colony on Africa's West Coast, which was eventually sold to Britain.

The New Netherlands country in North America had long been lost, but the remembrance of the early colonizers remained and afterwards Hollanders settled in great numbers further west (and not specially in Pennsylvania: the Pennsylvania Germans, commonly called "Pennsylvania Dutch", have of course nothing to do with Holland). Some nineteenth century settlers reintroduced the Netherlands language (which had almost disappeared from New York State) into such districts as Holland, Mich., or Zeeland, Mich., chiefly for purposes of religious worship or local press organs.

The Netherlands language of the seventeenth century, somewhat modified, lives on in South Africa under the name of Afrikaans.

During the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth the Netherlands became more and more devoted to the arts of peace and less and less inclined to foreign entanglements. Yet all the time a European hegemony was in the making, besides which that of Napoleon, or that of the states the Netherlands Republic used to oppose, seem benevolent.

The shadow of Germany, of its malevolent domination, fell across the old world. It tried to close its ranks, not especially against Germany, but against *any* aggressor. Holland fervently believed in the ideal of the League of Nations, but the League of Nations proved impotent to stop aggression. Holland re-armed and fortified its territory, but it still lacked many things, chiefly planes, when the onslaught came (10th of May, 1940). It put up a stubborn resistance, but after five days, when it had no planes left, the Germans could with impunity bomb its big cities which were utterly defenceless. That they were ready to do so they showed by killing in a little time tens of thousands of people in Rotterdam. The army then ceased fire in that densely populated district.

But the war went on, in Zeeland as long as it held out, on the sea, where the Netherlands navy had been able to maintain itself, in the war effort of the Netherlands Indies, where all Germans had at once been interned, in the Councils of State, henceforth held in England, and in the steady purpose of Netherlanders all over the world. In the most critical days of the German air attacks against Britain, Netherlands sailors carried on to supply her with munitions and food from America and Canada.

When Japan attacked the United States and Britain, the Queen of the Netherlands at once declared war on Japan. If the Netherlands Indies had been attacked, they would have expected the others to come in and so, when the others were attacked, the Netherlands came in. The Netherlands Indies produce 90% of the world's quinine, 80% of its kapok, 40% of its rubber, 35% of its cocoanuts, 25% of its tin, besides sugar and oil—an important source of supply to the United Nations as well as a rampart against Japan's designs on British India and America.

YUGOSLAVIA AND THE WAR

By O. M. Vukmirovich
Royal Yugoslav Consul General

Liberty and Independence are born within the soul of the Yugoslav people. There is no force, therefore, which can destroy it.

Yugoslav people, especially Serbians, have suffered terribly during their historical development. They have offered unbelievable sacrifices on the altar of liberty so that they may one day attain this reality of their idea of Liberty.

It has not always been easy. We have risen and we have fallen. When we had our liberty we created and built a culture for our people and thus made our cultural contribution to all mankind.

Our literature of the Middle Ages, our legislations (especially our written Code, dates back to the first half of the XIV century), and in the Arts, for example, monasteries in South Serbia, with their structure and frescoes, are to-day the objects of admiration by students of the history of civilization.

But also while enslaved, under alien rule, the people never lost hope for a new restoration. On the contrary. We are the only nation in the world who celebrate their defeat (Battle of Kosovo Field in 1390, when our Middle Ages Empire fell) and the date of the battle is celebrated as a great national holiday throughout the country. It is a challenge for victory. Memory of the glorious past has been the exhortation to new generations, steeling the soul to preparedness for new sacrifices, to again, when the moment is right, unfurl the flag of liberty.

From 1804 up to yesterday, to-day, tomorrow, up to decisive victory—we have remained people destined by God to fight for the welfare of the coming generations, who will be able to develop their true character along the road of culture.

No one should be surprised by the stand taken by young King Peter II, when with the National Government in March of 1941, he openly told the Axis powers that we shall not give up our independence without fight, because we prize too highly what we are asked to give up. Although the Yugoslav people, especially the Serbs, knew in advance that there will be unequal struggle and that we must yield, if only temporarily; the only consolation we had then, as we have now, is that our fighting alongside our great Allies, fighting again for liberty and independence of our country and of entire mankind.

Yugoslavia has been defeated, broken up, but not conquered. Our people are exposed to unbelievable tortures. Our Golgotha is more precipitous than was that of Christ, but our belief in justice of Almighty is also unbelievably great.

After ten full months, since Yugoslavia has been overrun, the armed people under the leadership of their officers, all under the command of General Draza Mihaijlovitch hold over 20,000 of the 96,000 square miles Yugoslavia had in peace time.

In Yugoslavia there is at present a third front opening against the Axis, where the fight is waged for life and death. German and Italian divisions supported by Bulgarians and Hungarians are not able to conquer Yugoslavia. System of hostages, which holds France in bondage, did not succeed in Yugoslavia. Such a stand has been paid for very dearly by the Serbs.

Our responsible political personages in exile have reports that the price paid for such a stand against the enemy is enormous. Only in that part of Yugoslavia where Hitler and Mussolini have formed a so-called independent State of Croatia, over 200,000 men, women and innocent children have been killed. But all this was without any effect. Today, General Draza Mihaijlovich, as Minister of War and a member of the Yugoslav Government in exile in London, is there on the battle field in Yugoslavia, in the heart of occupied Europe, give orders and rules the country in the name of His Majesty King Peter II; for the King who is for our people the symbol of independence as all his ancestors were from Karageorge (1804) to his grandfather, Peter I, and father, Alexander I.

While the invisible army in Yugoslavia is active, the Royal Yugoslav Government in London is engaged in solving difficult problems in devising plans for the welfare of Yugoslavia after the war. On January 15, 1942, a Pact was signed between Greece and Yugoslavia which

strengthens and blesses those friendly relations which have been in existence for decades between our two countries. Serbia and Greece, since the sixties of the last century, have concluded an Alliance which was a true manifestation of solidarity of the Balkan peoples. And, in the Balkan Wars and in the World War (1914-1918) Serbia stood together with Greece. Today we share the same destiny and for this, the Pact will offer the foundation for one great constructive policy which is awaited eagerly by both nations, after the war. This policy is aimed towards co-operation with the other Balkan nations. Several days after the signature to this Pact, the Czechoslovak Prime Minister Benes signed with King of Yugoslavia Peter II a Treaty of co-operation, towards the maintenance of liberty and democratic ideals in Central Europe.

At the conclusion, I may say a few more words. It is not necessary to await the judgment of history for our stand which we took against Germany and Italy in the spring of last year. The stand Yugoslavia took delayed Hitler's attack on Russia for fully two months. What these two months meant shows clearly now. These two months show definitely that the winter caught Hitler there where he did not expect to be. These two months mean that to Hitler the door of entry to Moscow was forever closed. The Yugoslav nation is proud for having contributed its share in the great struggle between darkness and light, for taking the side of light.

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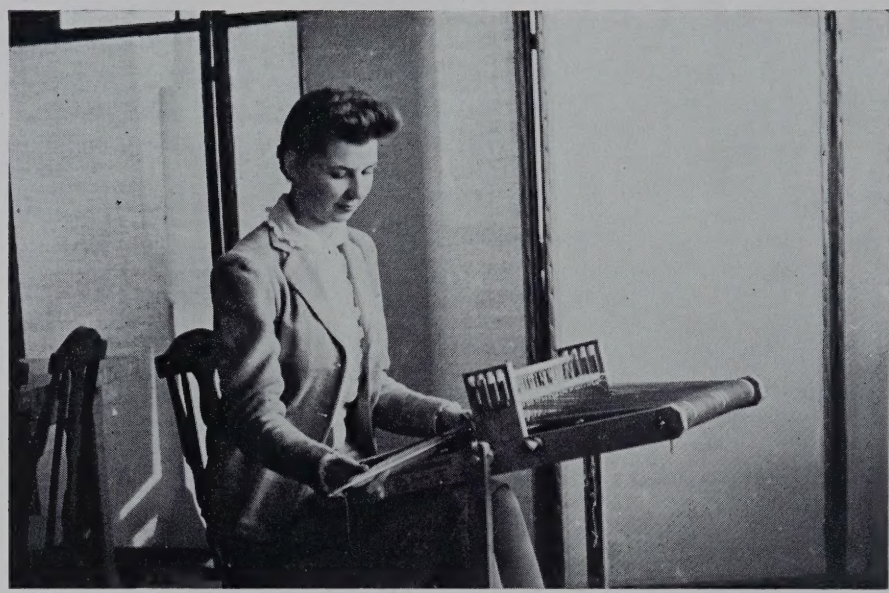

Handicrafts

WEAVING

It is often said of weaving—as of all the other arts—that "it goes back into the night of time".

There is a great similarity between what has been woven for centuries — even to-day — in Persia and what the ancient writers have told us of the cloth of Gaul. It was gaily striped in bright clear colours; it was checked and ribbed and, in general, strikingly bizarre.

From the beginning we follow the history of the looms to Paris where the houses were filled with looms and the weaver was permitted to have three looms for himself and three for each of his sons. Upon these looms cloths were woven in bolts and piled high upon shelves waiting for the prospective buyer. At this early time in the 13th century the buyer came directly to Drapers' Row and there did his purchasing.

To-day however, practically all fabrics are woven on power looms. The principle of the weaving as developed in primitive times forms the basis of modern power loom weaving. The foundation of the fabric is formed by long threads strung parallel along the loom called warp threads and the threads which cross over and under the warp threads are known as the weft threads.

The same principle holds true on the hand loom. There are various types of hand looms on the market to-day, table looms, folding looms, and standing looms. Some are operated by hand to adjust the warp thread for different weaves and some by foot pedals. If the loom has only two heddles, the plain weave and only a few variations are possible. If however, there are four, six or eight heddles, weaving becomes an exciting and interesting process. Many things may be made such as scarfs, luncheon sets, material for bags, skirts and suits. Colour forms an important part in hand loom weaving. Two or three colours may be used in one piece and a border can be placed on it.

The cut shown is a picture of the standing loom in the sewing room of the home economics department. It has been set up to make material for a skirt. It has four heddles and these have been arranged to make a twill weave.

The warp threads are light blue while the weft threads are a darker blue. To make a twill weave, the heddles must be used in a certain order.

The loom is a recent addition to the handicrafts section of the Household Economics Department, and the girls look forward eagerly to learning the ancient craft of weaving.

GLOVE MAKING

It was following the Crusades that the demands of fashions were so exacting that great numbers of artisans and working women found profitable employ in producing all kinds of luxurious weaving apparel. This is one of the earliest times that glove making has been mentioned. Gloves made their appearance in the twelfth century and were worn only by the ladies of highest rank. During the preceding century there are rare instances of persons of lower rank wearing gloves. One old manuscript states that in the twelfth century a lady wore something like a glove. It had a thumb and no fingers, resembling a modern mitten no doubt. It was during the twelfth century that gloves became popular and later on glove makers were meeting all demands of the trade.

There were long buttoned and scented gloves, gloves made of kid and prepared with violet powder. Sheepskin, doeskin, and hareskin, were much in favour. Silk and linen gloves, beautifully embroidered were also made. Frequently the very long sleeves of the gown falling over the hand supplied the place of gloves and at times the long mantle served the same purpose. In this day it was not enough to be able to buy gloves, but a lady was supposed to display her taste by knowing just how and when to wear her gloves.

To-day there are innumerable kinds of gloves, both leather and cloth. We of the Home Economics class are interested in leather gloves. For the past few weeks we have been sewing busily on them. Either blue, brown or natural leather being used.

Each girl made her own pattern. This entailed drawing the shape of the hand on a folded piece of paper. On examination of the patterns one notices the individual differences in hands. Here we find the long musical fingers or the broad capable fingers or the short plump hand; therefore, the necessity for the individual pattern. To complete the pattern a thumb and fourchette was drafted. Now the fun begins.

The leather must be stretched to an inch of its life or the gloves when finished will not retain their shape. A sharp pencil is required to trace the pattern of the glove on the leather. One must remember the grain of the leather when cutting. The gloves are now ready for the needle; we have all the parts of the pattern cut; two main pieces,—a right and a left hand, thumb, and twelve fourchettes.

Our creative ability now comes into the picture. The design on the back of the gloves is purely a decoration. Years ago the design, so called, was used for a purpose. Gloves were not made to fit and, therefore, darts and tucks were used to take care of this extra fullness. To-day the lines on the back of the gloves may be straight or curved and all sorts of designs or motifs may be used.

The insertion of the thumbs into the main part of the glove is a problem. So often the rounded edge must be eased into the hole and naturally no gathers should be noticed. The fourchettes, numbering twelve, are sewn on the back of the glove, the wrong sides together. Here the stitch used is a small running stitch. Finally the front is sewed to the back of the glove. One waits in a breathless moment wondering will or will not the gloves fit as per schedule.

Suspense and delight follow when one tries them on and behold, they fit like a glove.

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SINCE 1886

TESTING TIME AT K.C.I.

The administering of various group phychological tests, a new and progressive feature in the Commercial Department of the K.-W. Vocational School, has recently been introduced by the Head of the Department, Mr. C. R. Philp, B.A., Commercial Specialist, Vocational Guidance Specialist.

After a period of painstaking experimentation with a wide variety of tests Mr. Philp has been able to find a number of tests adequately suited to local requirements.

The aim of group testing is fourfold. It is hoped first, to find general weaknesses in the fundamentals required for Commercial studies and by applying departmental remedial measures, eliminate them.

The second aim is to provide a reasonably adequate measure of a student's ability to maintain a satisfactory standing in such courses as he may elect. In this way he may safely be guided into a curriculum of studies in which he may hope to be reasonably successful.

The third aim is to make the individual student aware of his own particular abilities and aptitudes and hence begin an earlier preparation for the line of work in which he is most likely to succeed.

And finally, it is the aim of the Head of the Department to build up a set of records for the graduates in business and industry. These statistics would become increasingly valuable in individual guidance and placement work.

Vocational Guidance and group testing have been used for some time in England, on the continent, and in the United States with considerable success. The work is now beginning to gain a foothold in Canadian Schools and we are fortunate in having in our department a man who has taken the extensive training to qualify for a Vocational Guidance Specialist.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

by Enid Thompson

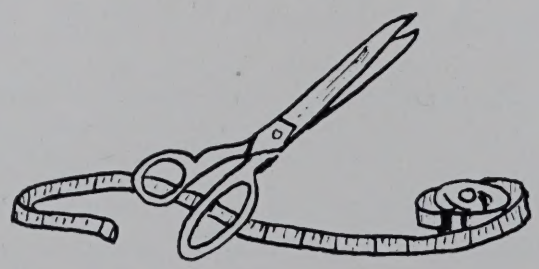
By June, 1941, the Junior Red Cross of K.C.I. donated over 235 articles to the Kitchener Red Cross. Some of the materials used were donated, some were purchased with money raised by the students themselves. The items submitted are as follows: 12 woollen tunics, 12 flannelette pajamas, 12 girls' flannelette slips, 24 flannelette combinations, 25 pair broadcloth bloomers, 12 boys' blouses, 3 boys' suits, 35 girls' blouses, 15 comfort bags for the Women's War Auxiliary, 5 pair bed-socks, 1 patched flannelette quilt, 3 knitted square coverlets, 1 cotton patched quilt, 6 knitted infants' bonnets, 3 infants' sweaters, infants' bands, 4 pair knitted mittens, 3 knitted infants' booties, 26 scarfs, 7 pair socks.

The New Hamburg students attending the school once a week furnished their own material for their Red Cross work. Their articles, which were submitted to the New Hamburg Red Cross, were as follows: 3 pair flannelette pajamas, 6 boys' blouses, 1 knitted coverlet.

During the fall of 1941, the girls have completed 12 grey flannel jumpers, 12 red woollen blouses, 30 pair flannelette pajamas, 12 blue broadcloth blouses, and a patch work quilt.

At the present time, the girls are busy knitting babies' vests, and squares for another afghan. In addition, pillow tops are being made from odds and ends of the upholstery materials. We sincerely hope the list of articles will be doubled by June, 1942.

K.C.I. is calling all girls for an all out Junior Red Cross effort. Girls, how are you answering this call?



BIG BUSINESS

75,000 copies from the Duplicating machines; 10,000 notices neatly typed of K.C.I. activities; 4,005 ditto copies made; 167 stencils cut; over 1100 separate jobs handled. Big business, isn't it?

This is the year's record of the Vocational School's Practice Office, Room 311, under the capable direction of Miss Helen Tangney, B.A., Commercial Specialist, and a student staff.

The Practice Office began its career in January of 1941. Fortunate in having an instructor with a wide practical office experience in Toronto before coming to K.C.I., the new experiment rapidly gained momentum. Since January 1941, it acquired all the appurtenances of a modern business office. The equipment goes all the way from adding machines, a transcriber with permanent voice record, long carriage and noiseless typewriters, a Gestetner and Ditto Duplicating machines, to copy holders and postal scales.

The Practice Office has a full-time staff composed of a Manager, a General Clerk, and a Junior Clerk. The entire work of the office is handled by this group. These students come from the graduating commercial classes and frequently leave their posts to accept positions in the world of commerce.

Through the Practice Office each week pass more than 150 students who receive training in the use of calculating machines, duplicators and dictaphones. Each student in the XIth and XIIth grades of the Commercial school receives two periods of instruction per week in the Practice Office.

The work done by the Practice Office Staff is practical and varied. Here are a few comments about its accuracy and efficiency:

Miss L. Y. Snider: "Accurate work done promptly and cheerfully."

Mr. Unwin: "Practice Makes Perfect. The work accomplished in the school's Practice Office Department under the guidance of their instructor, Miss Helen Tangney, is most commendable. The Department of Physical Education has the most excellent co-operation of this department in helping to organize the Physical Training Department's heavy programme."

Mr. MacMillan: "The entire manuscript of the Grumbler is typed in the Practice Office and prepared for the printer."

Each morning a smiling office manager is in her place in the Office to greet the teachers waiting their turn to have their work done. As rapidly as possible the jobs are distributed, completed and then sent out to make still another satisfied customer.

There is no bustle, no hurry in Room 311. But an amazing amount of work is put through day after day, quietly and unobtrusively. Come in some day and see Modern Education at work.

K. C. I. GOES MODERN

Have you seen it? The Vocational School's new modernized kitchen in the Home Economics Department?

The fairy godmother's magic wand waved once and the old kitchen with its bare hardwood floor, its glass-doored cupboard, its exposed plumbing and its little porcelain-topped table vanished. The wand waved again and behold a new stream-lined workshop for foods appeared.

Gone were the glass doors and in their place a built-in cupboard with an expansive polished working surface of correct height. Everything for use in this 1942 kitchen has a snug little place designed to keep it out of sight and a smooth modern facade of cream, red and black presents a well-ordered unruffled front.

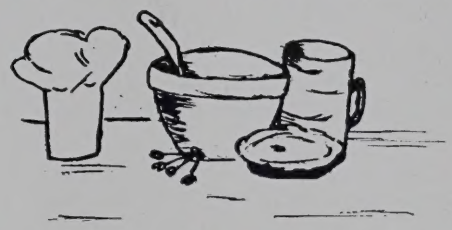
No corners to catch dust, no unsightly pipes, no brooms and mops, no baskets of vegetables on the floor, only a smooth shining expanse of black and white tiling.

The floor has a maroon and beige linoleum and beside the refrigerator is a new drop-leaf table with rounded edges.

A truly electrical kitchen, the equipment includes an electric range, refrigerator, waffle iron, toaster, mix-master and an electric clock.

The feminine touch in this modern assembling department for food is found in the chic maroon and white checked curtains and the new set of floral design dishes.

You've heard of toe-room for cupboards. Have you heard about knee room? Come up to Room 320 some day and we'll show you.



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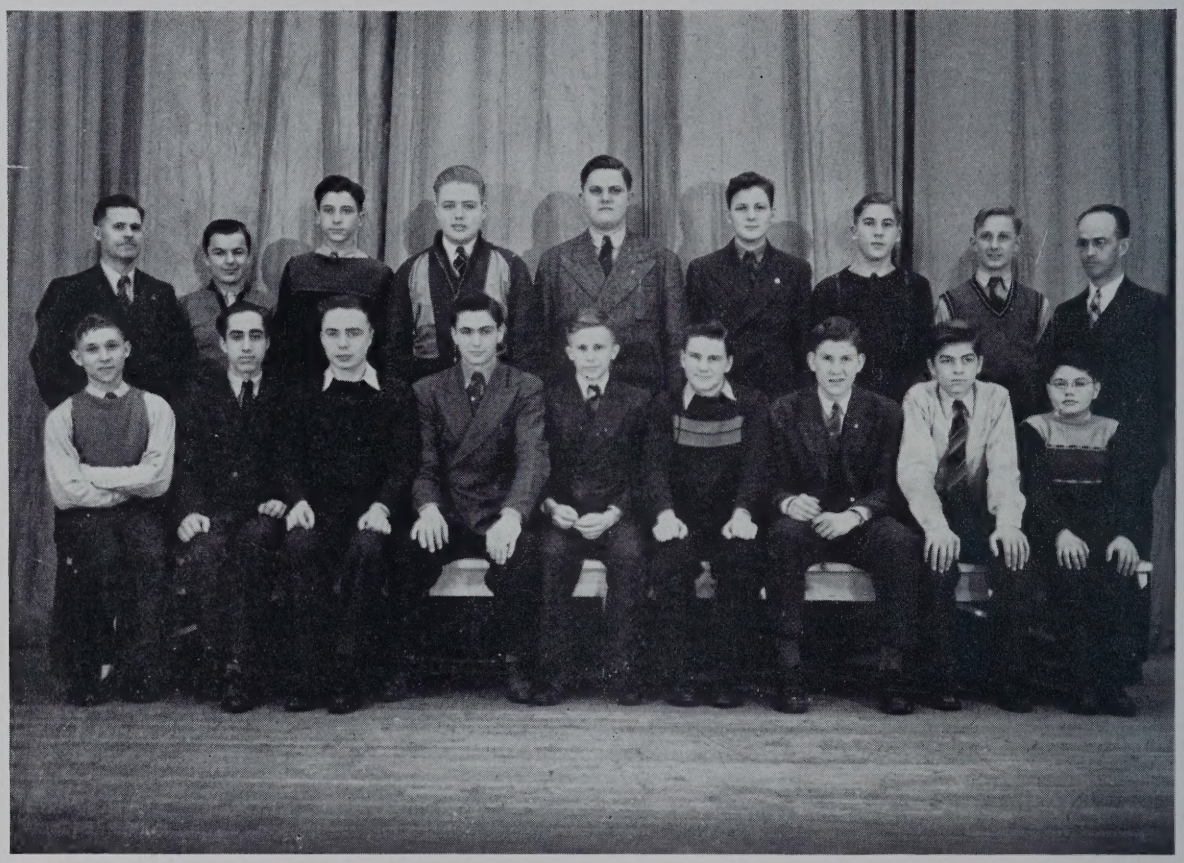
SCIENCE

SCIENCE CLUB



SCIENCE CLUB

Back row: F. W. R. Dickson, Adam Neu, Boris Mather, Harry Keller, Charles Hagen, Arthur Brown, Howard Foell, Geoffrey Shaw, C. B. Price.

Front row: R. Bowman, H. Saunders, R. Riepert, D. Haller, D. Ruppel, J. George, W. Shantz, M. Cressman, I. Migdal,

Particular success has always crowned the efforts of the Science Club in the past, and this year proved no exception. With the enthusiastic support of its sponsors, the science teachers of the school, the club has held many very successful meetings, at which were demonstrated experiments in all branches of science, and important executive matters discussed for the furtherance of an appreciation of science in the school.

One rare distinction stands forth prominently in the list of achievements of the Science Club. With the co-operation of Bob Bowman and the camera club, members of the Science Club completed the first of a series of movies on chemistry and other branches of science. It is to be hoped that others may soon follow, and that the school may appreciate their educational value. When the other clubs join in this movement, K.C.I. will have something to hand down to posterity, if posterity will accept it.

Speaking seriously, however, the value of the Science Club cannot be under-estimated. Many of the past members of the club are now in laboratories, or attending university where they are using their experience to good advantage. In the Science Club, members are invited to discuss their ideas and opinions with the club, and thus gain and pass on valuable information.

The club owes a great deal, however, to its sponsors, Mr. Dickson, Mr. Price, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Thompson, whose aid and co-operation have proved invaluable. To the individual members, too, must go a great deal of credit for the successful meetings. These members sacrificed time and work to help make the club successful.

The executive of the club includes Doug Ruppel as General President; Harry Keller as President of the Physics department; Charles Hagen as President of the Botany Department, and Wm. Bergey, President of the Chemistry Department. Doug Haller is secretary and treasurer of the club. The club has probably the largest membership in the school, and it is regrettable that so few should be on hand for the club picture, which was taken on such short notice that many of the members, including all the girl members, were unfortunately not available.

BIRDS

by Jack Evelegh

I wonder what those two boys are talking about, there in front of the museum. Let's do a little eavesdropping, and find out what they are discussing.

"Say Joe, the birds in the case have been greatly improved since they have been rearranged and labelled, haven't they?"

"They certainly have, Bill, and now there is no reason for anyone not knowing the names of all the birds in the case."

"Those two 'Pine Grosbeaks' certainly are attractive. Do you know anything about them, Joe?"

"Well, I heard that they were killed by a snowplough, and brought here to be mounted, and placed in our museum. I believe they are uncommon around Kitchener, although small flocks sometimes stop in this district, during the winter, to feed on weed seeds, and frozen berries."

"Well, that settles my difficulties, as far as the 'Grosbeaks' are concerned, but my questions are barely started. That 'American Crossbill' was mounted fairly recently, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It injured itself when it flew against a window pane and it was brought to the school, to join the growing collection. Its presence in the Kitchener district is decidedly unusual, and we are lucky to have this rare bird in our museum. It gets its name from its peculiar crossed bill. The bill is crossed to enable it to extract the seeds from the cones of evergreen trees."

"You certainly know all about these birds, Joe. Where do you get all your information?"

"Well, I have learned quite a bit about birds, from the outings of our 'Science Club'. In the spring, they take frequent jaunts to 'Cressman's Woods', 'Parkway', and many other equally suitable places. In three or four hours, on these jaunts, we have seen as many as fifty different species, and sub-species. This is the best way to become acquainted with birds."

"Say, I will certainly be with the 'Science Club' on its next outing. But, now for more questions. What do you think of these new ducks on the shelf beneath the 'Crossbill'?"

"I think they are excellent specimens. The 'American Golden-Eye', the 'Scaup or Bluebill', and the 'Hooded Merganser' have been mounted recently. The taxidermist who mounted them must have spent a good deal of time and patience on his job. Mounting a bird is no easy task."

"Since you know all about these ducks, perhaps you could tell me where I would be able to see some of them, with a minimum of difficulty, of course?"

"During the winter months, the Grand River at Blair is an excellent place to see Mergansers,

Golden-Eye, Blacks, and Mallards. They flock together in open places, on the ice encrusted river. If you cautiously approach one of these stretches of open water, you will probably see some ducks swimming and diving in the cold, clear water. The river at Doon, and between Galt and Brantford, is also an excellent place to see ducks."

"Here is another fact that may interest you, Bill. The school has acquired a permit to collect and mount birds for our museum. Therefore, if you come across any specimens bring them to school, to be examined by the science teachers. In this way our bird collection will really amount to something worthwhile."

"Thanks for the information, Joe. It won't be long before I know the names of all the birds in this museum and I know that many others will look at the birds more closely and become familiar with their names."

"Of course, Bill, I have only pointed out a few of the birds in the museum. As you can see there are many others of equal beauty, which should not be neglected. So, do not forget to point them out to your friends, the next time you pass our museum."

HOODED MERGANSER

AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE

INSECT INTEREST

Dear Members of the Science Club,—

Many's the time I've taken interest in your meetings of the Science Club, so I've decided to contribute some information. This I have titled—

LIFE HISTORY OF THE SQUASH BUG

In the Fall the adult lays the eggs in the moist, dry ground of Spring. After the eggs have cooled off awhile in the warm ground, they hatch into larvae, which are almost helpless because they have no legs to crawl with or wings to fly with.

Let's follow the life history of one of these insects. Since his father and mother contribute most of their money to the "Guard-your-freedom-from Farmers" fund, they haven't enough money left to feed our little hero, so out he goes to earn his own living.

Later, the Larva grows into a Pupa, and therefore has to have new clothes. He now needs size seven and a half shoes, seven and a half socks, seven and a half hat (monotonous, isn't it?) Size seven and a half ties, etc. Our little hero now finds himself in the "awkward age" of insect life.

And so, his life history continues. He finally grows into an adult and marries a glamour girl. But, one day a catastrophe occurs, a Human steps on him and he is squashed under the Human's foot, so that now his life history is incompletely complete.

What a life!

Yours truly,

Isadore Migdal, AXD.

CAMERA CLUB

CAMERA CLUB

Back row: John Boothby, Adam Neu, Ronald Bock, Jim Bulmer, Bill Barnes, Robert Bowman.

Second row: Herb. Breithaupt, Nick Sadowsky, Marion Schaeffer, Dorothy McEachern, Dorothy Pryor, Elizabeth Grable, Stanley Schreiter, Kenneth Howard.

Front row: Vivian Letson, Elizabeth McGanity, Betty Ruppel, Doris Kinzie, J. H. Montgomery, Elaine Hall, Elaine Schmidt, Betty Pierce.

This year the Camera Club had a very important job, that of taking the pictures which appear in this year's Grumbler. We hope that you will find them worth while. Most of the work has been done by Bob Bowman, our very capable president.

Mr. Montgomery is the sponsor this year, replacing Mr. F. Dickson. Ken Howard is Secretary-Treasurer of the club.

The members who are just starting out in photography have been given demonstrations in developing, printing, and enlarging. The principles of indoor photography were also explained to them.

A short movie was made by the club and shown to the Science Club. It was entitled "What Not to do in a Chemistry Lab." The movie was very well received by all.

This year the club has more equipment than before, and thus has been enabled to enlarge its activities.

Each year the club is growing and looking for new members to make the Camera Club the biggest club in the school.

THERMAL SNATCHERS

MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB

Ralph Sutton, Don Peacock, Ward Eby, John Walter, J. N. Zeller, Wm. Spiegelberg, Arthur Wagner, Carson Bock, John Conrad, John Doyle, Bruce Rabb, George Holmes, Henry Janzen, Oscar Thompson, Maurice Salm, Donald MacKenzie, William Sinkins, James Wellheuser, Ross Yendt, Kenneth Wright, Dennis Birch, Adam Neu, Donald McLean, Peter Davison, Ewart Hayes, Harold Miller, Lloyd Reiner, Howard Schiedel, Kenneth Hamacher, Don Bowman, Kenneth Bartscher, Peter Schmidt, Aaron Schenk, Kenneth Oswald.

Under this title goes one of the largest clubs, and one of the most enthusiastically supported clubs in the school. Born but a few years ago, and since then tenderly nurtured and raised by its sponsor, Mr. Julius Zeller, the club has grown from a mere fledgling, into a full grown air-minded organization.

A thermal is a rising hot air current; and a snatcher is just what you think it is. So put them together and you have a thermal-snatcher. And their greatest desire is to get a pair of wings above one of these rising air currents, which have carried models several miles and kept them in the air for hours. This kind of flight is not unfamiliar to the thermal snatchers.

When it comes to getting into that thermal, the club members have a priority. By gliders, or by bundles of rubber bands, or by tiny gasoline motors they somehow manage to search out and find the elusive "thermals".

Each one of these means of reaching for the clouds is a story in itself. The club has made, as a club project, several gliders, from about two feet to over five feet in wingspan. These are towed up on a strong thread, and released to soar when they have climbed as high as practical.

The rubber-powered models, too, are in wide scope of sizes, ranging from about a foot to roughly five feet in wing span. They are lightly

constructed of the extremely light balsa wood and covered with a fine bamboo tissue. Large models hold up to seventy-five feet of elastic, which is wound as high as 1200 turns; this drives the propeller. As can be readily understood strength of flights of this type of craft will be long.

Gas-powered models are the pinnacle of achievement in a model-builder's career. They range from two feet in wing span to ten feet. But the most interesting feature of them is the power-packed, compact little motor in front. These turn at least twice as fast as a car motor; many turn up to four or even five times as fast. The highest speed model motor "revs" 17,500 r.p.m. or approximately 292 revolutions per second. That will give you an idea of the exact machining and perfect planning that is an essential part in the manufacture of these motors.

Of course, the ambitions of a true Thermal Snatcher do not stop here. These motors can be installed in boats, where speeds of about 30 m.p.h. can be obtained, or in race cars, where speeds up to 90 m.p.h. are not uncommon.

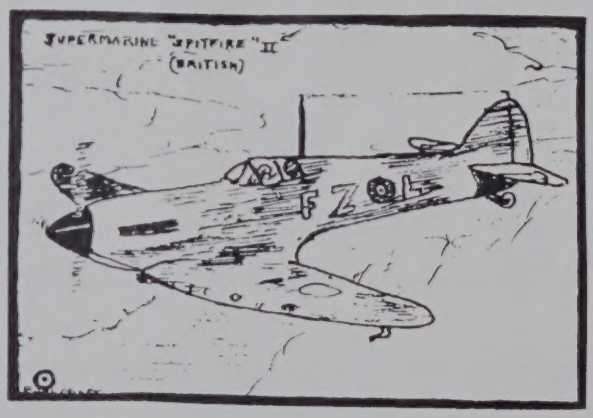
Speaking of speed—the newest thing in gas-modeling is flying a tiny, high-powered model on a string. By this method the model can be made to loop, roll, dive, climb, land or take off, at speeds up to 120 m.p.h. Don't ever say model-building has no speed or thrills!

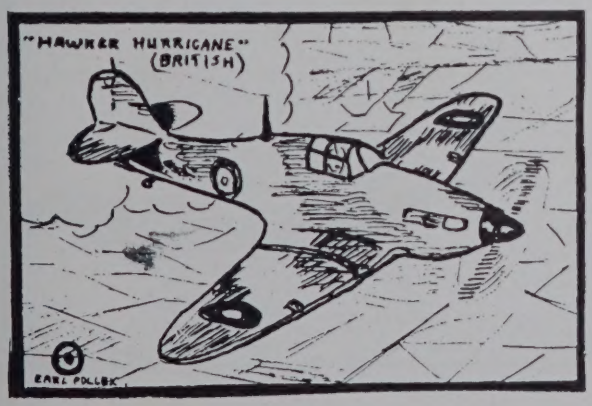
The war has caused serious shortages in the aircraft industry, and owing to the fact that many of the same materials are used in the models as in the real aircraft, some difficulty is often experienced in getting some of the supplies. As yet the rubber shortage has fortunately not cut out the club supplies of that material for the models, for gasoline motors, most of which are made in the United States, have become impossible to import. These factors have unfortunately tended to cut down the activity of the club on these lines.

This year's general president is Carl Hirschman. Don Peacock is the president of the rubber-powered modelers. Henry Janzen is president of the gas models, and Bill Spiegelberg is supply manager, and of course, we couldn't fail to mention its energetic and enterprising sponsor, Mr. Zeller, to whom the Grumbler, for the whole school, extends a hand, congratulating him and the club, and wishing them continued success in keeping 'em flying.

MODERN AVIATION

In 1903 Wilber and Orville Wright flew the first successful gasoline-engine driven aeroplane. They did not dream or even think that the aeroplane would develop into the greatest destructive machine that ever has been devised, within the small scope of forty years. When they first flew their small home-made plane, they visualized great aeroplanes flying to all parts of the world—north, south, east and west—but they would now see their great invention used for destructive purposes.





This war has shown to all types of people that the aeroplane is the deadliest weapon ever built by man. In its thirst for destruction, it has had no respect for cathedral, palace or cottage. Some of the greatest ships ever built, the Prince of Wales and the Repulse, were sunk by the deadly eagles of the skies. Think of it, a twenty thousand dollar aeroplane able to sink a twenty million dollar battleship!

This article illustrate eight of the deadliest fighters of the four most powerful nations of this earth—Britain, United States of America, Ger-

many and Italy. The eight formidable planes on this page are contesting supremacy of the skies all over the world, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, in the greatest battle the world has ever seen.

The Spitfire is used extensively in escorting bombers over Germany. The latest design of the Spitfire is said to be the greatest fighter ever put into combat. It claims the highest fire power, composed of either twelve machine guns or four air cannons. The standard Spitfire once made a flight from London to Manchester at an average speed of four hundred and eight miles an hour.

The Hawker Hurricane is used mainly as an interceptor. That is a plane that can get upstairs in a hurry to intercept enemy bombers that have been detected. This plane showed its worth during the heavy bombing of London by Germany in August, 1940.

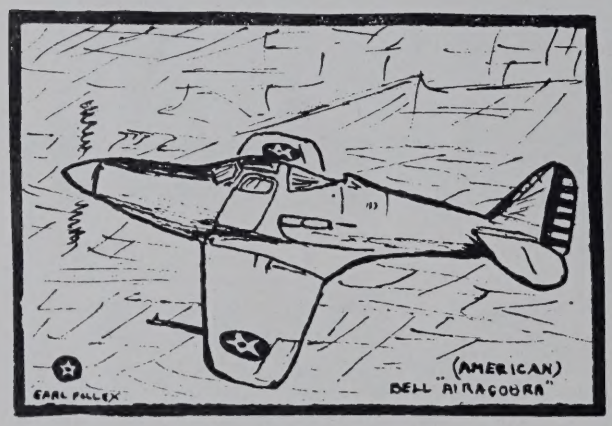
The Messerschmitt of Germany is used mostly for escorting bombers. At the first of the war it claimed to be the greatest standard fighter, but has fallen back in importance and is gradually being replaced by newer and faster types. It boasts the world's speed record, four hundred and forty-six miles per hour on an oval one kilometer course with "souped up" engine and "clipped" wings.

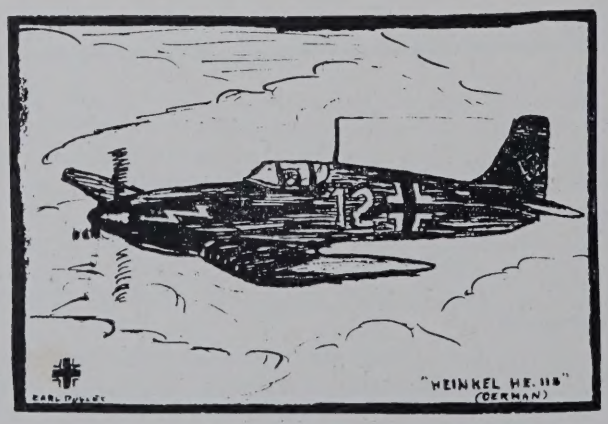
The Heinkel plane of Germany corresponds with the British Hurricane in use and function. It is the only ship to rival the speed of the Spitfire of the present time.

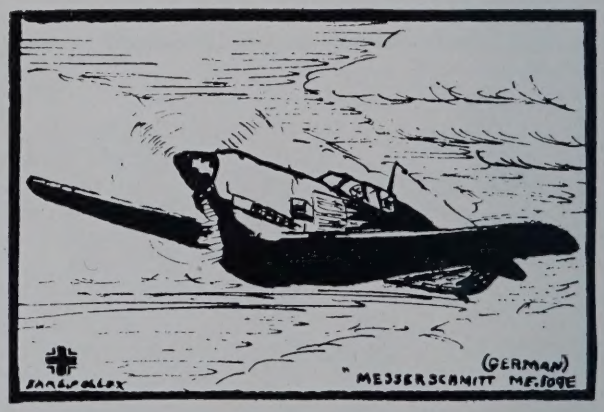
The Macchi and Breda are Italy's best, but so far have given a very poor account of themselves in combat. They are very poorly designed, slow, and have a very low fire power.

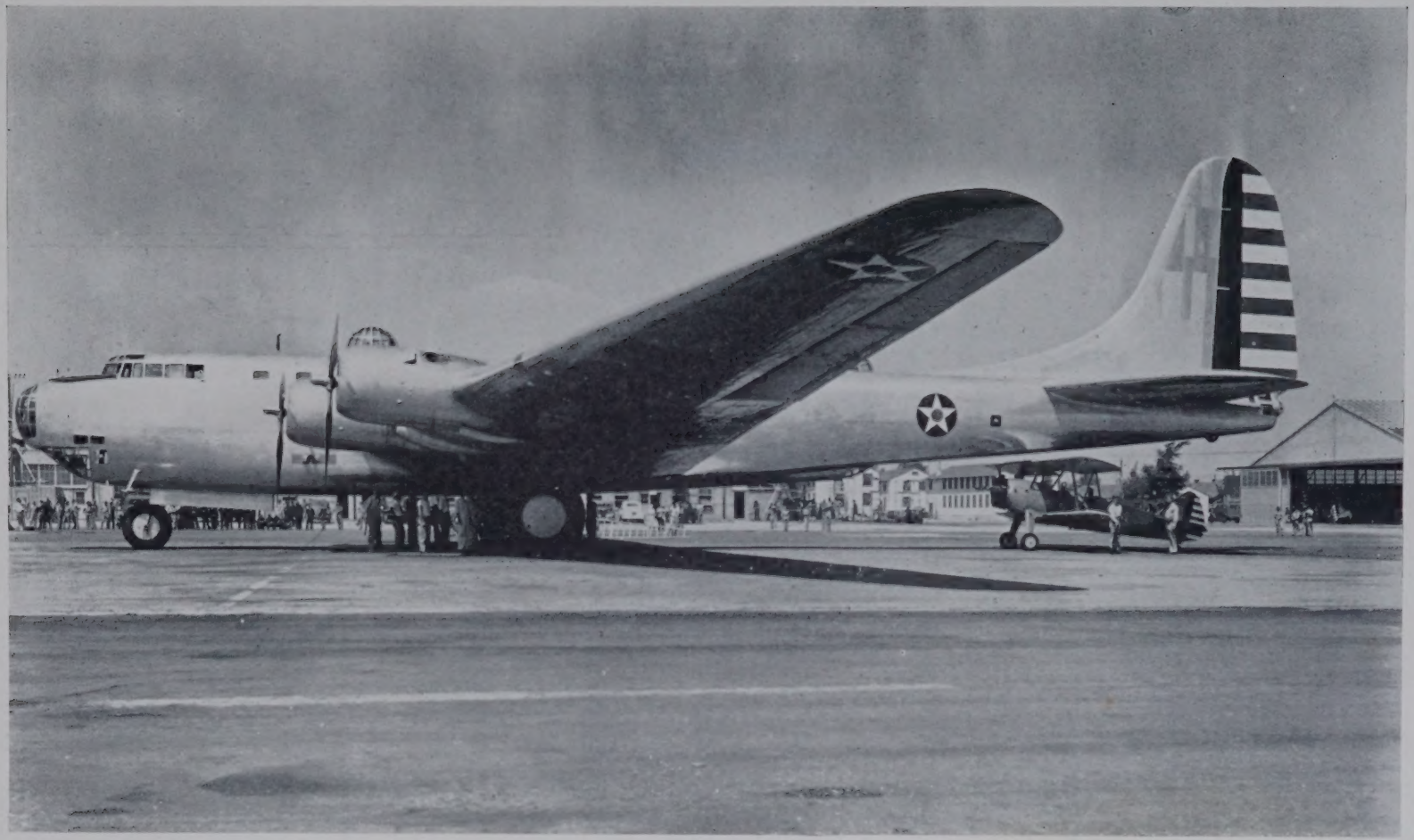
The Curtis P.40 and Bell Airacobra of the U.S.A. have not been used extensively, because of low fire power armor protection, and very fine design, which make them hard to repair in the field of battle, although they have given a very good account of themselves up to date.

Before this war is over, the planes carrying the red, white and blue ensign, will be masters of the air, and the conquerors that have freed the democratic people from the Nazi hordes that threatened the freedom of the world.









DOUGLAS B-19 — World's Largest Bomber

—Courtesy Fred Buehl

G. B. S.

(Continued from page 21)

strongly disagreed with his disposition. In 1876 the future playwright escaped to London, where, for the next twelve years he virtually "lived" in the British Museum, there storing his mind with the extensive knowledge which has since stood him in such good stead as an almost irrefutable debater of innumerable topics. During this period, also, five unsuccessful novels were written, thus causing the author to seek other means for self-expression. Mr. Shaw then became music and art critic for several newspapers, but presently turned to dramatic criticism, during which period of his career the initials G. B. S. were made so familiar to the public. From this occupation the critic became seriously ill (although the doctors contended that the malady was caused by the absence of meat from his diet for twenty years). The only method for reforming the theatre, and, in addition, of placing his opinions before the public, was obviously, to write plays himself, in which task the famed Irishman still continues to employ his brilliant intellect, his depth of perception, and his ready, but sympathetic wit.

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POSTER CLUB

Back row, left to right: Elaine Steiss, Vincent Lohnes, Ken Israel, Ralph Hagen, Earl Pollex, Isadore Migdal, Helen Seebach, Doris Bond.

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MUSIC

NOTES AND MORE NOTES

by Nancy Schnarr

The general feeling toward music in good old K.C.I. was perhaps unmentionable. However, this year, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Bernard Hirons things have brightened. He has developed a lasting spirit of unity and loyalty in the orchestra. This spirit has been brought about by his hard, steady work and his never-failing endeavour to make us rise to the top. At the beginning of the year the orchestra was organized. Ken Kutchke was elected President, Geoffrey Shaw, Vice-President, Elizabeth McGanity, Secretary-Treasurer, and Owen Geiger, Librarian. The orchestra has now over forty members. The string section is steadily improving, but it is greatly outnumbered by the brass and woodwinds. So come on, all you fiddlers, and join the merry madmen of the bow. Some of the members are going to be trained in the art of conducting. In the Assemblies, the students have been enjoying soloists from the orchestra. The school board has presented us with four new brass instruments which are patiently waiting to be blown. So come! come!!

Our very efficient Business Manager and Assistant Director, Mr. Julius Zeller, has been doing a grand job. He has also aided Mr. Hirons in choosing and buying new and better music for the orchestra.

Mr. Merritt has, also, shown a very great interest in the development of our orchestra, by his frequent visits at rehearsals, to listen and give us a word of encouragement.

The Glee Club, also very ably directed by Mr. Hirons, elected its officers early in the first term. They are: President, Lilian Sims; Secretary-Treasurer, Dorothy Lasso; Business Manager, Ray Pfeffer. Also doing a fine job as Manager is Miss Mary Douglas, who boosts the attendance and arranges the meetings. The Club's work before Christmas was the carols for the Christmas pageant. The latter half of the year will be devoted to the operetta "Patience" by Gilbert and Sullivan.

We were sorry to lose Miss Miriam Smith, who has resigned her position as music teacher. She has done fine work in the past. Her last job was assisting Mr. Hirons direct the Christmas pageant. The age-old Christmas story was brought once more to life this year by a narrator and carols illustrated with tableaux. The chorus, formed by the Glee Club, was accompanied by the orchestra.

In closing this column, it takes exactly four words to say what we think of a certain person connected a lot with music. May we give—

Orchids to Mr. Hirons

ORCHESTRA

Standing: Nancy Schnarr, Mr. J. Zeller, Mr. B. Hirons, William Wolfhard, Arthur Brown.

Back row, left to right: Richard Kehn, Fred Janke, Gordon Torrance, Edgar Conrad, Grant Kaiser, John Conrad, Paul Uffelmann, Hilda Erhardt, Donald Smith, James Wesson, Robert Riepert, Harold Strahl, Harry Janke, Donald Jukes, Owen Geiger.

Second row, left to right: Lawrence Borth, Leo Wolynetz, Carl Kreutzweiser, Donna Milner, Gloria Stroh, Ian Marr, Adam Neu, Joseph Erhardt, Ross Yendt.

Front row, left to right: Eleanor Stroh, Marian Gofton, Elizabeth McGanity, Audrey Helm, Marion MacNicoll, Mark Cressman, Geoffrey Shaw, Kenneth Kutschke.
At piano—Gloria Cressman.

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SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

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THE
MUTUAL LIFE
OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE Est. 1869 WATERLOO, ONTARIO

WAR SERVICES

WAR SAVINGS REPORT

To the Editor:

Many people say that they know very little about the War Savings Organization other than contributing their 25c faithfully every week. I have decided, therefore, that the Grumbler is the best way to reach the students to tell them of what this War Savings Organization consists. That is the reason for this open letter to you, Mr. Editor.

At a lively meeting of the Students' Council on November 10, 1941, a chairwoman was elected. She is Phyllis Smith of Ac. XII A, who carries on the advertising division of the committee. The sponsor is that man with the plaid tie and genial smile, Mr. William J. Downes. I must say that Mr. Downes has done a very excellent job. It was a difficult one, counting money, securing stamps, and my head swirls as I watch him add up columns of figures to find out if the percentage of savings is up or down for the week. The members of the committee chosen by Phyllis Smith and Mr. Downes are: Marion Roberts of C XII, who is bookkeeper and secretary. She also reports to the Record on the progress of our campaign. Gertrude Brubacher of C XII checks the money as it comes in Monday nights. She has left school. Glenys Packer, also of C XII, reports on the activities of this committee for the Grumbler, and when possible, also joins in counting the money.

Our campaign was opened November 17, 1941. Heralding the opening, an address was given by Mr. C. R. Philp in the Junior Assembly on November 13, and the Chairman of the Ontario Division of the War Savings Committee, Mr. McIntyre, in the Senior Assembly, November 14. Then came the students' chance to show that they were thinking of the war. They did! The first week—the week of November 17—there were 432 savers, with a total of $103.08. The greatest amount came January 12 with 476 savers and $196.16 collected. Here is the record of savings:

Date	Registration	No. of Savers	% Savers	Savings
Nov. 17	1120	432	38.57	$103.08
Nov. 24	1123	571	50.85	158.29
Dec. 1	1121	579	51.65	142.30
Dec. 8	1121	534	47.64	131.21
Dec. 15	1121	469	41.84	115.73
Jan. 12	1110	476	42.88	196.16
Jan. 19	1102	446	40.47	134.02
Total				980.79
Average			45.03	140.12

Here also are the best forms of the school during the same period of time.

Academic
- A XI A 74.58% Savers on the average
- A XI C 67.54% " " " "
- A XIII B $54.55 saved in 6 weeks.

Commercial
- C XI B 100% every week. Saved $71.96.
- C XI A 73.44% Savers
- C XII 69.00% "

Technical
- T XI A 95% Savers Saved $38.65
- T X B Saved $33.00

In our language, that spells an all out effort for victory. In Hitler's language, that spells defeat. A weekly total of $196.16 has been collected. Can we make $200.00 or more? I hope that before this letter goes to press the total will have climbed far higher. Let K.C.I. spell not only "Kitchener Collegiate Institute", but "Kitchener Crowns It".

Yours faithfully,
War Savings Committee,
Per GLENYS PACKER

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The Dominion-Provincional War Emergency Programme

by Mr. F. H. Pugh

Two years and five months have elapsed since that fateful Sunday of Sept. 3, 1939, when we received the startling news that our Empire "was at war". The Canadian Government, in common with other governments of the Commonwealth, soon made its relationship to the Motherland known. We stood at Britain's side.

The immediate problem facing Canada was how quickly could it change the commerce and industry of peace to one of war. It was soon realized that in a struggle which would use large quantities of highly mechanized implements of war, there would be a shortage of highly- and semi-skilled labour. One method decided upon, in order to alleviate and partly meet this situation, was to use the services available through the Vocational Schools of Canada.

In the early morning of June 17, 1940, when our school year was ebbing to its close, and the feeling in the heart of every student was "happy days were here again", a representative of the Department of Education called, and in the name of the Department, made an urgent request for the use of the School during the ensuing holidays. A conference, composed of the representative of the Department, Mr. A. M. Snider, the then Chairman of the Board, and Principal R. N. Merritt, was quickly called. The representative of the Department hadn't long to wait for his answer. The conference lasted less than an hour. The Chairman issued the order to "organize immediately and put the school shops at, and to, the services of the war effort." The first class was started 24 hours later. And so was issued an order that set in motion the War Emergency Programme at K.C.I.

In order to provide increased accommodation, many changes hve been made about the School. Today Vocational and evening industrial classes are being conducted in the West Annex. A complete new Machine Shop has been installed in the former Motor Mechanics department in the Vocational wing of the main building. What we formerly knew as the bicycle shed at the east side of the school, has been fitted up for instruction in Motor Mechanics. The building now accommodates two classes of Army Tradesmen. There are at present three Army Tradesmen's classes and four Industrial classes. The army tradesmen are being trained specifically for maintenance of machines in active service, while the industrial classes are placed in war industries.

The subjects taught in the War Emergency Classes are mechanical drafting, machine shop practice, and motor mechanics. The length of the course is 500 hours, or approximately three months. The classes are in session eight hours per day, 40 hours per week. Many trainees come from considerable distance, and the graduates go to all corners of the province. While we cannot in the short space of three months produce skilled mechanics, nevertheless, they are able to obtain basic skills, and, in industry, to obtain a further upgrading in their training, and eventually be rated in the skilled labour class.

The school has graduated 310 industrial trainees and 123 Army Tradesmen.

Old K.C.I. holds an honourable place in the educational institutions of the province. From her portals have gone many graduates to take their place in the affairs of the Empire. A new call goes forth in the War Emergency, and she stands "to Arms". Many of her War Emergency graduates will, in the days to come, bring her further honour, for they will live and work in a day when men will build and not destroy, when love shall take the place of hatred, and when there shall be a just and abiding peace.

Demand for Commercial Students Far Exceeds the Supply

Skilled labor becomes increasingly needed in time of war. Various types of skill we must have in Canada today. The need for well-trained stenographers and clerical assistants is one of the greatest.

Within a few months after the outbreak of war, all available commercial graduates were employed. By last spring students in the commercial course were obtaining good positions during, or at the completion of their Grade XI work. Over two-thirds of last year's Grade XI classes did not even commence their Grade XII work at day school. Only nine of last year's two-year special students even started their second year of training at day school.

During the autumn of 1941, the Commercial Department was unable to fill sixty per cent. of the positions it was asked to fill. A few students remained in one Grade XII class, as they desired to become more skilled before leaving school. All of them could have been placed in good positions long before December had they felt they were ready for those positions.

The Japanese have caused, since Christmas, a serious curtailment in the large rubber industry of Kitchener. Many office assistants in this industry were no longer needed. Through the co-operation of the various rubber companies and the Commercial Department these ex-students have been placed in other offices. To the best of our knowledge, by the middle of February not one of them was without an office position. Owing to the kindness of the office managers in the rubber industry, most of these office workers had new positions awaiting them while they were still employed by the rubber company, and hence, they lost not a day's work.

By the end of February the Commercial Department is back in the position where it cannot meet the demands made upon it.

The civil service today is in great need of stenographers. The examinations for these positions have become much easier owing to this need. Several of our recent girl graduates, and some who have not yet graduated, are working in the civil service now. Their average weekly income is well over twenty dollars.

The demand for male office assistants, and particularly those skilled in Shorthand, is even greater than that for girls. By the end of October, 1941, the Commercial Department had no more boys who could be partially ready until May of 1942. Since October there have been about twenty-five requests for commercially trained males. In addition, the civil service and every branch of the armed forces, needs male stenographers, and are offering exceptional financial inducement.

The Commercial Department, owing to the foresight of the Board in purchasing additional machines and up-to-date equipment, is in a better position today to qualify students for these positions than it ever has been. Every student above Grade X now receives, besides the prescribed training in other subjects, approximately one and one-half hours per week in actual practice on adding, calculating, duplicating and other office machines. There is a great demand; we have the equipment; we need more students.

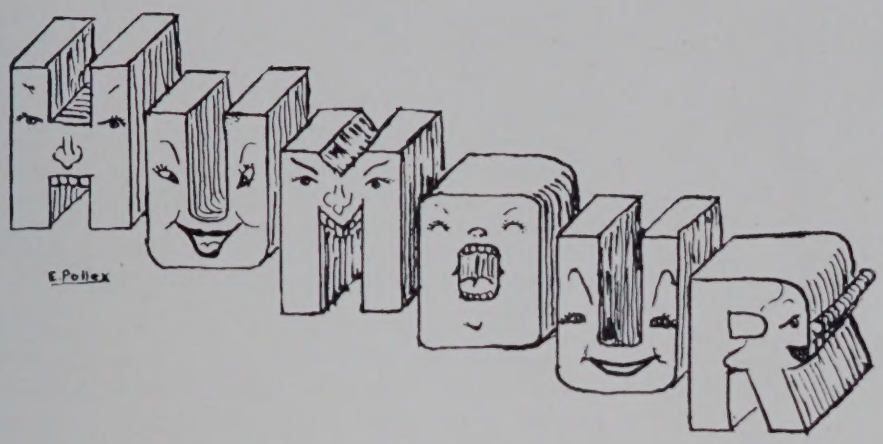
K. C. I. GOES SCRAP-HAPPY

by Richard H. Pearce

K.C.I. began her war effort early in September, when the Students' Council appointed a Salvage Committee. This committee under the sponsorship of Mr. Basil Thompson, consisted of Dick Pearce, Helen Keber, Jack Walters, Doris Schatzke, Ray Pfeffer, Gerth Daub and Margaret Goetz. An address by Mr. Amy to the Senior Assembly set things in motion and the collection increased from 900 pounds in October to over two tons in January. From all appearances, at least twelve tons will be collected this year.

Much of the credit for this record goes to the caretaking staff under Mr. Bettke, who arranged for the collection of nearly all the waste paper from the trash chutes.

The monthly campaigns have aroused enough interest to ensure a continual increase in the amount of papers. magazines and other received throughout the rest of World War II.



"JASON YOU TAKE THAT EGG RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU GOT IT."

by DICK PEARCE

HUMOR — THAT'S A LAUGH

200 Days in K. C. I.
What is this home of foo and fuzz
Where everyone tal's and nobody does?
Here we study, while Fates do rule
That home of every student — school!

—*G. Y. Gooschman.*

I propose for the next few minutes to study with you the geological ages known to many as era. (This is not in apposition to Northern Ireland). Let us first consider the far end—the commencement at the beginning. For this purpose it will be necessary to throw back our minds (talking tomatoes) to the early days of September, and to work in this direction from there.

The first era was Professorius Introductibus. This was very short and consisted mainly of that famous imitation of posing for a tintype with which the staff annually entertain the students. (Here we hear once more the chairman "looking into the smiling faces of the boys and girls"). The outstanding features this year were Mr. Brown's moustache (but give Bud Needles another 20 years), that wonderful name of Mrs. Denis-Nathan, the blonde bombshell (no mere shell at that) Miss Saari, and those daring, dashing, dapper do-dads that Mr. Hirons wears instead of clothes (I still don't get the purple sox).

There followed Studentibus Electibus Firstus. Mr. Wm. Smith proclaimed himself an ideal tool, and Mr. R. Sangster Lederman suggested himself as a man of the people—for a while at least (Frightening the scarcity of people—what?) The rest of the era was taken up with discussion of the relative merits of men and tools—the balance tilting slightly. I might mention at this time the prevalence of genus bominis feminus through all these eras.

Next, came the era—Rugbiam Gamam. Here magnificent specimens of our males (note spelling please) plunged through the guck of our local stadium. The great mystery is how they (the little green men) managed to arrange for the deluge of aqua pura every alternate Saturday.

We now find approaching the era of Bones Rolles (This does not refer to Hallowe'en). Various members of the race were found congregating in small groups studying the permutations of six digits taken two at a time—Courtesy Mr. Hal(lelujah) Wallace. Heard frequently were the words "Come on, seven"—evidently a plea to some mysterious Muse.

The next era centred its life around the school gym. This great era—Alma Mater Gymnasia Decorata par Dansum—was dominated by the desire of Ross W. Harding and his committee to prove that they were working very hard trying to find work for their friends so that they could prove that they could work. (From an old manuscript—a literal translation was impossible). The faint odour of sawdust permeated the air, and the drowsy hums (or snores) of labour could be heard everywhere.

Now came another era of work—Pre-Xmus Holidaius. Prominent lawyers of the day had

found a legal means to give several students brief rest from their daily toil. Certain members of the genus hominis could be seen sorting flat rectangular paper articles known as Xmus-Cartus. A very interesting observation to be observed around this era is the reaction of studentes homines to Coldum Cashum.

—Why, hello Mike!

—Hi Joe. Say, I'm puzzled about the American's War Effort. Why are they always talking of handing some factories over to the Japanese.

—I don't get it.

—Well, they're always talking of giving them the works.

—Oh, pardon me, folks! This last era was followed with a brief ice age. (Beat it, Mike). Then the Presidentibus Electibus Secundus came. Douglas S. Doerr was proclaimed man of the people anonymously — lacking another (men?) for the position.

Now come the era, Teae Dansae. The outstanding figures in this era are Prof. Peter Sheridan, who prepared an outstanding paper "botanical studies of the common hemor" and Dr. MacMillan, whose book on "Jitterbugging—Its Theory and Practice" was astounding.

Which brings us back to the present, where we stand in the shadow of Harry B. Keller and Charles Hagen (Dark, isn't it?) (Almost an ellipse) watching Mr. Unwin dream up a future for us.

Vesuvius is a volcano, and if you will climb to the top you will see the creator smoking.

The serfs were attached to the soil and when it moved, they moved with it.

THIS 'N' THAT

by Douglas Ruppel

Writing humour by effort is like trying to make yourself dream. In fact, it's worse. To make yourself dream just have a short snack of some gruesome edible combination, like pickles and ginger-snaps, or cocoa and sauerkraut just before going to bed. But to force humour by the same methods, just isn't practical — you ought to see all the empty barrels of adrenalin I have. So pardon me if my mind seems to wander once in a while, after all I've been told before its too weak to be out alone.

I hoped Webster might help me. He says this . . . . . But after all, that's about as much good to me as the Italian navy to Benito. Talking about Benito reminds me — Did you hear these two gems of how the Germans explained their retreat in Russia?—quote "It is part of our new strategy. Our men run, forcing the enemy to shoot them in the back, thus wasting their ammunition" or "The Russian army is so slow it can't even catch the Germans." After all, who cares about Hitler and his stooges? They are nothing but a bunch of false fronted cowards when they once meet reverses. Just look what that mob is made of:—Japs, whose motto is "Never let your right hand know who your left hand is stabbing, or Hitler, who is so narrow-minded he can see through a key hole with both eyes open, and poor Mussolini, He's not so bad in his place, it just hasn't been dug yet.

How can these forternatural gangsters expect to stand up to men of the calibre that K.C.I. sends forth to the armed services? They can't, but incidentally that reminds me of what our bundle of joy, Ed. Chadder, said when I asked him why he didn't join the Air Force rather than the Navy. He replied, "I can swim, but I'll be darned if I can fly." All of which is an argument with some basis in fact.

Here's something humorous that was kicking around town and that I think is worth pressing on to you. I trust if you know how to get a copy to Germany you'll do so, but for your own sake, and for the sake of anybody else that might be innocently involved, don't take it seriously.

Here it is, but remember it's censored: If you want to see the original, you can contact the fellows who wrote it. The guard would be glad to tell you when it's visitor's day.

"What To Do In Case of an Air Raid"

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like blazes. It doesn't matter where, as long as you run like blazes.

   N.B.—Wear track shoes if possible. If people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble getting over them.

2. Take advantage of opportunities afforded you when the air-raid sirens sound the warning of attack.

   (a) if in a bakery grab a pie, cake, etc.
   (b) if in a refreshment centre grab a bottle.
   (c) if in a movie grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, shake it vigorously, maybe the firing-pin is stuck. If that doesn't work, heave it into a furnace; (the fire department will come later and take care of things.)

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You probably can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have a little fun.

   (a) If no gasoline is available throw a bucket of water on it, and lie down, you are dead.

   P.S.—The properties of the bomb free hydrogen from the water, causing rather rapid combustion; in fact it will explode with a hang of a crash!

5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. (It will add to the fun and scare the daylights out of the kids.)

6. Drink heavily and eat onions, hamburgers, cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air-raid shelter. It will make you very unpopular with the people within your immediate vicinity, eliminating the unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.

7. Knock down air raid wardens if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyway.

8. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces, lie still and you won't be noticed.

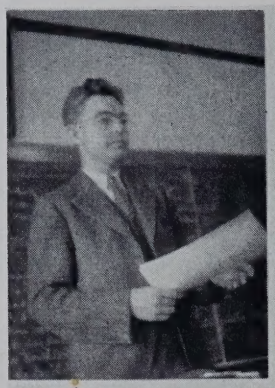
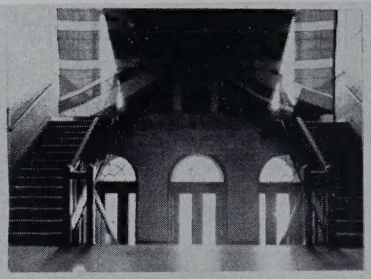
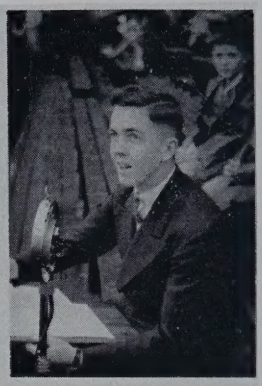
Well, you can take that for what it's worth, and I admit it isn't much — but what do you expect? These humorous remarks are all censored and some of the really good (?) ones fall by the wayside, so to speak. Here's proof—this gem was heard in the locker room. It ran thusly, to quote the unidentified stranger who told it:

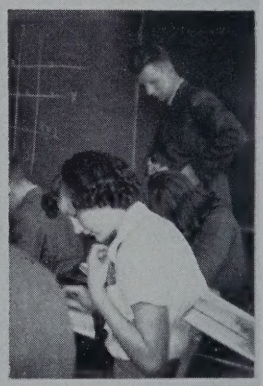
A little boy, a girl and a soldier were getting on a street car, X X X X CENSORED X X X X —And don't say I didn't tell you so.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an old envelope.

SMITH



SPORTS

SENIOR RUGBY 1941-1942

By Wm. Young and Don MacTavish

This year's senior rugby team was one of the fastest and lightest teams that ever represented K.C.I. in W.O.S.S.A. rugby. Our captain, Paul Schultz, inspired the team with his passing and running, and Phil Sheridan, at quarter-back, also plunged and passed. Bill Young and Walter Smythe made many yards around the end with their fast running and tricky ball handling. The other two backfielders were Bill Manske and Jim Uffelman. The former was noted for his kicking and blocking and the latter for his plunging. The end position was well fortified with seven hard-tackling outsides available for the position. Jim Fromm, Bill Gies and Bill Uffelman especially noted for their tackling and Bud Needles, Ed Chadder, Don Bowman and Jim Ballantyne for their pass catching and blocking. At middle we had hard-tackling Don Dunker, Don Shirk and George Ellis. Beside these there were solid-blocking Ed Stahl, Gerry Bauer, Bill Mitchell and Dave Spurgeon. The fierce charging inside brigade was made up of Ed Sehl, Lewis Murray, Herb Gastmeier, Keith Neil and Hal Hinton. For the important position of snap and centre secondary we had Albert Augustine and Don MacTavish.

The team went through the season with only two defeats—both to Brantford. We lost the first game in Kitchener owing to injuries to several key players and in the second game in Brantford we were defeated by only one point. I am sure Mr. Wallace deserves a great deal of credit for bringing the team along the way he did, and all the players would like to express their appreciation to Mr. Merritt for enabling us to see the Argo-Ottawa game in Toronto.

K.C.I.'s Senior W.O.S.S.A. Record for 1941

Date	*Place*	*Opponent*	*Winner*	*Score*
Oct. 4	K.-W.	Brantford	Brantford	24-1
" 11	Guelph	Guelph	K.-W.	16-12
" 18	K.-W.	Galt	K.-W.	4-0
" 25	Galt	Galt	K.-W.	10-0
Nov. 1	K.-W.	Guelph	K.-W.	9-0
" 8	Brantford	Brantford	Brantford	8-7

JUNIOR RUGBY

By Bob Dier and Howard Butler

The K.C.I. Junior rugby team had a fairly successful season this year, in view of the fact that we upheld the school honour in again copping our W.O.S.S.A. group title.

Mr. Hodd, this year, had some good material to work with, and so, without dwelling much on fundamentals, he settled down to form a well-balanced team.

The honours were equally shared as far as playing went. Bill McLaren was one of the most important cogs in the Junior machine, starting the season as left half and finishing at quarter-back. Mickey's bucking is his strongest point, and on those quarterback sneaks, he really ploughed through those seniors! Mickey also had the additional honour (?) of being our captain.

Roy Roberts played his usual spectacular game and filled a very important position at right-half. Fred Bergmann was speedy and made no mistakes at flying wing. Bob Schock, our basketball star, proved to be too good for snap and was moved back to a very effective left-half position. Bob McCargar was really terrific at center-half, his bucking and kicking being very powerful. We would say "Goon" should take the "Most Valuable Player of the Year" award.

Keith "Beef" Gray was our outstanding line player. His plunging more than helped to win our initial game, and after he left in mid-season the line was visibly weakened. Gavin Currie, fresh from New Brunswick and playing his first rugby, was the team's best tackler. He didn't care how fast his victim was travelling, nor how big he was; Gav put down his head and hit him. Jonas Bingeman used his weight to advantage in filling middle position and Bruce Burns was

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM — GROUP WINNNERS

Back row, left to right: William Stewart, manager; Robert Schock, Robert McCargar, Donald Scully, Gavin Currie, Jonas Bingeman, Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal, William McLaren, captain, Mr. R. J. Hodd, coach, Gordon Burns, George Parkes, Robert Dier, Roy Roberts, Keith Gray, Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Athletics. *Front row:* Don McKinnon, William Pernfuss, William Fisher, Kenneth Bleich, Harry Weaver, Carl Totzke, John Schneider, Leo Couch, Robert Hamblin, Kenneth Clarke, Frank Serdiuk, Howard Butler. *Absent*—Fred Bergmann.

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back row: Dave Shantz, Edward Chadder, Jim Uffelmann, Dave Spurgeon, Donald Dunker, Lewis Murray, Donald Shirk, Mr. Hal Wallace, coach, Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal, Bill Manske, Philip Sheridan, vice-captain, Albert Augustine, Donald Bowman, Bud Needles, Don MacTavish, Herb Gastmeier, Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Student Activity.

Front row: Walter Smythe, Ed. Sehl, Jim Fromm, Bill Wolfhard, Jim Ballantyne, Bill Uffelmann, Paul Schultz, captain, Duncan Wallace, mascot, Ed Stahl, Gerry Bauer, Bill Gies, Bill Young, Hal Hinton, Bill Mitchell, Keith Neil.

very excellent at inside. He was so fast that some of his most ardent fans claimed he was the sixth man in the opponents' backfield! (Only his most ardent fans, mind you!)

Ken Bleich played a very fast game at end with Leo Couch filling in the other wing position. That Bleich-to-Couch forward pass cinched the group title for us down at Brantford.

Speaking of the Brantford game, Coach Hodd pulled a rather novel pep-talk on us there. At half-time the score was 1-0 in our favour. The Coach stalked into the locker-room, gave us a cold glare and snarled, "You guys aren't worth talking to!" This was rather disconcerting so we trooped out and got fourteen more points just to pacify him.

Most promising player, we think, was Bob Hamblin. His plunging is very tricky and should be very effective next year in the backfield. William "Stinky" Pernfuss traded off with Bleich most of the season for regular end position and played a steady game. Rueben Kamen and Harry Weaver were small but good at half-back positions. In view of Harry's ability, he should be a first-string flying-wing next year. Quarterback Carlos "Squirtus" Totzke was very fast at his position in spite of the fact that in his opinion, there were too many other good quarterbacks. Bill Fisher alternated between end and left half on the team. Frankie Serdiuk was the stationary man of the team. Let it never be said of Frankie that he was pulled in on any play. He just never moved!

Scully, Schneider and Clarke were very excellent for tenth-graders and are most certainly assured of first-string positions next year.

For securing tickets to the Argo-Ottawa game, our cordial thanks go out to Mr. Unwin and Mr. Dickson. We really enjoyed that Toronto trip, even though we did get edged out 7-6 by U.T.S.

At this point, let us bow our heads in solemn respect for our coach, a man of infinite patience and understandirg. The fact that he was able to stand for three months is a shining tribute to his unlimitable courage. Seriously, though, we had a lot of fun in those after school practices and may Dame Fortune smile as brightly upon our successors as she did on us.

Editor's Note: Two gentlemen by the names of Howard Butler and Bob Dier played excellent rugby for K.C.I. at the positions of snap and inside respectively.

K.C.I.'s Junior W.O.S.S.A. Record for 1941

Date	*Place*	*Opponent*	*Winner*	*Score*
Oct. 4	K.-W.	Brantford	K.-W.	18-0
" 11	Toronto	U. T. S.	U. T. S.	7-6
" 18	K.-W.	Galt	K.-W.	5-0
" 25	K.-W.	Galt	(Tie)	1-1
Nov. 1	K.-W.	U. T. S.	U. T. S.	8-0
" 8	K.-W.	Brantford	K.-W.	15-0

W. O. S. S. A. BASKETBALL

By Jack Conner

At the beginning of the basketball season there were some comments as to the heights of the basketball players. It just so happened that the Juniors—strange as it seems—were taller than the Seniors.

The Seniors—although they didn't like the idea of looking up to the Juniors, were not overly disturbed until their first game. At that time they discovered that all their senior teams were the size of our Junior team. They decided that this was a "bad thing", and that something must be done to remedy the situation.

They, after much discussion, hit upon the idea of using the rugby teams shoulder pads.

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JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Mr. R. N. Merritt, Roy Roberts, Bob Schock, Dave Woeller, Mr. Devitt, Bob McCargar, Carl Amos, Leo Couch, Mr. Unwin.

Front row: Carl Totzke, Bob Bachert, Bob Hamblin, Bob Kreutzweiser.

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Mr. R. N. Merritt, Steve Menich, Walter Smythe, Donald MacTavish, Mr. Ed. Devitt, Jack Simms, Wally Reimer, Paul Schultz, Mr. Unwin.

Front row: John Conner, Wm. Young, Jacob Reimer, Edward Sehl.

This was to act as a demoralizing influence on our opponents. However, the idea, when presented to the council, was rejected with the suggestion that the teams be introduced upon the stage to the assemblies and at that time the school should judge as to our most noticeable defect or defects.

The "Gallup Poll" of K.C.I. swung into action and apparently the verdict was that our legs were the most noticeable defect. The results of this were that the team was equipped with leg camouflage, otherwise known as knee-pads. And so, with our new knee-pads, we started the season.

Almost any school night in winter, it would have been possible to see our team practising plays, shots, plays, shots and a few more plays. The results were that every night after practice the players with aching muscles came home late for supper. This, however, was only a direct repercussion of the practices, the indirect use of all our toil came during the games.

The Juniors were not defeated in any league games this season. They ousted Brantford in the semi-finals and met St. Jerome's Juniors in the finals.

Heading the Junior line-up is Bob Schock, the captain of the Juniors. He is invaluable in keeping the team organized and all the plays functioning correctly.

Bob "Gotchie" Bachert, the vice-captain, plays forward. Bob is a very tricky player and besides setting up many plays, scores a good share of the baskets.

Along with Bob on forward is Leo Couch. Leo's remarkable eye for the basket and his very effective pivot shots make him a high scorer.

Roy Roberts seems to be following his brother's footsteps as an all-round athlete. His rugby is good, his basketball is good, and his singing—well, what it lacks in quality it makes up for in volume.

Bob Hamblin is a very fast-cutting guard. He has a knack of being in the right place at the right time.

Bob McCargar plays centre. He is good on offensive as well as defensive and his dog shots are deadly.

"Streak" Woeller and "Shorty" Totzke are both smooth and tricky forwards. On guard position there is Bergmann, Amos and Kreutzweiser. All three are players with effective set shots.

Now we come to the Seniors. After their first two defeats the seniors started to get hot, even handicapped as they were by their lack of height. After their victory at Stratford P.S. (It did happen) they entered the play-offs in third place against St. Jerome's College, but were ultimately defeated in the two-game series.

Steven Menich is the captain of the Seniors. Steve is a smooth ball handler and his set and dog shots are a great asset to the team.

The vice-captain is Bill Young. Bill plays forward. He has, I believe, the highest scoring average of the team. This is due to his deadly close-in work.

Paul Schultz is the fastest, most energetic fighter on the team. He is very tricky and his back-checking and pass intercepting are excellent.

Wally Reimer plays guard. He plays a steady, hard-fighting game for his first year in W.O.S.S.A. basketball.

Forward "Ghosty" Smythe is very dangerous around the basket. His knick-name is truly applicable to his basketball.

A mountain among the mole hills. What's this? A tall Senior? Don McTavish, alias "snake-hips" plays centre very effectively.

Jake Reimer and Jack Sim, newcomers to W.O.S.S.A. basketball, play forward. Both are good shots. Jake is particularly smooth and effective around the basket.

Ed Sehl and Jack Conner play on guard position.

Last year in the basketball write-up, there was a prediction that all the Juniors needed was experience. This year with a couple of Juniors back as a nucleus, I believe that they will not only win the group championship but will go a long way toward the Junior W.O.S.S.A. crown.

Oh yes! There are a couple of very important people whom we have not mentioned as yet. The first is Mr. R. N. Merritt, our principal, who has in every way co-operated with and supported the basketball teams. The second is our coach, Mr. Ed. Devitt. For many years basketball has been increasing in importance in K.C.I. due to the products that Mr. Devitt turns out. All credit for the effective plays, the development of skill and the increase of interest should go to him.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back row, left to right: Miss Spohn, Audrey Stroh, Helen Schaus,Ruth Armstrong, Mary Page, captain, Ruth Dahmer, Frieda Keber, Margaret Dickson.

Front row: Betty Ruppel, Betty Pearce, Rita Kuhl, Florence Ziegler, Elaine Lowe.

Absent: Diana Lowe, Patsy Henderson, Gladys Leffler, Helen Seebach, Doris Kinzie, Jerrine Witzel.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM — 1941-2

Left to right: Helen Keber, Marie Laing, Jean Kaufman, Darlene Duval, Delphine Zohr, Erla Lederman, W. J. Unwin, coach, Annie Thiessen, captain, Mary Moser, Elaine Lips, Eleanor Knechtel, sub. captain, Bernice Motchman, Marion Hollinger.

Senior Girls' Basketball W.O.S.S.A.

By Annie Thiessen

This year's Senior Team was scheduled to play only Brantford in their W.O.S.S.A. games. The winners—we let Brantford off easy—were to play the winners of the London Beal - Woodstock series. Woodstock lost, so now Brantford plays London Beal.

On February 9 the team won an exhibition game from St. Mary's. We also played Western University and Waterloo College, winning from the latter. On February 18 the team beat Galt 14-6. The team is ably coached by Mr. W. J. Unwin, whose plays helped to overcome the team's inexperience.

Marie Laing—Forward—Marie is a tall forward whose passing and shooting is excellent.

Mary Moser—Forward—Mary plays basketball like she tap-dances—perfectly. She shows her ability whenever she gets the chance.

Eleanor Knechtel—Forward—Ella is the "veteran" of the team. Her long shots help K.C.I's score heaps.

Marion Hollinger—Forward—I promised not to mention Marion's size so I won't. "Squirt" plays forward and guard equally well.

Elaine Lips—Forward—Elaine was at Virgil this summer and the "oomph" she acquired there certainly shows in her excellent playing.

Delphine Zohr—Forward—Delly is the "find" of the season. You would never guess from her playing that this is her first year on the team.

Jean Kaufman—Guard—Jean is a good, steady, dependable guard who can be counted on to give the other team tough opposition.

Annie Thiessen—Guard—Censored!!!!!!!

Bernice Motchman—Guard — Bernice plays a good hard game and is noted for intercepting passes.

Erla Lederman—Guard—Erla is our stellar attraction. She can be relied on to draw a good crowd if nothing else will. By the way she plays well as guard.

Helen Keber—Guard—Helen plays guard position very well. She "mows 'em down".

Darlene Duval—Guard — the opposition find Darlene hard to get around. You'll be hearing more from her next year.

THE GYM TEAM

By Dave Spurgeon

Once again the school gymnasium is reserved on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the noon-hour. Once again the parallel bars, the high bar and all the other apparatus peculiar to a gymnasium apparatus team makes its appearance on the floor. The "Gym Team" is once again at work. Yes, this enthusiastic group is hard at work twice a week, pushing and pulling, grunting and groaning. This year they are under the capable student supervision of Bill Wolfhard and Bud Needles. Bill Wolfhard—who will try anything once, and usually does—has been on the team for several years and certainly "knows his stuff" on the parallel bars and high bar. Bud Needles, tall, curly-haired and blond, has perfect form and definite ability in apparatus work. The gym team also benefits by a number of new faces, as well as familiar ones, this year. It is composed of: Bob Fleischauer, Paul Schultz, Leigh Bellinger, Don Krueger, Jim Ballantyne, Bill Wolfhard, Ken Clarke, Harry Baker, Wally Reimer, Jim Bulmer, Glen Gingrich, Herb Breithaupt, Art Wagner, Bud Needles, Edwin Howard and Dave Spurgeon. Everyone is working hard in an effort to produce fine displays under the excellent directorship of Mr. W. J. Unwin.

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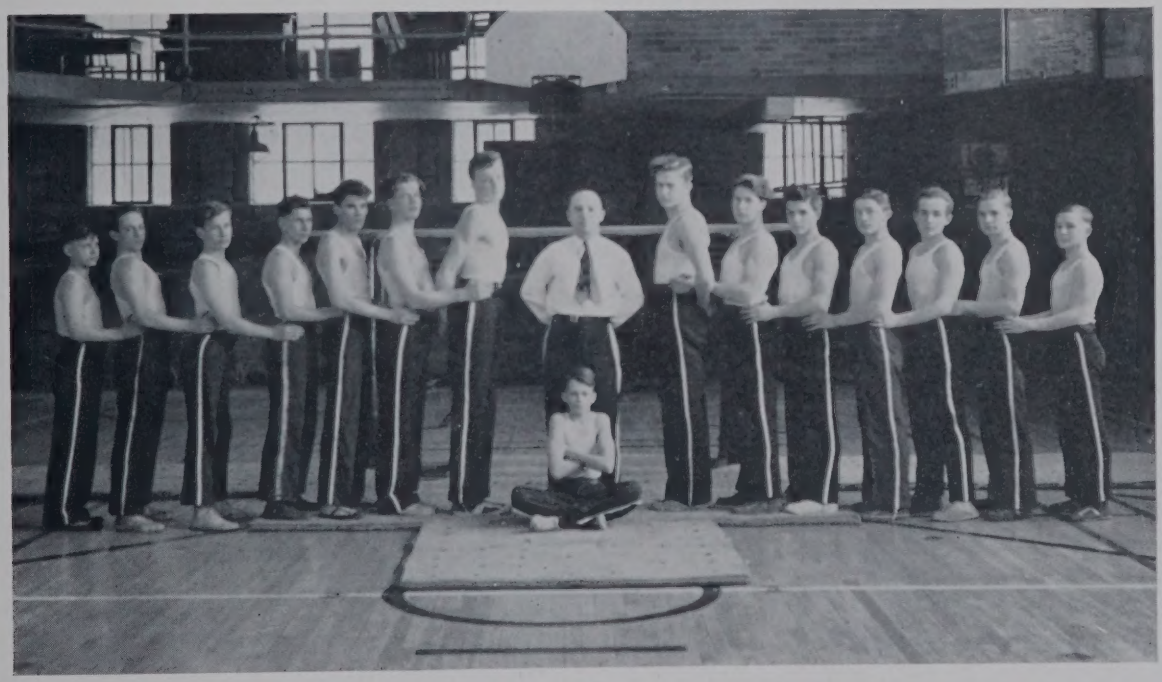

GYM TEAM

Left to right: James Bulmer, Robt. Bachert, Edwin Howard, Kenneth Clark, James Ballantyne, Arthur Wagner, Herbert Breithaupt, W. J. Unwin, Director of Athletics, Bud Needles, Dave Spurgeon, Paul Schultz, Waldemar Reimer, Glen Generick, Donald Krueger, Harry Baker, Robert Fleischauer (sitting), Wm. Wolfhard, (absent).

GIRLS' SPORTS

SOFTBALL

A keenly-contested series of softball games under the sponsorship of Miss Spohn and Mr. Duncan, was played last fall. After two exhibition games, the Dodgers and Cardinals played a four-game schedule which resulted in two victories for each team. In a sudden death game, the Cardinals defeated the Dodgers to win the crests. Marg.. Schlote and Bernice Motchman were captains of the Cardinals and Dodgers respectively. The regular umpires were Mr. Hodge and Mr. Downes. The teams:

Cardinals — Marg. Schlote, Pat Henderson, Arlene Kuntz, Diana Lowe, Betty Ruppel, Jean Chivers, Frieda Keber, Jean Schlote, Alice Gaeler, and Doris Kinzie.

Dodgers—Bernice Motchman, Ruth Dahmer, Ruth Armstrong, Helen Schaus, Jerry Witzel, Helen Seebach, Rita Stahle, Doris Bond, Ruth Swartz, Gladys Leffler, Elaine Lowe and Florence Ziegler.

* * *

VOLLEYBALL

The girls volleyball teams had a most successful season. About forty teams participated in the intra-mural event, with some forms having as high as four entries. The winners were as follows:

In the junior series, Ac. X B "a" team won from Ac. X A "a" team.

In the intermediate section, Com. XI B "a" team won from Ac. XI D "a" team.

The senior series was won by S.C. A, while the runners-up were Ac. XII A.

* * *

HOCKEY

Girls' hockey has improved greatly since its inauguration several years ago. Such great stars as Rita Bauer, (does the name sound familiar-) and Mary Eleanor Kaufman could be seen skating feverishly up and down the ice scoring goal after goal, The teams were coached and cheered by the onlookers, who apparently knew more about the game than the players did. Five teams participated in this schedule drawn up by Mr. Wallace and Bill Stewart. Sp. A's "Aces", winning two out of two games, and A XII C's "Classics", who won three out of four games, will play off for the championship.

* * *

THE JUNIOR TEAM

This year we had an extremely active Junior Girls' team. They practised regularly and played well. The team played exhibition games with St. Mary's and Galt. The improvement between games was marked. The team was ably coached by Miss Spohn, whose guidance was responsible for their fine showing.

Mary Page, Captain; Frieda Keber, Betty Ruppel, Rita Kuhl, Helen Schaus, Audrey Stroh, Betty Pearce, Diana Lowe, Ruth Armstrong, Helen Seebach, Doris Kinzie, Ruth Dahmer, Patsy Henderson, Jerry Witzel, Gladys Leffler, Marg. Dickson, Elaine Lowe, Florence Ziegler.

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K. C. I.'s RINK

As K.C.I.'s hope for an annual rink and an annual inter-form hockey tournament was realized, the students took full value from the rink.

A very successful hockey season was had, under the capable sponsorship of Mr. H. Wallace, capably assisted by Gerry Bauer and Bill Stewart.

After many hard-fought games, T X D emerged as champions of the Junior boys' group although T IX C, T IX B, and A X D had unblemished records in the league schedule but faltered in the playoffs. In group (1) of the senior boys, C XI B, the Downes-coached team, boasting of such players as Shirk, Cotey and Ellis, finished on top of the league with a record of five straight victories. A triple tie existed for second place between A XII A, AXIII A and A XII D, necessitating playoffs. A XII A, led by Jim Uffelman and Bill Young, ousted C XI B and defeated the group champions, T IX B, for the senior championship.

Girls' hockey is becoming increasingly popular and is an exceedingly interesting game. Some of the experts are now actually able to see some resemblance between as the girls played it and hockey as it is played. However, SC A, led by Rita Bauer and Bernice Motchman, and a combined team representing A XII C, managed, coached and directed by Marg Armstrong and starring high-scoring Mary Eleanor Kaufman, put on a great show as they battled it out for the girls' championship.

An interesting figure-skating display was presented for K.C.I. on February 16, by Kitchener's skating stars, Floraine Ducharme and Wallace Diestelmeyer, who won the Junior Pairs event at the Dominion Figure Skating Championships this winter. Floraine and Wally gave an exhibition which thrilled all K.C.I.

Let's all hope for another successful rink for K.C.I. in 1943.

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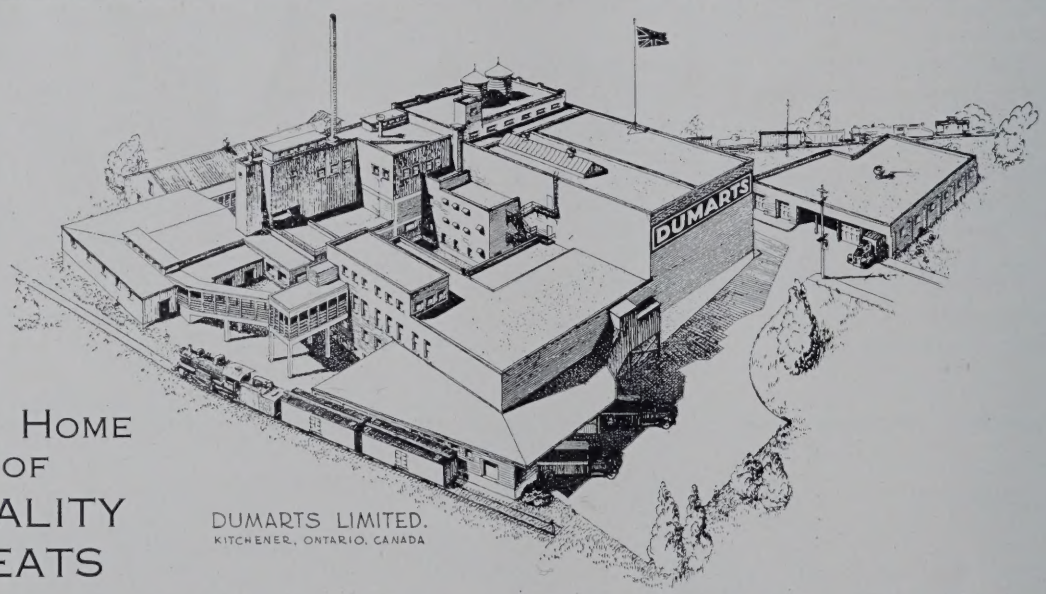

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K. W. C. I. HAS A NEW CHAMPION,

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Wallace Diestelmeyer, a prominent student of our Commercial School, began his fourth season of figure skating this year. He joined the Kitchener-Waterloo Figure Skating Club as a Junior in 1938, and won, that same year, the Junior Club championship. The following year he won the Senior award.

It was in 1940 that he first began pair-skating with Floraine Ducharme, formerly of St. Mary's High School.

1941 found Wallace holding the Senior Men's Championship of Kitchener, the Stratford Senior Championship, the Junior Men's Western Ontario Championship, and, with Miss Ducharme, runner up in Canadian Junior Pairs competition held in Montreal.

"Floraine and Wally," as they came to be known by their fans and friends, skated in many out-of-town carnivals, including Petawawa, Stratford, Guelph and Acton.

Wallace took advantage of the summer skating facilities at the Granite Club, where he passed tests on figures. He passed first in the third class tests at the close of "Summer School," to be rewarded with several bronze medals.

When the 1942 season for the Kitchener Club started in November at the Granite Club, skating hours were limited to week-ends only. As a result Floraine and Wally left for Schumacher to train for 1942 Dominion Championships held in Winnipeg, always under the expert coaching of Madge Austin, an English professional.

Before they left they gave an exhibition in Toronto.

One month later they became Canada's Junior Pair Champions, and runners-up in the Senior Pair Division.

To date they have been requested to skate at five carnivals: Niagara Falls, Stratford, Montreal, Schumacher and Hamilton.

We wish Floraine and Wally the best of luck, and hope that they will win the Senior Pair Championship some day.

LAURENTIAN SKI TRACKS

by Ian Marr

ONE doesn't usually like to be rudely awakened at six o'clock Sunday morning by this salutation, "Get up or you'll miss the train." It was, however, necessary to rise at six o'clock in order to catch the ski train at seven-twenty.

After thinking this over I hauled myself out of bed, dressed, and made my appearance at the table. Breakfast over, we put on our ski equipment, slung our skis over our shoulders, and started for the station. Early Sunday morning positively nothing stirred; that is, "nothing except those all too venturesome skiers, who go up north and break their bones hurtling downhill."

This was probably what people were thinking about us and the many other skiers who "went north" at every opportunity. However, what did we care, as our boots scrunched down the fresh clean snow which had fallen the night before.

The station was jammed. Everywhere there were skiers, skis, rucksacks, sunglasses—in fact all the paraphernalia used by the modern skier. One of our friends specialized in gadgets and it was a joy to see him playing with each and every one. To buy a ticket one had to have ingenuity as well as courage; only the fittest survived this rush and scramble. Tickets, however, were secured for the three of us by our combined efforts. Then someone shouted that the train was coming. There was a train coming all right; as it drew nearer it turned out to be the "Quebec Express", not our train at all. In a few minutes another came puffing in from the south. New Yorkers scrambled off, bag and baggage, to make connections for "the North"; porters were left behind, as the traditional skier must shoulder his own load, and they liked it too, these young Americans. There was another delay until our train was finally sighted.

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It arrived eventually, full of skiers, peering out the windows, others frantically gesticulating to their friends as they hung out the ends of the cars; they had double seats reserved! What an air of spontaneity there was about it all. "King Care Free" reigned—colour ran riot, costumes were fearful and wonderful, ranging from the Eskimo to the smart Tyrollean ensemble.

The ski train consisted of old wooden coaches. Since these were light, the engine could pull a train of about fourteen cars. On the return trip gas lights were used for illumination.

We serpentined around Mount Royal, swinging up North through miles of snow to the hills. We loved the changing scenery, the white spruces, the birches bent by the winter winds, the habitant houses which seemed to have grown out of the soil, all banked and blanketed in snow. The train slowly pulled up grade following the meanderings of the Rivière du Nord and soon we were at the station. We struggled into our knapsacks and got out through the door, some skiers making their exit by way of the window. Skis waxed, we were now ready for a cross country trip along trais leading far from the road, through woods and fields, uphill and down dale.

Outside the train, the air was crisp and cold, and the sun shone on the snow which reflected the light with millions of tiny sparkles. Whips cracked and bells jingled as the sleighs drove away up the hill in this small Laurentian village. Cozy in the sunshine, it nestled under its snowy cover. The little houses of hand-hewn squared logs, whitewashed, with trimmings of yellow-green or the traditional French blue, almost

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bumped each other as they squatted on the edge of the road. For you must know our Habitant is a sociable fellow, given to jollification with his "own folk". Over each door was a plaque of St. Christopher, the patron saint of travellers.

On the highest knoll in the village stood the church, religious and social centre of this mountain community. Mounting guard over the whole countryside its bell called the faithful to prayer hourly on Sunday morning, and made sweet music through the hills.

Soon the long procession of skiers, taxis and sleighs had vanished over the top of the hill and everything regained its usual quiet. However, fifteen minutes later, the next train stopped disgorging its load, and then pandemonium again reigned.

It did not take long to leave the other skiers and we were soon struggling up the first long hill. At the top there was nothing to do but climb the second hill, but as it was longer than the first we began to feel rather tired; in fact the only thing that kept us moving along so fast was the anticipating of the slide down the other side. It was presumed by all that some of us would not ski the whole way down, for one wit in our party said, "I learned to ski in twelve sittings."

The other side of a difficult bump, or just around a rather icy and sometimes steep curve, we would gather and watch the next victim display his skill. If he fell we all laughed at him, for it is not considered ill-mannered to laugh at a skier who has taken a tumble.

At this point one of the fellows, anxious to show the others that he knew a thing or two, did a gelandesprüng; that is, he dug his poles into the snow at the top of a bump and executed a small jump. This unfortunate, however, lost his balance in mid air, and plunged head first into a snowbank so hard that only his legs were left sticking out. We held our breath until we saw him wiggle, and then knowingg that he must be alive we all gave him the Ha! Ha!, and yanked him out; eyes, ears, nose, hair full of snow. It nearly was a noble achievement but there's many a slip—in skiing.

At the top of the next hill we could see for miles. In every direction bare peaks and summits reared their hoary heads. About fifteen miles to the north a train was winding its tortuous length around one of the many mountains

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and we could hear the whistle. Then after gazing at the scenery we pushed off, one by one, until I was the last left on the top. The cool green firs laden down with their blobs of snow on each branch stirred gently in the breeze and somewhere off in the distance a dog barked.

The run looked long and steep, and during my meditations my companions had reached the bottom. There they waited. I started with a sharp push-off to gain more speed. As the slope was bumpy an Arlberg crouch was necessary. The hill now flashed by in a white blur, my knees working like shock absorbers. I finished at the bottom with a grand swooping Christiana. Then, our Ski Club being over the next rise, we hurried along.

It was the time honoured custom of our Club that the first member to arrive got the key of the house from its place of concealment. This unfortunate then had to make a fire and bring in wood for the stove. Soon the rest of the gang had arrived and dinner was started. Everybody got his own and helped with the dishes afterwards. Then the last one out made everything shipshape, locked the house and hung the key in its accustomed place.

As the trip back to the station was mostly downhill, it was easily navigated by all and as we entered Mount Rolland at dusk, we were thinking of our coach so cozy and comfortable on the siding. We soon stumped into it, brushed the snow from our clothing and peeled off our boots and jackets. Someone started singing "Alouette", so we all joined in. The train began to move and the lights of the station blinked away into the darkness. Occasionally a blur of light flashed by, indicating we had passed another stop.

On arriving home we turned on the lights and "Charlie McCarthy", lit the fireplace, and relaxed in front of the fire. It had been another glorious day.

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LITHUANIA

(Continued from page 64)

the "Canada Cup", which was made in Toronto from Canadian silver, and presented officially by the British Government representative on behalf of a Canadian. Until the war it was awarded annually to the high school in Lithuania excelling in sport, 2,000 student athletes, both sexes, competing for it in a three-day meet. It bears together the maple leaf of Canada and the insignia of Lithuania.

Lithuanian, the oldest living language in Europe, is one of the most ancient in the world, linking directly with Sanskrit, preserving purity of form. It is peculiarly adapted to poetic and musical expression.

The arts of the opera, music and the stage play a large part in Lithuanian life. Many have achieved world fame. For example, John Gielgud in drama, and Anna Kaskas of the Metropolitan Opera. The love of music is shared by all Lithuanians.

Temporarily and involuntarily, Lithuania suffers again the foreign oppressors, in like distressful predicament of that of its neighbour, Poland, and so many of the other countries of Europe. Twice ravaged in this war, Lithuania lives on, the unquenchable love of freedom, the undying tradition of an ancient race which has known and survived invasions and wars and conquerors down the centuries inspiriting its people until the day of deliverance, when Democracy and Progress shall be resumed.

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Form News

ACADEMIC X A

This naughty wee member of A X A
Doesn't know what she'll have to pay
For burning the candle too long at night,
And risking the loss of her valuable sight.
So the next morning as you can believe
When from the teacher a question received,
She sleepily blinked and lifted her head,
"Miss Spohn, I don't know what you said."
And so little member of A X A
I hope you realize it doesn't pay
To burn the candle too long at night
And lose the school's important fight.

* * *

The shroud that has enveloped A X A has been lifted and for the first time in the history of "Alpha Decca Alpha 1941-1942" the students of K.C.I. will be able to get a brief glimpse into the annals of one of the best forms in the Collegiate.

Boy, we've got a dilly form,
Always causing trouble,
Both in afternoon and morn
No wonder teachers grumble.

We hate to do our work at night
So we do it in the morning,
Our note-books are an awful sight
And so our marks are running.

We've some virtues in spite of all,
We're champs in field and gym,
We won the shield for basketball
And look for more to win.

So don't be too downhearted, kids,
We aren't so awfully bad
If you look at the few good points we own,
Instead of the many bad.

* * *

An article is being written in the Ontario School Magazine about our Latin Room. Poster Projects done by our club "Latina Societas Seconda" have made room 204 "A room with character". Our motto is "We play while we work". Our class fairly bristles with originality; our medians are sky high; and our response is spontaneous.

* * *

On January 14, A X A realized one of its great ambitions in reaching the 100% goal in salvage collection.

* * *

For several months now, we have edited the paper "FORM FLASHES" which is humorous and intelligent. One young lady presumably wise, is a Dorothy Dix in the disguise of Madame Match-Maker.

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Smiles in Science

Lorraine and Jean are holding hands—

Mr. Montgomery—"Girls, stop holding hands. If you want to hold hands you can hold mine."

* * *

Mr. Montgomery—"What material does the bee produce which is useful to man? Patsy Henderson."

(Patsy gives a feeble answer.)

Mr. Montgomery—"Who?"

Patsy—"Honey."

* * *

Giggles in Geometry

Elizabeth raises her hand—

Miss Douglas—"Yes?"

Elizabeth—"Mrs. Doug . . . ."

* * *

Laughs in Latin

Fay must have been terribly thirsty in Latin class when she had her leaking pen in her mouth —boy, what a mess. It took her half the period to look as if she hadn't been eating a blueberry pie.

* * *

We Wonder . . .

Who the rugby hero (or should we say bench-warmer) is that Fay is always keeping her third eye on in spare?

Who the strawberry-blonde is that goes to dancing class . . . . ask checkers she adores red hair or pardon me she adores red.

Why the girls in the back seats in Latin Class get such low Latin marks . . . . could it be the handsome boys they can watch through the windows?

Whose heart flutters when she hears a voice behind her singing in the B flat song mostly flat? It couldn't be Peg . . . or could it.

Who Mr. Duncan was thinking about in a debate when he leaned back in his chair and broke the back off?

Who the boy was that went to Diana's party with Pat Henderson and had thirteen cokes?

ACADEMIC X B

Form News Representative — Onalee J. Walter
Form Representatives:
Students' Council — Audrey Strohl
Athletics — Elaine Becker

The Seventh Period on Friday afternoon every other week is a joyous time for AXB. The "Lasabehap Club" established as an English club, meets at that time. Our president is Betty Ruppel and our secretary, Janet Cochrane. These girls have executed their duties very well since their appointment shortly before Christmas. The class has enjoyed a quiz programme conducted by Elaine Shelley and Onalee Walter and has actually accompanied a worthy professor "Switzerbomb" to the Moon; where, according to Blanche Hubacheck, everything is done exactly reverse to the recognized method on earth. Although not all of the class has as yet contributed to this section of the class's activities, we are anticipating many more humorous but interesting and entertainings of the "Lasabehap Club".

Student of AXB—"Evangeline, have you a new blouse?"

Evangeline—"Why, er, yes."

Member of AXB—"Never mind answering, the blouse is so loud, it speaks for itself."

* * *

Warning!

Mr. Hirons had better be careful about the threats he makes. Our class has already benefited by an apple lunch because of his bright sayings. Next time it will be chocolates, eh class?

* * *

Heart Throb (Perhaps)

Well, well, we hope that it isn't too serious! Lois cannot refrain from watching Mr. Montgomery as he circumnavigates the room.

* * *

Class Talent

Luella Telford: AXB's future Jenny Lind.

Hockey Team: Our form has managed to

create a second group of "Maple Leafs". They are going through the games with flying colours.

Volley Ball: Congratulations, girls! (We won the Junior Volleyball Pennant).

Basketball: Mary Page is a whizz in our team. Best luck for the season!

* * *

If Mr. Hirons ever needs a drummer he can go to Miss Douglas. She practises drumming by tapping tunes with a ruler on the desk when calling the class to order.

* * *

We wonder how Luella Telford became so intimate with Samuel de Champlain. In her history notes she calls him "Sam".

* * *

What Would Happen If:

Anita Penner ever brought her books to class?

Onalee Walter or Janet Cochrane ever had less than 100% in a subject?

Frieda Keber ever answered a question correctly?

Colleen Sloan lost her mirror?

Lois Montgomery ever lost her comb?

* * *

Miss Logan: "Where was the Quebec Act signed by the members of the British Parliament?"

Donna Milner (with a bright look): "At the bottom!"

* * *

Evangeline Gill seems to believe that Hitler awards Victoria Crosses to his heroes. She gave this brilliant thought in a history composition—Remember?

ACADEMIC X C

Our Slogan

Never do to-day what can be put off till tomorrow.

* * *

10 Years From Now

Howard Ziegler—is captain of his own spacious row-boat.

Art Wagner—is fire chief of the great Bridgeport Fire Brigade.

Ken Clarke—is a learned professor in French.

Dave Parkman—is a mattress tester — also up and coming trombone player.

The J. Schneider—is a tobacco auctioneer.

Harry Berlett—is sweeping Kresge's.

John Boothby—is skinning a mink.

Bill Giller—is cutting lamb chops in the one and only Giller's store.

Lawrence Borth—once our best student, is seen briskly dumping garbage into a waiting truck.

H. Johnson—is married to the girl whose picture is in his wallet (we hope).

J. Wanklin—is still following a certain girl.

H. Macklin—is seen in the No. 10 Training Centre barracks, calling "buy a paper".

* * *

We Wonder Why—

Wright and Rabb—Wander around the halls at noon (girls?)

Schneider—talks so much.

Johnson—carries his wallet in his shirt pocket (whose picture is in it?)

Students—who don't sleep very well read French and Latin books and doze off immediately.

* * *

Foolishness!

High School—five best years of our life????

Mr. Zeller—"Close your books, we're going to have dictation." . . . (A while later)

Mr. Zeller—"Say, Wright, is your book open?" Bam, down went Mr. Zeller's book on W.'s head.

Mr. Zeller—"There now, you've made me lose my page."

Wright—"Here, Sir, take my book, it's still open."

Wanklin (gazing at the design of the ceiling of Mr. Duncan's room): "Doesn't this remind you of a barber shop."

Kraft—"It is one."

J. W.—"How so?"

F. K.—"If you don't do your work he comes down and clips you."

ACADEMIC X D

Editor — Don Snider

AXD is a very successful boys' form. Our sports section of the room has been very successful, too. The debating team has won both debates they have been in. This shows that they are well on the way to victory. The basketball teams have had a flying start in the season, losing every game they have played. Our hockey team has made much better progress, winning three out of three games. The midget rugby team had a great season, winning the championship. The cheer of our form brought us the pennant, sharing our honours with A 10 A.

This Is Our Yell:

1, 2, 3, who are we.
We are the boys of AXD
In the gym. On the track
We will carry the red, yellow, black.
In our studies we won't flunk
'Cause we'll work with our man Dunc.
Razzle, dazzle, dizzle, die
We're the best in K. C. I.
Yea 10 D, Yea 10 D
Rah, Rah, Rah.

* * *

The following are a few expressions of our teachers:

Miss Snider—Get down to work.

OUR HAPPY OLD HIGH SCHOOL

OR

Five years in a concentration camp

IN FIRST FORM WE ALL THINK IT'S NEW.
IN SECOND WE HAVE MORE TO DO.
THE THIRD YEAR IS A LITTLE TOUGH,
BUT BY THE FOURTH IT'S REALLY ROUGH.
AND NOW WE'RE COMING TO FORM FIVE,
STAY WITH US, BOYS, IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE,
'CAUSE NOW YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO TELL,
THAT "DRI-BREIT" SOLES WILL WEAR LIKE ANYTHING . . .

—And besides, they're watertight, so why not ask for them on your next new and rebuilt shoes.

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For information on courses in Arts, Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Household Science, Education, Forestry, Music, Graduate Studies, Dentistry, Social Science, Nursing, the new Course in Physical and Health Education, the new Honour Course in Geography, the Honour Course in Law, the Course in Commerce, the Honour Courses in Fine Art and in Music, etc., write the Registrar of the University. For particulars regarding the Pass Course for Teachers, Evening Classes, Summer Session, Courses in Occupational Therapy, in Physiotherapy, in Aerial Navigation, in Business, and in Radio Technique, write to the Director of University Extension.

Mr. O'Connell—All hands on A note book.
Mr. Dickson—This is no laughing matter.
Mr. Class—I'm not asking you, I'm telling you.
Mr. McMillan—Get settled.
Mr. Duncan—I think we've had enough talking.

* * *

Favourite expressions of classmates:
Leigh Bellinger—I lost her again. Elaine?
George Kerr—Happy in Toronto. (How about Diane?).
Fred Janke—I'm a genii.
John Hasen—No.
Gord Coombes—Let me see your answer.

* * *

A few Highlights of Class life:

Mr. Class and Bob Fleischauer

Bob: "What does Mme. Gervais mean, sir?"
Mr. Class: "I don't know, it's just a name. What does your name mean?"
Bob (with a grin): "Meat cutter."

Mr. Dickson and Ed.

Mr. Dickson: "What is a definition of work?"
Ed: "An excursion of the muscles."

ACADEMIC XI A

Form News Representatives:
Mary Grabbe and Edith Merner

OUR FORM A XI A

by J. Davies

Our form, a very clever group,
Have energy to burn,
For all take part in sport or clubs,
But ne'er neglect to learn.

This form has many witty girls,
In Latin, French, and Math.
There's always those with hobbies, too
(We never fail to laugh).

And then, of course, in every form
Are secret love affairs,
They act so innocent *in* class,
Outside they walk in pairs!

Another thing that's rather queer
There's three Betty's *and* five Jean's,
But only *one* of *each* of these
With the "other half" been seen!

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The University is undenominational and co-educational. It has three faculties and seven affiliated colleges. It stresses hard work, high standards and friendly co-operation between staff and students. The University curriculum is planned to help ambitious students to make the most of their opportunities. It provides physical education and athletics of more than ordinary merit.

For further particulars, apply to THE REGISTRAR.

But best of all about this form,
That they wish to cultivate
Is great originality
It's found in all their traits.

* * *

A XI A has a new idea! Instead of the usual contest for students, this royal form decided to hold one for the teachers that we've had in K.C.I. This is the result!

Most popular—Mr. Zeller
Prettiest eyes—Mrs. MacDonald
Prettiest teeth—Miss Douglas
Prettiest hair—Miss Spohn
Best dressed—Miss Logan
Best figure—Miss Spohn
Friendliest—Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Wallace
Best personality—Mr. Zeller
Most originality—Miss Purkis
Friendliest smile—Miss Spohn
Most handsome—Mr. Zeller
Best complexion—Mr. Zeller

* * *

The Student Council officers at the beginning of the year were Marie Post and Ruth Weber. The new ones are June Swartz and Jean Kaufman. Maxine Wilson is our Athletic Representative. Max, herself, broke two records, the "shot-put", and the "soft-ball throw". The "soft-ball throw" hadn't been broken for eighteen years. Let's hope she does as well this year.

Another brilliant Little is Florence Little, with an average of 93. Her sister, Catherine Little, won a certificate for being the most "proficient student in the Commercial Department". Everyone in A XI A is betting that Florence will repeat this family performance on the Academic side.

A XI A was the form that started the now famous Latin Club "Societies Latina" which is being continued by our successors, A X A.

And Mr. Montgomery says: "There's nothing gained nor lost in this world—except in the slot machines."

Somebody please tell Ruth Weber the difference between "monocle and "molecule".

Mr. Montgomery, our room's philosopher, writes a motto on his board each day. One of the choice ones is "Flattery is like perfume—to be inhaled, not swallowed."

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ACADEMIC XI B

Editors:
George Buchhaupt, Doug Copland and Ben Goreman

Here, within the massive portholes of 101 is bustling activity. Brilliant students (ask any teacher—well, almost any) hurry to and fro preparing the collosal(?) news which is to follow. So read on, students, with ecstatic joy and chuckling mirth . . . (we hope).

Intramurals:—Well, even if we did lose in debating, rugby and volleyball, we have won a basketball game and are still trying hard at hockey—at least we try.

Advice to the love-lorn—by Erla Lederman.

I wonder what has happened to the budding romance between our gridiron star and our glamour girl. A certain personality in A XI B wonders how he can become tall, dark and handsome instead of short, dark and cute.

Requests of the Inquisitive

What does our female detective do on her numerous half holidays?

Why we get along (Oh Yeah) so well with all our teachers?

Where does Darlene Duval get her brains?

What Erla and Cavell look like when their jaws are still.

Why Mank gives B. Hett those side-glances.

Where Cressman gets his scientific ideas (and why they don't work).

* * *

Twenty-five Years From Now

Maisie—night club singer.
Mank—transport pilot.
Headlam—1 inch taller (maybe)
Cressman—another Edison
B. Dryden—still flirting
Buddell—who knows?
C. Campbell—truck driver

ACADEMIC XI C

Editors — Bill Shantz and Dave Woeller

Our school year opened with a "Bang" and most of us were surprised to find that we had practically the same form this year as last. Of course, we're an all boys form.

ATHLETICS

RUGBY — A large number of the Junior W.O.S.S.A. rugby team are members of our form, including: Bill McLaren (captain), Bruce Burns, Bill Fischer, Carl G. K. Totzke, George E. Parkes, Bill P. Pernfuss, Bob J. Dier, J.

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Howard Butler, and Harry F. Weaver. Our form entered two Inter-Form Rugby Teams, one of which was defeated by a small margin in the semi-finals, and the other which rose to the top without a single defeat.

BASKETBALL—In the relays we entered one team and came second, being only three points behind the winning team.

In W.O.S.S.A., we are well represented by Carl G. K. Totzke, Carl F. H. Kreutzweiser, and Dave J. Woeller. In Inter-Form, we have two teams. Both are doing splendidly.

HOCKEY—We entered one A1 hockey team this year which so far has not met defeat. We are counting on it to bring laurels to the form.

* * *

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

ORCHESTRA—We have ten of our form members who participate in the school's orchestra, including Ken Kutschke, president, Geoffery Shaw, vice-president, and Owen Geiger, librarian.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL — Our representatives of the Students' Council for the first term were Jack George and Geoffery Shaw. For the second term we have Harry Weaver and Jack George. Our form has had a "wiener roast" to which we invited some of the fairer sex. At present we are anticipating a sleighing party.

DEBATING—In the field of debating, we lost our first debate to Ac. XIB. The debate itself was, to the audience and others, so one-sided, that the winning team admitted after the debate that we certainly should have won by a large margin. But the judges were against us.

THE MAJOR PLAY—In the play this year we were represented by Jack George, who played the leading role. The play was splendidly directed by Mr. A. J. O'Connell, our Home Form teacher.

Taking pity on our beloved teacher, Mr. O'Connell, we decided to try and raise his morale. I admit that its fairly disgusting standing out in this cold weather cranking a car (if it can be called that) and then running to the "dash" and "spark it" several times in the morning.

It was overheard by some of the students that Mr. O'Connell is doing his bit to save gasoline. His latest device is priming his engine through the carburetor with gasoline and then cutting the gas off and then run the contraption on coal oil (its cost is 17c per gallon. *This story is not confirmed.*

Well, anyway, as I started to say, we bought Mr. O'Connell a model tootsietoy car for Christmas, just to give him a little more spirit as he starts his vain job in the morning.

* * *

CORN

Class Events

(Sentence for correction in the English Text Book)

"There is a teacher I shall always remember, because he had a sweet voice and pleasant smile."

Mr. MacMillan (to class): "Now there is a serious error in this statement."

Butler (wise crackin' again): "That's no lie."

Smart Girl!

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Mr. MacMillan (telling one of his many far-fetched stories): "We were holidaying in the Rocky Mountains and decided to climb Mt. Ranier, we climbed as far as the glacier and—

Weaver (interrupting): "—and we got cold feet.'"

* * *

Pee-Wee Gildner to Mr. Wallace: "Why are there Negroes in Chatham and Scotsmen in Galt?"

Mr. Wallace to Pee-Wee: "All right, I'll bite."

Pee-Wee: "Chatham had first choice."

* * *

We hope that this hasn't been too boring and that it has been "More 'amusin' than confusin'."—Li'l Abner.

ACADEMIC XI D

By Walter Smythe

If the remainder of the school year is half as successful as the year so far, A XI D will have no complaints.

In every branch of the extra curricular activities, this form has played its full part.

The first activity of the season was rugby, and although our room team gave a good account of themselves they did not cop any honours. Our glory on the rugby field was left to our W.O.S.S.A. players from XI D; they were, Don Dunker and Walter Smythe of the Senior gridders and Bob McCargar, Roy Roberts, Jonas Bingeman and Grant Scott of the Junior championship team. This was truly a great representation, from a mixed form.

During rugby season, our girls, under Athletic representative Del. Zohr, fielded a better-than-average volleyball team, while the girls' basketball relay team finished a "bang up" second, following which our boys' relay team, under Don Dunker, Athletic representative, carried away the pennant for the second year. Speaking of basketball, our school teams have

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plucked Del. Zohr and Marion Hollinger for the W.O.S.S.A. girls' senior team; Roy Roberts and Bob McCargar for W.O.S.S.A. boys' junior team, and Walter Smythe for the Senior Boys' W.O.S.-S.A. team. Another feather in our athletic cap.

The debating team (They Who Argue) composed of John Roegler, Mary Toews, Rudy Jansen and Marion Hollinger, were successful in their first and only battle so far against an all boys' form. And if we know anything it will be a big job to defeat that quartette of Snider-coached talkers.

The "Fickle Favourite of the Footlights" (Major Play to You) was none other than our own Francis "Lefty" Heron, who skipped to Montreal, but couldn't resist our homelike (Ask Mr. Wallace) atmosphere.

Harry Janke and David Norris ably carried the "torch of music" (Minus Roberts) to the School Orchestra, while Henry "Mr. Physics" Jansen enlisted in the "Thermal Snatchers".

Our Student Council electees were Kay Gammon, John Roegler, Marjorie Boehmer, and Harold Good, who have all done a good job of councilling.

George Baetz—What spot X marks and why?

Marian Wesley—Why Mark Antony pressed his suit with Cleopatra.

Don Dunker—Why drivers hug the wrong curve and cause so many accidents.

Ken Koerber—Why Mr. Zeller can't stand up when I translate.

* * *

Melita—"I thought you had Algebra down cold."

Vera—"Well, didn't I get zero in it?"

* * *

Your Hit Parade

"This is no Laughing Matter" or When You Bring the Report Home.

"Can it be True" or Did I get 80 in Algebra.

"Why don't we do this More Often" or I sure like Spares.

"Blues in the Night" or Two Exams Next Morning.

"I guess I'll have to Dream the Rest" or I passed in one Subject.

"I Know Why" or We're Low in Latin.

ACADEMIC XII A

By Ron McCargar and Bill Young

So far this school term our form has participated in almost everything that has come along —except studies—with definite success.

In senior W.O.S.S.A. rugby were Don "Snake-hips" MacTavish at snap, Jim "Skinny" Uffelman at half-back, Ed "Shorty" Sehl at inside, Bill "Husky" Young at half. This combination was successful in defeating the Kitchenerites at a game between them and Waterloo.

On the W.O.S.S.A. basketball team also are "Snake-hips" MacTavish, "Shorty" Sehl and Young.

In senior hockey our form managed to struggle through to the championship.

Our girls also have done their bit by coming in second in the basketball relays, and rating high in volleyball.

Also taking major parts, very successfully in the Major Play, were Phyllis Smith, Jim Wahrer and Dick Steenberg.

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ACADEMIC XII B

By "Midge" and Bill

Here's that form again. Of course, everyone's heard of us but . . . Do you know that—

Jean Thompson, Marylin Rozell, and Helen Keber of major play fame are in AXIIB?

Bob Pequegnat isn't sneezing when he sings choo-choo"?

Our hockey, basketball, and debating teams are doing fair work?

Betty Boehmer won the Public Speaking Contest?

Now that you know, can you—

Guess Who Uttered These Unforgettable Lines?—

1. "I don't see why this class can't bring their dictionaries."
2. "My tenth grade—
3. "I don't understand those slang words."
4. "Baird!"

Enough of this playing around. Here are intimate glimpses at a few of my fellow-toilers' secret ambitions and hopes. Sounds lurid, doesn't it?

Name	*Eyes*	*Ambitions to be:*	*20 years from now:*
Rita Stark	grisly green	Ancient History Professor	Now class!
Bill Meyer	sky blue pink	Ditch-digger	Ray! Waterloo
Betty Liddle	sleepy	Glamourous	Mrs. —
Ward Diestlemeyer	bovine brown	Carmen Miranda's double	Wifey dear—ouch!
Alanzo Hagemeir	slap-happy	slap-happy	slap-happy

Maestro Don Smith didn't have to wait 20 years.

Think I'll go home now (before they catch me.)

Compliments

LYRIC AND CAPITOL THEATRES

Compliments of

BRODEY DRAIMIN

ACADEMIC XII C

Evelyn Power

Why sakes alive it's A XII C,
The grandest form there'll ever be,
We're very thorough in all we do,
But then the results, well, they're phew.
And Mr. Class, our dear kind teacher,
Although not meant to be a preacher,
Reproves us for seeing like empty pumpkins,
And calls us a bunch of country bumpkins.
When he sees the blanks on examinations,
It takes all his power to resist temptation,
He hides his face in mock despair
And tears at his thatch of wiry hair.
If the hockey score's low or there's no basket-ball team,
Why dear Mr. Class goes off the beam,
He rants and roars about form spirit,
But we innocent souls just don't seem to hear it.
When the marks in the book are written in red,
You can make your guesses as to what is said,
But if a dispute about us there's to be,
Why, he'll defend his A XII C (We hope).

In sports we're not so very good,
Of course we're O.K. if we're in the mood,
But then what it comes to intellect,
We leave our teachers nervously wrecked.
And say, have you heard our debating team,
They're really fine, so it would seem.
They're in the semi-finals now,
Let's hope in the end they can take a bow.

ACADEMIC XII D

Editor — Bob Grundy

One-Act Play Entitled "Keys"

Cast—Mr. Jerkfinkle - - - - Knowse Snoop One Indigo Shrivelup Six Sport Roadster built by the De Molish Construction Co., also makers of the Delapid-Eight.

Scene—Roadway in front of a certain stately mansion of a street in Bridgeport. Standing by the roadway is aforementioned Shrivelup Six.

Time—2.30 a.m. Eastern Standard Time.

Stately figure in a lavender herring-bone suit, plaid tie, cream collar, and orange gloves, emerges from front door of aforementioned mansion and approaches with firm purposeful stride upon his automobile, covered with frost which sparkles brightly in the beaming rays of the street's gas lamp.

Mr. Jerfinkle—(to himself) "My! but it is cold. How that wind howls! Indeed it is a veritable hurricane! I will be glad when I reach home and get out of all this."

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DOON TWINES

Climbs slowly into car, treads on starter—treads on starter again—stamps harder on starter, gets red in the face, expresses self volubly and capably. Clambers stiffly out of car, showers more maledictions upon defenceless car's bonnet. Becomes breathless and merely glares for some seconds; is interrupted by a bit of shivering; goes into action. With slow deliberate movements, removes seat cushion, gropes in dark, bangs finger hard, mutters passionately to self, finally locates crank, drags it forth amid much exertion and grunting. Looks as if he would like to bite crank, controls self, inserts crank where it will do most good, and tugs, tugs harder, begins to sweat, wipes brows with once orange-coloured gloves, emits weird shriek, and with a deadly aim hurls crank at nearby lamp post. Removes hat from head, jumps on it hard, stops suddenly, gropes in pocket, produces ignition key, laughs a bitter mocking laugh, retrieves crank and remainder of hat, replaces cushion, starts car, is off amid a clashing of gears and cloud of green smoke.

* * *

Can You Imagine?

B. Grundy driving a car 20 m.p.h. (I can too).
J. Appelle without a cigarette.
D. Howard getting less than 90 marks.
L. Eckel with his French homework done.
G. Rothaermel thumbing his way in from Bridgeport.
J. Bond without a moustache.
F. W. R. Dickson not talking for three-quarters of every chemistry period.

* * *

Open letter to Violet B: Never tell ardent young suitors you have a brother 6′ 2″ tall. It scares them.

* * *

One of Mr. Duncan's favourite geometry questions: If a silk lingerie salesman was standing in the middle of the Antarctic Ocean balancing a set of dishes on his left ear lobe, and a corpse walked up to him out of a barber shop carrying a bottle of fruit punch, how many pounds of asparagus are there in a bushel of hangovers. The students will please do this by the Pythagorean Theorum. The answer works out to be 2¼ dozen light bulbs.

* * *

Comments

Back seat drivers are thought by some to be new golf clubs.

Some people think that artichockes are men who design houses.

K.-W. Collegiate Students' Store

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Speaking of unemployment, each man has 2,000,000 brain cells.

J. Sim—"Boy, I've got what it takes to win women!" B. Dobbin—"Then lend me a five!"

ACADEMIC XIII A

A XIII A is proud of itself and its teacher, Mr. Wallace, the man who sings bass with a lovely tenor voice and who can address an assembly on the spiritual advantages of rugby is versatile to say the least.

He maintains that we are A-1 in stupidity, but we think he likes us, and the feeling is certainly mutual.

Without AXIIIA it seems there would be little need for a sports program or any other extra-curricular activity in our school. Our record is enviable. With the literally colourful Dunc. Jenkins, New Hamburg's contribution to K.C.I., upholding the defence, our hockey team is going places. The boys' basketball team, with no losses to date, is getting into fine trim, and our intra-mural rugby team took top honours, despite the loss of quarter-back "spontaneous" Sheridan, half-back Bill Manske, water-boy Chadder, and several others, to the senior W.O.S.S.A. team.

Our debating team led by "Professor" Keller, will merit attention. At this time it might be well to mention also the popular B. Stewart (B.—Beau), student manager of the W.O.S.S.A. rugby and basketball teams.

Tribute must be paid to A XIII A's Theatrical-minded section. The stellar performances of Hirschman and Conner in "Husband On Shares", and the return of the "Peach Queen" from Virgil, to argue about "Who Gets The Car Tonight?", raised riotous acclaim in K.C.I.

We must remember Bill Smith, first term vice-president of the Students' Council, and Doug Doerr, second term president.

A XIII A may be lacking in some few aspects of academic brain power, but in all else we have yet to find an equal. Perhaps our alleged ignorance has been over-emphasized, or perhaps, we are merely ignorant in our bliss. It is, however, a happy state in which we find ourselves.

Y.W.C.A.

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ACADEMIC XIII B

Division A XIII B, under command (?) of General F. W. R. Dickson, issues its annual communique—

Heavily armoured patrols penetrated far into enemy territory in pursuit of intermural rugby laurels and met with some success, although the full objective was not achieved. A strong counter-attack on the gym floor was completely successful when our gentlemen seized the Sr. Basketball Relay honors. A moral victory, at least, was gained by our girls in the relays. Much credit should be given them for fielding two teams. Rumors are circulating to the effect that they are now turning their charms, or talent—one or the other, can't have both—to puck chasing. Now the puck will know how we poor boys feel. All of which just about sums up, our participation in anything vigorous. Excluding, of course, the numerous nocturnal sports which seem to be kinda popular on our week-end. (I wish!)

It sorta looks as though war, like it or not, is the skeleton key to everything that has happened and will happen in 1941 and 42. That's why the military touch above (Thanks Doug!). But I think we all agree that it's worth it. We of A XIII B appreciate living in a democracy. We benefit from a freedom from class distinction which allows a common person like me to share the same room, yes, even desk, as the ex-Triumvirate of K.C.I.—Lederman, Morrison and Pearce. Bob is the ex-boss, and a good one, of the Inner Sanctum. Now Douglas Doerr is "IT", but we neglected to draft him 'way back in September. I can speak to Doug, too. I breathe the same mildly contaminated air as "Speedball" Coughill (move over, Barney Oldfield). I am allowed to associate with such luminaries as Barbara Ann Brooks who would rather have her name in the "Grumbler" than in the "Twig" —or would she? And Miss Barrie who knows people in Galt—have a talk with Lester! And "Dead-eye" Menich of the pivot-shot Menichs. And "Ham" (I'm sorry) Hamblin and "Fish" (ditto) Fisher—food even for Fridays! And Sally who is an ace at threading Needles. And

Trinity College

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Trinity College, federated with the University, is one of the Arts Colleges of the University and includes:

A FACULTY OF ARTS providing instruction for students in classes of limited size in all subjects taught by the colleges.

The full advantages of Federation with the University, instruction by its professors, qualification for its scholarships and degrees, with its Library, Laboratories and athletic facilities and membership in Hart House.

A FACULTY OF DIVINITY in which Trinity exercises its university powers of conferring degrees and prepares candidates for the ministry of the Church.

A new residence for men students was opened in September 1941 at Trinity College. This and the new St. Hilda's residence, opened in September 1938, enable the College to offer excellent accommodation.

The Scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

For information concerning Fees, Scholarships, Exhibitions, Bursaries, etc., address the Registrar, Trinity College, Toronto 5.

WESTSIDE DAIRY
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Enid Thompson—the only gal in K.C.I. who can blush the color of Conrad's "Youth" for seven minutes (Correct Lorie watch time)—but of course Mr. Class helped in his own subtle-ish way. And Miriam Ritchie—"Peaches" to Big Bob Bowman. And Alice Dahms—our chief's gal Friday—she knows la chemie. And Dynamic Doug Ruppel—a late flash reveals him as our own brand new Students' Council vice pres. And Lois Weber. (period)

There we are glad to live in a democracy and to attend a democratic school.—No? Okay, let's just say that we are glad to live in a democracy!

John Doe.

COMMERCIAL X A

Commercial X A so far has been victorious in debating both C X B and C X C. Both debates were exceedingly close, and made it difficult for the judges, but C X A came out with a victory.

On Wednesday, January 28, C X A's B team in basketball played a hard game and won, the score being eight-to-two. This was the first basketball victory, and they expect to do it again.

* * *

Favourite Sayings:

Mrs. Denis-Nathan—Tie your hair back, not up like this.

Miss Coumans—Put your name on the board and come in after four.

Miss Douglas—Girls, stop talking.

Mrs. Prest—When do you use the superlative?

Mr. Hirons—You have a diaphram, an elevator and a soup plate.

Miss Augustine—All right now, settle down.

* * *

We Wonder?

If Dorothy Rushton will always blush?

If Audrey Richman will ever stop talking.

If Mary Martin will always look so innocent.

If Olga Mantay will always have such a hot temper.

If Bernice Heimpel will always be so young.

If Florence Wolff will ever buy goloshes for her dog.

If Jean Kreutzweiser will always sing "Sierra Sue", or will it be "Rock A Bye Baby".

If Elaine Beyers will always talk so slow.

If Arlene Kuntz will ever get rid of her bass voice.

If Lorraine Lackie will ever play the piano without being coaxed.

Our Glamour Girl

Ruth Thiel's hair.
Doris Dotzenroth's eyes.
Jean Kreutzweiser's nose.
Elaine Shantz's lips.
Dorothy Rushton's voice.
Mary Martin's teeth.
Olga Mantay's figure.
Florence Wolff's complexion.
Nora Kemp's hands and nails.
Erma Reist's legs.

* * *

Ten Years From Now

Audrey Richman—Radio announcer (a person who talks a lot.)

Minnie Portnay—our model.

Dorothy Rushton—our actress.

Jean Kreutzweiser—opera singer.

Mary Martin—Fan dancer or a Missionary.

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COMMERCIAL X B

We Wonder Why???

—Mr. Hirons, when lecturing to a pupil, talks indirectly. e.g. "Their are about six girls in this room".

—Mr. Downes gives his weekly tests on Friday. (Does he think it will bring bad luck?)

—Mr. Dunford's disposition has turned sweeter. (Has his wife got something to do with it?)

—C X B gets so many lectures??

* * *

Happenings in our Class Room

One afternoon in our English Class, our teacher (Mrs. Prest) said "The girl came walking around the corner wiggling on her shoes."

The inspector who visited our shorthand class said that C X B was the best 10th grade class he had seen so far. (C X B thought that was an honour).

* * *

Perfect Girl of the Gay Nineties

Legs—Marie Brown
Complexion—Helen Wettlaufer
Looks—Irma D
Figure—Annie
Personality—Marjory S
Hair—Ruth N
Hands—Kathleen U
Eyes—Grace M
Lips—Esther Y
Teeth—Rose K

* * *

Jokes

Marie Brown is going to take the place of Professor Quiz in 10 years.

Elaine Steiss will probably become a singing star as she practices her singing in Penmanship.

Who is C X B's problem child? We think it is Marie Brown.

Why does Elaine S. and Gladys K. come into the class room late every noon?

Reta Sixtus will soon have to buy a new pen. I wonder what she thinks about while she eats it.

Who lectures all day from morning to noon?

And then after that expects us to croon. (Mr. Hirons.)

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Guaranteed Ignition and Carburetor repairs to all makes of cars and trucks.

Muzzles for sale. Our muzzles help anything but a talking machine says Marie Brown.

* * *

Shirley Wilson and Esther Yanke were preparing their English lesson.

Esther—Now, let's think.

Shirley—No, let's do something we can both do.

T—Do you know we have a human machine gun in our room?

M—No! Have we?

T—Gee! You hear her every day.

M—When?

T—When she gets started. (Irma Dombrowski).

COMMERCIAL X C

Poetery

Comercial Ten C is a class that is bad,
In fact they drive the teachers mad,
Now take their teacher
R. Dunford by name,
They first day he had them, he went insane.

Now this class is not as bad as it seems,
In fact they possess many top winning teams,
And all in all,
I think you agree,
Not many can beat Commercial Ten C.

—Mary Jacobi

* * *

Mr Dunford's Advertisement For a Wife

(Before December 20)

I want a young wife full of charm,
To cherish and hold in my arms,
She must be real chic, and not an old stick,
To see that I come to no harm.

I want just a sweet little miss,
Who's dainty, demure, and can KISS,
My socks she must mend, my shirts she must tend,
And then all my life will be bliss.

I'll give her a warm little home,
And try to keep hair on my dome,
And if she just cooks as good as she looks
To others I never will roam.
Please apply to R. Dunford (IN PERSON)

(The application was filled Dec. 20)

By Jean Schlote

* * *

SPORTS

Girls

Although the boys are more active in sports, we are doing well. Of course we could do better if the girls would not stop to fix their hair-does and pull down their tunics after they catch a

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ball. Everyone knows that we always strive to keep fresh as a daisy, but girls, for pity sakes do your primping before you see the ball coming towards you.

With much difficulty we managed to get up a a team. Usually they practise in the morning at 7.30. At least they are supposed to, but usually the girls have too far to go, or some feeble excuse like, "I can't come, my boy friend's taking me out, and I'll be too tired to get up early." The nerve!! In spite of all the draw-backs, we are still hoping to prove that we can play basketball.

Yours, Pivot and Passingly,
Rita Schmidt and
Lyla D. Hofstetter.

* * *

Boys

After a slow start the boys have found the winning column and are determined to stay there. They finished third in the Form League and we think they will do better in the intramural group. They won their first game by default. Maybe they were scared. (We hope.) But we doubt it.

Our team:

Rueben Kamen, Alvin Dick, Bob South, Jack Rosen, Aubrey Williams, Bill Fox.

From the Gang in the Back Seats.

HUMOUR

Our Glamour Girl

Lovely hair—Rita Schmidt
Limpid eyes—Shirley Havey
Complexion—Mary Jacobi
Luscious lips—Yvonne Sommers
Hands—Betty Willis
Long, glamorous legs—Lyla D. Hofstetter
Humour—Cora Decker.

* * *

Our Glamour Boy

Wavy hair—Nick Sadouski
Dazzling eyes—Vincent Lohnes
Distinguished nose—Don Dotzert
Come hither smile and broad shoulders—Reuben Kamen
Muscles—Aubrey Williams
Dainty fingernails—Bob South
Hollywood legs—Alvin Dick
Dainty feet—Bill Fox

Yvonne Sommers.

* * *

We Wonder?

1. How Bill Fox (Torchy) keeps his hair dyed the same colour.
2. When Jack Rosen will learn how to play the violin.
3. When Bob South will get his mind off the girls.
4. When Don Dotzert will get instructions right to satisfy Miss Coumans.

MAGDA-LANG

GOWNS

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In the Annesley Hall Women's Residences and Wymilwood, accommodation is available for women students of Victoria College. In the Victoria College Residences accommodation is available for men students in Arts, and for a limited number of men students enrolled in other colleges and faculties.

For full information, including calendars and bulletins, apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.

5. What would happen if no one talked after the second bell.
6. Why Lyla Hofstetter always sits by the window in typing. (It couldn't be because of the class that is across the way?)
7. What's the recipe for big ears (ask Bob South)
8. What Mary Jacobi, Delores Ziegler, Cora Decker and Yvonne Sommers are always talking and laughing at, that makes Mr. Dunford wonder if he'll ever understand women.

Teachers' Favourite Sayings

Miss Coumans—"Well! bless my soul".

Mr. Dunford—"What happens at 1.20?"

Mr. Downes—"If you want to stay in after four just keep on talking."

Miss Spohn—"Lift your feet".

Mr. Unwin—"Get back in your own seat".

Mr. Hirons—(censored).

Mrs. Denis-Nathan—"Girls! Please!"

Miss Logan—"Don't think this is a yarn".

by Yvonne Sommers

COMMERCIAL XI A

Our first term Students' Council representatives were:

Doris Scatzke
Ella Riediger

Second term:

Dolly Babey
Shirley Noble

We are glad to announce that our form has a representative on the Senior W.O.S.S.A. team, namely Mary Moser. Gloria Cressman, our athletic representative is also the pianist for the school orchestra. Our basketbal team played a hard game against A XI D but we were defeated.

* * *

There's something about a soldier! Kindly ask Mary Robinson for further details.

Leona Kaufman is Mr. Philp's problem child.

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Jean Gilders comes every Friday to catch up on the gossip!

Phyllis Jack has a friend on every bus (drivers).

Margaret Gross is getting noticeably thinner—we wonder why? It couldn't be Room 315?

Doris Schatzke is a whiz at Rapid Cal.

Mary Schultz and Helen Becker—the long and short of C XI A.

How Florence Haynes and Alice Hill can manage to slip in with the last bell is beyond us!

Does telephoning at noon hour pull down Myrtle Strome's weight?

Could someone have awakened Shirley Shantz with a pin in Business Correspondence period last Thursday p.m.?

Elaine Mosser and Shirley Shagena—Clark Gable Picture—whiz! They're off. Not seen until 7.30 p.m.

We wish to inform you, Marie, that true love never runs on a straight course.

Dolly Babey and Audrey Kitchen are the belles at all the balls.

It would be impossible for Gloria Schnarr to go all day without her Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.

We wonder why Dorothy Shearer is always so tired on Monday morning. How about it Dorothy?

Dorothy Hoffer is our faithful contributor to the salvage pile on our window sill.

By the way, we had the highest per cent of form contributions for our salvage pile for the month of November!! Keep up the good work girls!

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COMMERCIAL XI B

Editor — Chas. Simpson

Rugby

Our form did not have an intramural rugby team this year. We would have had a team but our rugby players all played for the senior team. Both of them. Ellis was all set to do a fine job but was hurt before the season started. However, Shirk played the entire season and made a fine job of it.

* * *

Debating

Our debating team didn't have much success. We lost our first debate. The team consisted of Zelda Matlow, Hilda Ehhardt, Bruce Kechnie, Chas. Simpson.

* * *

Hockey

We played one game and won by a score of 7-4. Goals by Kechnie, Cotey, Ellis, Shirk, Simpson, Leslie, Ambrose.

* * *

Basketball

The boys have played two games to date, and won both of them: 16-4; 25-4. The team: Centre—Ellis; Forwards—Leslie, Shirk; Guards —Kechnie, Simpson.

War Savings

To date our form has had 100% in savings every week. The closest form to us averages about 90% a week. Our total savings are $95. The closest class has $75. Our savings per person is $3.27. The closest class has $1.92 a person. We don't like to boast, but it looks like we're doing all right for ourselves in War Savings.

* * *

Joke

One morning during typing period, Simpson had just pulled a fast gag on our teacher, Miss Brill.

Miss Brill: (In a sarcastic voice) "That was very clever Simpson."

Simpson: (Grinning from ear to ear) "I thought so too."

* * *

The girls of C XI B are proud to say that they have taken an active part in the sport's activities of the school. Through their enthusiasm they have become the champions in Volleyball, as well as winning the basketball relays.

They are also taking an active part in basketball and hope to achieve the same high standard they obtained in the other sports.

COMMERCIAL XII

Editor—Marion Roberts

Since September the class of 40 students has now diminished to the grand total of 15. (This includes one boy.) The missing 25 have now started on their road to success.

CXII has been very enthusiastic about extra curricular activities. Eleanor Knechtel and Marg McHardy are on the Girls' W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Team and have played some great games.

Student Council—Glenys Packer.

MEN'S WEAR

For a full variety of everything new and worth while, see us. We carry one of the largest stocks in Western Ontario. Our big variety and proper prices will positively please you.

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Kabel's

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A Ladies' Department on the Mezzanine Floor, showing Ladies' Reversible Coats, Mannish Tailored Suits, Imported Sweaters and Jaeger Yarns.

Glenys Packer has been entrusted with the books of the Students' Council. Because of her efficiency, she was re-elected unanimously for the second term. She was student director of the Major Play, and between the two, she was rapidly growing grey hair. She is now slowly recuperating and her winning smile is seen beneath her red hair again. (Pardon, she likes it to be called "Auburn" hair.)

During the year, over one thousand dollars in War Savings has been handled by Marion Roberts, Glenys Packer and Gertrude Brubacker.

The news of the War Savings campaign has been reported to the Grumbler by Glenys Packer; to the Record by Marion Roberts.

* * *

With Hazel Becker's gallant lies
And Margaret Duffy's flirting eyes
Helen Chris our style setter
Patricia Russell the man go-getter.

Norine Kehl so slim and pale
Could it be Ward's hearty hale?
Eleanor Knechtel by forward bounds
With McHardy they're sports hounds.

Marion Roberts our patriotic fiend
With Bill, is so often seen
Auburn hair, that's Glenys Packer
And then Jean Witt with her Kenny chatter.

Mildred, Marion and Margaret
Are an easy target;
They'll jump at the chance
It it's for romance,
But wouldn't we all
If we had a chance.

You've heard of a million men and a girl,
But Gerald Moss finds life a whirl,
When he finds, no fault of his own,
That he with fifteen girls is alone.

Would someone volunteer to chaperone
One boy and fifteen girls—ALONE!

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
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Head Office - - - Waterloo, Ontario

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SPECIAL COMMERCIAL A

By Margaret Wismer

SEPTEMBER: Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Special A is on the loose again! Warn all pedestrians! Clear the streets! When last seen they were entering K.C.I. Be on the alert for further particulars.

OCTOBER: Late news bulletin. Flash—Special A. has just come through to a smashing volleyball victory. By dint of hard work, excellent footwork, and snappy technique they scored over their opponents.

NOVEMBER: Calling all cars! Clear away the wreckage of K.C.I.'s forum, and after the dust settles disengage the two debating teams. Both put up a good fight but the best team won (Sp. A) That is all!

DECEMBER: Our students' council representatives did their bit to make the Christmas dance a success by helping with the invitations and decorations.

JANUARY: Flash! — Hockey time is here again, bringing with it many good games that merit "blow-by-blow" descriptions. Special A. has rounded up a fine team of girls to defend the honour of the form. We hope they will scorch the ice to victory.

THE PRESENT: Something which rates mention is reported by "Confidentially yours". One of our class members has offered himself to the navy for service. May his ship and all our ships stand staunch beneath them, carrying them to the victory they so richly deserve.

* * *

The old familiar statement of Caesar is given a new twist concerning shorthand. They came; they saw, they dropped it.

* * *

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and within its central heart,
Nestles the seed PERFECTION.

Walt Whitman.

* * *

Perfection is what this news ain't.

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General McNaughton has said: "In this war we want to pay the cost of Victory in shells and mechanization rather than human lives." What price Victory? No one knows . . . . but the duty of everyone is clear, whether student or not. Do More! Lend More! Buy More War Savings Stamps! Save More to Give More by shopping at

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SPECIAL COMMERCIAL B

Claramary Fleischauer

Views From 305

We have Mr. Hodd for Typing,
We learn to pound the keys,
In the hope that some time soon
An employer we will please.

Mr. Philp starts our daily,
Board Please, is his command,
And we know by his reputation,
His girls are in demand.

Mr. Harding teaches bookkeeping
That double entry stuff,
And every night at four o'clock
We think we've had enough.

Adding machines and Dictaphones
Are in Miss Tangney's line,
She's teaching us how to use them
And we're getting along just fine.

Mr. Devitt teaches us English,
Including verbs and nouns,
But when it comes to figures
We get our Mr. Downes.

If you don't value your time
No one else will—
Is a famous saying often made
In this we quote Miss Brill.

And now the gang that's in our class,
We are a model crew
You'll know all about us
Before I say adieu.

The casanova of our class
I'm sorry to relate
Is no one other than our Buck
He never keeps a date.
(Maybe he does, ask Erla).

There's one girl in our little room,
Who really ought to know
All about Galt and its doings,
Miss Washburn, is that so?

Sometimes when Pearl gets started,
She giggles half the day,
We all have a sense of humour.
But none that is quite so gay.

In our class is a Mr. Schnarr,
He's often a little pale
Maybe it's because he tries so hard
To keep on Dora's trail.

The Glamour girls of K.C.I.
In this I'm sure we lead
With two such lovely maidens
As Shirley Neff and Jeanie Tweed.

There's someone we'd like to honour
I know you'll agree to that—
Miss Lilian Sims of England
To you we tip our hat.

We haven't mentioned all the gang,
There isn't room enough
They're tops in good old K.C.I.
And believe me, that's no guff!!!

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TECHNICAL IX A

First Impressions

We began life at K.C.I. as unwanted orphans. The Commercial Department wouldn't have us, neither would the Academic. For a while, we were thrust with a class of boys—they wouldn't have us either. Finally Miss Augustine took us under her wing.

During those first hectic days, these are some of the impressions we got of K.C.I.

Helen Ball: "Where do all the stairs lead to?"

Nancy Bardon: "Where did my locker walk off to to-day?"

Eleanor Beam: "Why didn't we stay with the boys' class? It was T IX B."

Kathleen Kirk: "I should have brought a compass with me."

"Phyllis Kock: "Without boys, K.C.I. would be a flop."

Esther Kraft: "Why don't they have maps in this place?"

Doris Merkley: "Without Miss Saari, school life would be boring."

Vivian Nilsson: "We should be allowed to slide down the banisters."

Elizabeth Riddell: "Miss Saari is the life of school work."

Florence Ziegler: "Too many boys and not enough corners."

* * *

Favourite Sayings of Teachers

Miss Augustine: "What have you, my friend?"

Mrs. Denis-Nathan: "Get your copies of Junior Home Economics."

Miss Saari: "Wasn't that fun!"

Miss Spohn: "Put down your pens and pencils."

Mr. Harding: "Time and tide wait for no man and very few women, so get in the swim, the water is fine."

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TECHNICAL IX B

9.00 a.m. "Close that window, boys."
10.00 a.m. "Plop!" Don't worry—just Dellion's gum deposited by request.
11.00 a.m. Weather report—Scattered conversation. Barometer falling. Forecast—"Detentions".
12.00 noon NEWS FLASHES
T IX B wins cheering honours (Just send in answers to Maths. test for free copy of same.)
Pollex poster used in the Christmas Pageant.
T IX B achieves 100% card.
1.30 p.m. "Here now sit down and be quiet."
2.30 p.m. We interrupt our program to bring you a special bulletin. (Our form have their books so far.)
COMMENT.
3.30 p.m. Left! Left!
Marching up and down again. P.T. is loved by all.
4.00 p.m. Sport Shorts:
RUGBY
"But we don't talk about that."
BASKETBALL
We don't do badly, sparked by the Arris brothers.
HOCKEY
We have done very well in hockey so far. The scores are as follows:

I Game	1-1	tie
II Game	10-2	for T IX B
III Game	4-0	for T IX B

TECHNICAL IX C

By Douglas Blake and Orton Eby

Athletics

Tech IX C is one of the live-wires of the technical side of K.C.I. This form has had a glorious and successful season in athletics. We have won in Rugby and in Basketball relays. The pennants we received for these sports were very hard fought for and our players deserved them. We came very close to winning out in hockey, but by losing one game by a small margin of 12-2 we were eliminated. Our opponents who were tenth graders should have had an easier victory, but the fighting spirit of T IX C was flying high.

We have good chances of winning the pennant in our hands. We credit all this to our many prominent stars.

* * *

Humorous

Why do all of the teachers pick on Groff? Is it because he has glasses on!

Why do we get the name of "live-wire"? Is it because our home room is in the Electric Shop?

Was Don trying to wreck the rink when he broke the boards with his head?

TECHNICAL IX D

By Jim Wellheuser

T IX D was runner-up in the cheering contest, lost all basketball games, is in fifth place in hockey and is first of the technicals in the War Savings campaign.

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TECHNICAL X A

Editors—Elaine Schmidt and Madelyn Green

General Manager:

Students' Council—Betty Lou Bast

Athletic—Hilda Harlock

T X A is a small but mighty form except when we faint. During the first term, we had Miss Saari so worried that her beautiful blonde hair was nearly a silver-grey. She was very tired after carrying so many patients out of Room 203.

Debating

T X A was very successful in their first debate, the subject being, "Resolved that wealth is the cause of more crime than poverty." We upheld the affirmative. Our rivals were those gallant boys from T X B; they did well considering. . . T X A again came out on top in the second debate. The subject was "Resolved that movies are more beneficial than injurious." T X A was behind the negative. Our opponents were those brave little girls from T IX A. T X A's debaters are: Betty Lou Bast, Madelyn Green, Hilda Harlock, Doris Wuertele, Mary Isobel Sutherland, Kay Rueffer (Mildred Davies debated in Kay's place for the second debate and did as fine a job as Kay).

Sports

T X A with only a team of nine girls, secured second honours in the Basketball Relays. We believe in quality, not quantity.

We have a very brilliant hockey team. Miss Saari is T X A's coach. She told us all the tricks she learned when she played hockey at Varsity, so we had an easy time filling a team. After all this, we were defeated. We took another crack at the same team and won. The score was 2-0.

T X A has a good basketball team. We lost and won a game.

Smash!

Before the Student's Fee Campaign started, T X A had all the money collected. Of course, we couldn't hand it in before the campaign started, but we still got a first one hundred per cent card.

* * *

What T X A listens to nearly every day:

Miss Saari (Sorry): "My faith is now restored."

Miss Augustine: "Girls, I could hear you all the way down the hall."

Miss Spohn: "Stand at ease on your numbers."

Mrs. Denis-Nathan: "Give out copies of Junior Home Economics."

Mr. Thomson (to a girl who has just been caught chewing gum): "What will it be, a nickel or a question?"

Mr. Harding: "What you need is more stick-to-it-ive-ness."

Mr. Hodge: "Parlez plus fort."

Mr. Hirons: "You see now, don't you?"

* * *

Jokes (Please Laugh)

Teacher: "Where is your homework?"

Pupil: I haven't it here this morning."

Teacher: "I know, you lost your locker key."

Pupil: "No. I got up too late and had no time to learn the combination."

* * *

Betty: "I smell wood burning."

Jean: "Yes, Elaine is thinking again. Remember, friction."

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TECHNICAL XB

We hope to see the Junior Boys' Relay Pennant in our room soon. Our Athletic representative, Fred Bergman, has been called upon to receive it some time in the near future. Perhaps this is a repetition for some of our boys who won it last year.

We have a very capable student body representative in Don Daub—who gives us the low-down on some of these "secret sessions" of the council. It's guys like Don who run the council right. That's why he is in for the entire year.

Intramural Sports

Our basketball team's first game netted a 13-3 win.

Hockey gave us two games—a win and a tie for the beginning. Keep up the work, boys!

Two members of our class play W.O.S.S.A. basketball. They are F. Bergman and C. Amos. Fred also played W.O.S.S.A. rugby.

Several boys in our class have a radio programme going over our local station, called "Dexter Jordan's Adventures". They would like to urge everybody to listen in.

* * *

Why do teachers go mad? This may be the answer—

Some Questions from Pupils:

"Where is far away?"

"What makes the wind?"

"When was last night?"

"Who took care of me when you were a little girl?"

* * *

Pupils sometimes say queer things, but we know some teachers who . . .

Miss Saari—"All right, Charlton."

Mr. Harding—"Old Socrates said 2,000 years ago . . . and he's been going strong ever since."

Mr. A. Thompson—"Answer when you're asked only, and the rest of the time stay quiet."

* * *

Miss Saari has been resorting to the use of poetry after fours. Some of you may remember . . . .

* * *

Teacher: "What are you thinking about?
Scrimshaw: "Nothing."
Teacher: "Get your mind off yourself."

* * *

The closest thing we have to a seaside spray is the dressing room after P.T., with all that flying foam.

* * *

Is it true that in Mr. Unwin's P.T. class a lad stood there scratching his head when he barked out the order to touch wood?

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TECHNICAL X C

By Ward Eby

A form with such popular students as Bob Bachert and Nick Beinschroth, is truly entitled to a column in the Grumbler.

Everyone has seen Bob on the gym floor, and heard his voice on the air. Only Tec. 10 C has the honour of backing up such an enthusiastic student. Mr. Bettke's' little helper, Nick Jr., is also in Tec. 10 C.

All who saw our debating team in action on the platform, can readily see why we were defeated. We had the misfortune of having to argue with a persistent group of girls. And you know girls!

This year Tec. 10 C fought their way to victory in the rugby series.

We have a very good hockey team, although we lost all the games so far.

Tec. 10 C is very interested in basketball. Bob Bachert made the W.O.S.S.A. team and is sub-captain. Reg Gellatly and Bob McLay made an unsuccessful try. In spite of this, they entered the Form Basketball League, and their team came out on top.

This edition would not be complete without mentioning the Tec. 10 C "Grease Monkey Gang", who, through their great efforts, have re-conditioned the Auto Shop.

It would not be polite to forget the machinists, electricians or our one and only woodworker, who is also working hard to support his form.

It is hard to forget the handsome flirts in our form, who are continually boosting our morale, and the morale of the girls.

In conclusion, I would like to mention our home-room teacher, Mr. B. Thompson, who is making a successful effort in teaching us three different subjects and, strange to say, is making us understand even Algebra.

This is Tec. 10 C saying "so long" until next year.

TECHNICAL X D

Rugby Team

We started the season with a bang. We won all of our six games by a high score. In one of these games one of our players, Nick Schmidt, was injured and was out of school for two months. Our championship game was against an eleventh grade team. The game was a close one, but we lost.

* * *

Born Thirty Years Too Soon

One morning John Heist was up bright and early. He dressed, ate breakfast, and got ready for school. When he arrived at school, he found the corridors empty. He thought he was late and went to the office for a late pass. He waited and waited for somebody to come. But after a long wait he came to his senses and recalled it was Saturday.

* * *

Ten Years From Now

John Zlateff—Fruit Salesman.
Buck Schaefer—Horse Swopper.
John Purdon—Bum.
Bill Kumm—Janitor at Dubrick's Bakery.
Nick Schmidt—Still sleeping on his feet.

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Who is always in silent bliss,
He is always with the girls,
And presents them with Woolworth's pearls.
At school and at play,
He thinks of Maisie the whole long day.
Our glamour boy for '42
Robert Teply we all love you.

John Zlateff

TECHNICAL XI A

By Israel and Mather

Intra-Murals

In both rugby and hockey the boys of this form have shown how to lose gracefully. However, we have done more in basketball, breaking even with one victory and one defeat. So far our great debating team has been successful in each encounter.

* * *

News Flashes

The girls in T XI A are quite lucky. They have two and one-third boys apiece. Our form has representatives in the Thermal Snatchers, Poster Club, Science Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, Tumbling Team and Gym Team.

Three of the boys have organized a swing band. There is a rumour that it will soon become a success. Hm!

In Ottawa they have a dollar-a-year man. In K.C.I. electric shop we have a dollar-a-day man, Don Peacock. Since he burnt out an ammeter (cost, one dollar) we expect him to open a cooking school.

* * *

A Pome by Li'l Abner

Breathes thar a teacher with soul so daid
Who never to hisself has said,
"Why don't I bash them on the haid?"

* * *

Book Review

"The Case of the Detective's Tight Shoes". Corn on the Cop.

Preview of 1962

Fred Chace—Business manager of Chace's Chattanooga rug-cutters.

Don Peacock—Oldest student in K.C.I.

Bill Pollakusky—Just got Available's seal of approval.

Pauline Gerbracht—Model for Ford Motor Company.

Benno Rempel—Charlie McCarthy's double.

Helen Conrad—Wife of an Air Marshal.

Fred Gillard—Plays title role in "Superman".

* * *

Mr. Dunford: "Who was the famous American who never told a lie?"

Don Peacock (never caught napping): "Simon Legree."

* * *

Our Whiz in—

Answering: F. Chase.
Asking: R. Stoner.
Strength: B. Rempel.
Talking: B. Pollakusky.
Loving: S. Strebel.
Shyness: B. Wolfhard.
Cleaning Fishbowls: R. Hagen.
Cooking a full coarse meal: Any Girl in T XI A.

* * *

Theme Songs

Electric Shop: "Ohm, Sweet Ohm"
Drafting: "18th Century Drawing-Room"
Pattern-making: "Wood You, Wood You"

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Auto Shop: "You Will Shout When It Hits You"
Machine Shop: "Beautiful Reamer"
Domestic Science: "Hi, Cy! What's Cookin'!"

* * *

Our Class of T XI A

Our class is very, very, loyal,
As patriotic as could be;
We work for King and Country,
As any fool can plainly see.

We work our fingers to the bone;
Our duties we don't pass;
To keep our reputation of, having
A darn good class.

When it comes to stamps and bonds,
It's all who do the buying;
We do it just for one good cause;
To keep our old flag flying.

We work for King and Country;
We work both night and day;
And if we end in victory,
Count on T IX A.

By Bill Pollakusky and Ralph Hagen.

TECHNICAL XI B

By Delbert Blake

Student Council Representatives are Ken Bleich and Bill Burkholder. Athletic Representative is Ken Cook.

* * *

ATHLETICS

RUGBY—The boys on our hockey team did exceptionally well this year. We went through the schedule, winning every game. In the semi-finals we defeated A XI C 5 to 3, on the round. In the finals A XII C edged us out by the small margin of 8 to 2. It has to be considered that the referees were on the Academic side. Of course, A XII C had much larger fellows than we are. The high scorer of T XI B was D. Garner. He scored 32 goals in the five game series. Bill Sutherland was the surprise player on our team. Bill made some sensational saves in goal. The line-up: Goal, Sutherland; defence, K. Bleich and K. Cook; centre, Garner; wings,

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BASKETBALL—Well, for some reason or other, the fellows of T XI B do not take much interest in this sport. However, we have managed to get a team out. Although we have lost our first three starts, we are still in there fighting. Wally Reimer, the star basketball player, two years back, made the Sr. W.O.S.S.A. basketball team. From what we hear, he certainly is going places.

* * *

On the Humorous Side

Where was all the electric shop on the afternoon of December 2? Was the show good, Meyer?

How does Eby get away with chewing gum every day?

Louie needs a shave. Will someone loan him a razor?

Ask Everett where he learned to fix cars.

Why does Psutka whistle so much?

While wiring the Roschman residence, H. Brubacher fell through the ceiling. Ever since we call him a paratrooper.

Pitts still wants to take on J. Uffelman of AXIIC since that hockey game.

Why don't little G. Giesbrecht ever grow? Foell says he can't.

Indirect Proportion: Rain comes down, umbrellas go up.

Why does W. Bauer go to sleep every English period? Eby says because he can't stay awake.

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